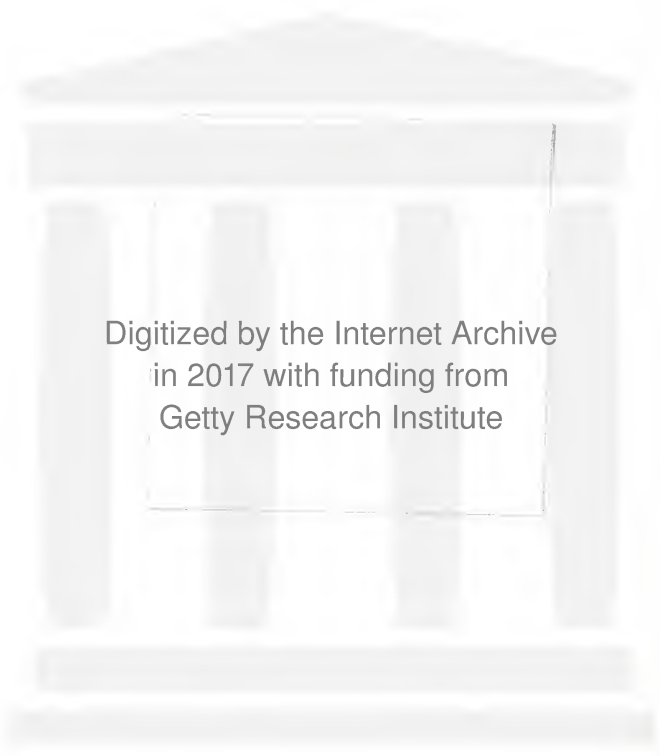






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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1904.

THE DOG GHOST.

BY E. M. RUTHERFORD.

PROLOGUE.

DOUGLAS GREY and I had been friends all throughout school and college days, and in the short years of his married life I had spent many a happy evening in his house in town, or visited them at some pretty country place taken for a summer holiday.

I was quite ready to own that such a girl as Ella Grey could make any fellow's life a hundred times brighter than it had ever been before, even in the dear old Oxford time or when youth's sense of enjoyment is supposed to be most keen.

If ever there was a love match it was that between Douglas Grey and Ella Hammond, and the romance of it hung over all the short time they spent together. It was a dreadful shock to me when I heard that Ella had died at the birth of their third child—a wife of only four years' standing.

Up to that time life had been very pleasant for Douglas, although he had had the misfortune to lose his parents at an early age; he had had a good guardian, and came into a fair and well-invested fortune when he attained his majority. He had chosen the Bar as a profession, and, having a good supply of both friends and brains, had a promising career before him.

I hope I was as much good to Douglas in the sad days which followed his loss as anyone could be, but the sadness worked into his nature even after time had softened the first aspect of his lot. He

was a tall, fair, good-featured fellow with a very pleasant expression ; but the furrow of care was now stamped on his face, marking him apart from other men of his age, though it did not make him look exactly older, for most people took him for younger than he was. He was just thirty when Ella died.

His children were sweet and intelligent as children could be. Altogether there was no family more likely to gain friends and excite sympathy, but the air of quiet reserve which had come over Douglas with his sorrow seemed to have been inherited in some degree by his children even when they were quite little.

I wish these observations to precede the story, because I am quite willing to allow that some spirits are, by nature or circumstance, or both combined, peculiarly susceptible to certain mysterious influences.

But it seems to me the existence of those influences can only be denied by those whose vision is so restricted by the trifles around them that they know of no world beyond the close, commonplace circle of their everyday lives.

PART I.

The yellow fog was so close up against the windows that even the shrubs in the iron baskets outside could not be seen clearly in the room, but only looked like high, dark-plumed helmets pushed against the glass.

The room was on the second floor of a London house. It had been the nursery, but the inmates had outgrown the title. They were respectively nine, ten, and eleven years old.

The school-room was downstairs, and this was given over to them for play ; but it had not been anything of "play" which had been going on there lately.

The spaniel dog, which had been their darling friend and companion ever since they could remember, had been taken ill three days before. Father was away from home. The vet. had been sent for, and had been most kind, coming twice a day and trying various remedies. The servants had been good in helping the children to do all that the doctor recommended, cook all along declaring that she would "rather wait on that poor patient creature than on many Christians," the latter title being synonymous with "human" in her dictionary.

Only the governess had been suspicious of hydrophobia from the first, and gallantly stuck to her conviction in face of the vet.'s

earnest assurance that there was not a single symptom of such disease. She declined to come at all on to the second floor, and persisted in keeping the school-room door closed during morning lessons, a fearfully trying decree when her little charges were straining their nerves to catch a sound from the room where their favourite lay; but she was a creature of Latin declensions and German verbs, not of impulses and affections.

But now the dear friend "Magic" was dying. The children knew that, though they had no previous acquaintance with death. Their mother had died when the youngest of them was born—before any of them could remember.

It was shortly after *that* that father had brought Magic home, a little, black, silky spaniel pup. Even Alison, the eldest of the three, could not recollect, had never known, the time before Magic came.

But, still, Magic was not *quite* so old as little Elizabeth.

Yet the vet. said, "He is too old to get over such a severe chill. He is nine years old; it is a good age for a dog!"

"Why, it is only 'Beth's age!" cried Ronald, "and she is the youngest of us. Father always calls her 'Baby.'"

But the edict had gone forth: it was Magic's age which was against him, and when he called this afternoon the vet. had said he had done all he could. It was just possible Magic might take a turn for the better before evening, but he was afraid it would be the other way round.

"If he seems as if he could take anything, try him with the gravy of some almost raw steak," he said.

There was no steak in the house, but a good-natured parlour-maid volunteered to fetch a pound, and sallied forth with a basket into the yellow fog. It was while she was gone that the hopelessness began to steal over the children, as they sat on the floor in front of the fire, round the dear friend who was stretched on the rug. They had kept up pretty well until now, hoping against hope, and only half believing that anything so thoroughly their own, and part of themselves as Magic was, *could* be seized away from life before their eyes.

"The Seymours' dog got well after he had his leg broken; he was *ten* years old," said Ronald.

"Why do dogs have such little lives?" groaned Alison. "Nine years old is *nothing*—nothing at all."

'Beth, who sat sucking her finger and watching Magic, looked up gloomily at her sister, but, perceiving no insult was intended,

turned her attention again to the dog, softly touching his dark, silky fur with her other hand.

"Oh, look ! He lifted his tail ; he tried to wag it ! Good dog, good Magic !" cried Ronald encouragingly.

"But he *can't* lift his head now ; there, he tried to, and he *can't*. He *could* do that at twelve when we came up from lessons." Alison's tone was full of fear and despair. "Ronald, do you know, his paws are *so* cold, though he's lying right in front of this big fire."

Ronald took up the big Scotch shawl and held it to the fire, then wrapped it round Magic's legs ; but they were all very, very silent the while. They knew the shadow of the great mystery was coming into the room, while outside the fog grew thicker, and by three o'clock it was very nearly dark.

After a time Ellen brought up a piece of the steak she had fetched, and cook had warmed it in a deep dish which was nearly full of the red gravy. Alison held the dish to Magic's lips, and Ronald held up the doggie's head. But it was no use.

"I think, dears, it 'ud be kinder not to bother him now," said fair, good-natured Ellen, as she stirred the fire somewhat vigorously, conscious that her sight was a little blurred by tears.

Alison set the basin on the table, and Ronald laid the curly head down on the rug again, stooping over to kiss one of the black silky ears. None of the children spoke.

"Shall I stay with you a bit, dears?" Ellen asked kindly.

Then Alison answered, a little huskily but quite steadily, "No, thank you. I think we'd rather be alone with Magic."

So Ellen went downstairs.

The fog and the darkness met one another and blended. It was early December, and each day was getting shorter ; even without the assistance of London fog. The children, however, refused to have the gas lighted ; the flickering firelight seemed most peaceful. They had often sat with Magic in the firelight before, and he had gone from one to the other, and licked their faces and rubbed his dear head against their hands, while they had sat talking and building castles in the air.

Now they knew that *that* was a time never again to be ; they knew that quite as well as if they had been grown-up people. In books children are made to ask, "What is death?" "Why is he lying there if he is dead and gone away?" but they do not ask such questions in real life.

Out of the great mystery from which all life comes they have brought that link with God's ways which is called instinct. Such

instinct made them quiet and solemn now. Even little 'Beth felt that while Magic lay like this, silent and peaceful himself (save for the heavy breathing), tears and lamentations would be out of place.

Now and again a red cinder dropped out of the grate, and sometimes there was a shout in the square, as a cab was driven slowly through the fog, and the driver called to a policeman or passer-by to know the number of the house. Once there was a "mew" of a cat, and Alison caught her breath as she noticed that Magic did not move his ear at the sound which had always made him bark and frisk so wildly.

'Beth was so awe-stricken that she was almost afraid to think ; poor little Ronald was fearfully weary, for he had got out of bed every hour the night before to see how Magic was ; but Alison was stroking the black, silky head with unwearying endeavour to soothe, and thinking, dreaming, wondering as she did so.

Was Magic thinking of them ? Did he know they would do *anything* to save him ? Did mother—that young angel mother they had never known—know anything of the trouble they were in ? and would Magic—*could* doggies—go to the same Heaven as she had gone to ? Oh, if they could be *quite* sure that mother could have Magic in Heaven and take care of him there, how much easier the parting would be !

He looked so beautiful, so glossy, his curls all tight about the neck, but looser on his back and sides ; his ears so soft and silky ; his eyes—ah ! there was a strangeness there. All day they had looked so curiously blue and deep ; now they were half shut, but the lids twitched up now and again, and showed them glassy and unseeing.

There was a short, sharp sound like a yap ; he moved suddenly. The children started, and little 'Beth sprang to her feet.

Two or three quick gasps came. The dog raised himself.

"O Ronnie ! Alsie ! he nearly stood——"

"Be quiet, 'Beth !" Alison's face was white with agony.

Poor Magic fell back and gasped again, with the white tooth of his lower jaw fixed outside his lip.

This was too much for Ronald. He threw himself aside and hid his face, while at the sound of another gasp 'Beth gave one look, and then, with a low cry, rushed off to a distant corner of the room.

Only Alison sat on the floor and held one of the twitching paws firmly, her face white and drawn, but all her young soul intent on sharing as far as she could share, helping while she could help.

"I'm here, Magic—Magic !" she gently said.

As if the faithful creature would (true to his doggie nature) respond even at his last gasp to love and care, Magic seemed for a second to try to lift his eyelids. But a great, though quieter, gasp shook his frame. Then there was silence. Ronald dared not look up, and 'Beth stood back against the wall.

"Ronnie!"—Alsie's voice was shaking, but she could not cry, and her whisper was clear through the quiet—perfect quiet now; there was no heavy breathing—"Ronnie, I think dear Magic is dead."

"Oh, do—do ask them to light the gas," wailed poor little 'Beth out of the darkness of her corner. "It's so dark, and I'm so cold!"

There was a ringing at the house door below, but none of them heeded it. Ronald got up, and, keeping his head turned away from the hearth-rug, got the matches, struck a light, and, climbing on a chair, lit the gas.

Then he stood and looked. 'Beth, encouraged by the bright light, which half-dazzled them all, came out of her corner and stood where she too could see.

Alison gently laid down the stiff paw and rose to her feet.

So they were standing when Douglas Grey came upstairs and entered the room.

He had just arrived—a day before he was expected—and, down in the hall, Ellen had told him of the great trouble.

The children looked round and saw him, but without surprise. The great presence which had come in before him, the visitor they beheld among them for the first time, was a mystery in the face of which nothing else could appear strange.

But after a moment little 'Beth rushed forward crying, "Oh, father, father! If you *could* have come before!"

So it was that these children first beheld Death, and what weight that fact may have in the consideration of the after-events of their lives I leave it to others to determine. With their father, I hold it true that every life has its mystery; also that love may be such a link in the lives and feelings of individuals that the same mystery may be shared in common, where thought, affection, and life have been shared in common too.

These two ideas are all I mean to put forward, and these not as solutions of the problem, but as all the theory I have to advance on the subject.

PART II.

It was a summer's evening, and the country lay at peace in the late daylight, with a mist out westward where the sun was setting—a red-tinged mist, though without the purple and crimson glories of the sunset hour in less settled weather.

Almost all the holidays had been fine, and the Grey children had been living out of doors, enjoying to the full the old farm-house which their father rented furnished for them during the months of August and September the summer after Magic died.

Douglas had been on short visits to them, having spent part of his vacation abroad, and then with a shooting party up north. I had met him in Scotland, and it was then that he invited me to accompany him to the farm-house and see his children.

I accepted the invitation, and we travelled together, arriving this fine summer evening, and much enjoying the soft country atmosphere, as we drove from the station, after the long railway journey. The place was within two miles of the sea, and a refreshing air from the ocean breathed over everything.

The children were all awaiting our arrival in front of the long, low, old-fashioned house—a white house with red-tiled roof and long narrow windows which glowed yellow in the evening light. Ronald was swinging on the gate, and Alison reposing in a camp chair, while little 'Beth played with the kitten on the lawn.

So we caught sight of them for a moment, and then they all came running to meet us.

"So glad you've brought Frank with you!" shouted Ronald. I had taught them to call me by my Christian name. Douglas had proposed an "Uncle" before it, but I repudiated the ugliest word in the English dictionary when there was no obligation.

"So glad to come, old chap," I answered, as I jumped out and warmly greeted all three children.

"Father! there's ten more chickens hatched!" cried little 'Beth.

"And more roses blooming!" her father replied, noting her rosy cheeks with satisfaction.

"It *will* be nice, now you've come," said fair, sweet Alison, with a look so like her mother that we let the children have all the conversation to themselves for a minute.

"And much nicer for you than shooting things," said 'Beth, who held strong theories against sport.

"There's grouse in the cart," cried Ronald, who had jumped

upon the wheel. "Now, 'Beth, why should you mind eating that more than chicken?"

"We don't eat the chickens here. Mrs. Brampton said that wasn't one of hers that we had yesterday."

"She only said it to satisfy you, stupid," answered her brother. "What do you suppose became of Blackie?—you missed him from the run."

"Mrs. Brampton said he died of *consumption*," answered 'Beth gravely. And the merry laugh with which we all hailed Mrs. Brampton's somewhat time-worn joke only made 'Beth wonder more.

"Never mind, dear," said Alison, with the little motherly air which seemed so quaint a belonging to her two years' seniority. "You can eat only the eggs if you like, and not the grouse or the fowls."

We spent a happy evening, the children running in and out while we had supper, and romping on the lawn with us afterwards. Once I threw the ball right down the sloping bank among the gooseberry bushes. 'Beth ran after it, her gold-brown curls all roughened by her play, her grey eyes dancing with childish merriment.

But she returned slowly with the big ball under her arm, and the colour had gone out of her little round face.

"Why, 'Beth, you are tired!" I exclaimed. The attention of the others had been diverted for a moment by the sight of the white owl, an evening visitor to whom they were anxious to introduce Douglas.

"No, not tired," she answered, coming close up to me, with a dreamy, mysterious look in her eyes. "Do you know?" she said, in a very low, soft tone, "I thought Magic was running after that ball—I thought I saw him."

Then, seeing my look of wonder, she explained, "Magic, our spaniel dog, you know, who died last winter."

"Why, yes, of course I know," I answered. "But how could you think Magic was there? Is there any dog like him about here?"

"No, no! It wasn't *really* a dog, but—— Frank, do you think *dogs* can have ghosts, like people?"

"Quite as likely one as the other," I laughed. "What do you know about ghosts? Surely Miss Mowbray has told you there are no such things."

"Ronald knows; he has a book about them. Alsie said I wasn't to read it; but he reads bits to me, and I like to hear them, though I'm frightened afterwards."

"Which just shows what a little goose you are, and how you come to imagine that you see a black spaniel dog when there isn't any at all," I said, taking her up in my arms (for she was a little thing for her age), and carrying her off to the garden seat. "You're tired, 'Beth, and when one gets tired one can fancy anything! No, Ronnie, I think we'd better give up the game now. I think 'Beth is only fit for bed."

"Had too long a day, dearie?" asked her father; and they came and sat on the seats till the bell rang for bed-time. But 'Beth did not speak of her fancy again.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and Douglas and I were down to an early breakfast, but Ronald was the only one of the children who kept us company.

"'Beth has been ill in the night, and Ellen said she had better have breakfast upstairs, so Alsie stayed with her." The boy explained.

Douglas seemed anxious directly, and went up to see the little invalid. He found her flushed and feverish, and our drive into the county town comprised a visit to summon the doctor.

At first he said it was a feverish chill, but feverish chills can lead to grave complications, and as the days went by the doctor looked more serious after each visit.

It was a sad change from the pleasant time we had anticipated; and all the while the days were so bright and sunny, the earth so beautiful and full of pleasant things. But our hearts were weighed down by such a load of care that I think we all echoed little Ronald's observation:

"I think it would be easier to give up and be miserable if the sun wouldn't shine so all the time."

Two nurses were in waiting on poor little 'Beth, and the other children knew she was dangerously ill, and felt, too, that unsettled state of suspense and sadness with which serious illness always impresses the children of a family, even when they are not old enough to share the day-to-day watching, waiting, hope and fear of their elders.

I could not have left them, even if Douglas had not said what he said the first night he knew 'Beth was seriously ill: "Stay with me if you can, Frank; I can't bear it alone. If there's no one else, I shall be making Alsie an old woman before she's a young one."

I thought of his words one evening about a week afterwards when I met Alsie on the stairs. The child's face was whiter, and her eyes had a more strained look than a child of eleven should know, whatever the cloud of anxiety over the home may be.

"Alsie, come out into the garden," I said. "It is a lovely evening, and you have been too much in the house to-day."

She looked at me, and then looked beyond me. The evening light shone on her long, pale golden hair and on the white frock she wore. She raised her hand and pointed into the hall, down below where I stood.

"Look ! There he is. There is Magic ! waiting at the door, as he used to wait at home for us to come out !"

I looked, and until this day I cannot say whether I saw something or nothing, whether I really saw a black spaniel dog on the threshold, or whether I only imagined what the child described.

At that instant Douglas's voice called me, from the landing above, in the hushed voice of suppressed agony :

"Frank, come up—come to me. They say the child is dying."

And at the hour when the rocks on the distant sands were uncovered in the sunset glow, the little tide of 'Beth's life also ebbed away.

Perhaps in the first days of his great grief Douglas did not notice how ill Alison was. Perhaps, knowing her tender, loving nature, he attributed all her changed appearance and altered manner to sorrow at the loss of the dearly loved little sister. I had misgivings about Alsie from the very day of 'Beth's death, but I could not add to the troubles of my poor friend, and felt I was doing the best for all when I urged Douglas to winter abroad with the two children. He had a cousin resident in Brussels, who was married and had a young family. They would gladly find Douglas a *pension* near them, and it would be cheerful society for himself and his boy and girl.

He acted on my suggestion, and I had better news of them at Christmas than I had dared to expect, though he wrote that Alison continued very delicate. Early in the new year the blow came—influenza and pneumonia carried her off ; she was only in bed a few days, poor child ! but the mischief had commenced months before.

On the night after I had the news of her death I sat alone in my chambers and grieved—thought—wondered. Again I seemed to hold in my arms the pretty, curly-haired child, and saw her anxious, persistent look as she told me how she had seen the dog like Magic when she ran after the ball.

And then I saw the sweet, grave face of the elder girl as she met me on the stair. I saw her wondering, far-seeing gaze as she pointed out the form of their faithful dumb friend as it appeared to her at that sad moment.

Was there anything in it? Was it to become the family omen? Was it that because they had so first beheld Death it appeared again to them? Was there anything in signs, and omens, and second sight? Was it mere fancy of childish brains, which coming illness caused to repicture vividly the great event of their little lives?

PART III.

The varying scenes of life will cast into the shade even some of the most soul-engrossing events as the years go by; but, although I ceased to dwell after a time on the sad episodes of my friend's life, his affairs always had a great interest for me, although my having to reside abroad for some years prevented our seeing much of one another.

From the letters, however, which I received from time to time I gathered that Ronald was growing to be the pride and delight of his father's heart and the centre of all his hopes. The boy had been to Eton and then to Sandhurst, though this last, Douglas wrote, was a yielding on his part to the great desire of Ronald's life. He himself would have been glad if the boy had chosen a profession which would not have been so likely to bring future separation.

In the year 1899—ten years after the sad events recorded—I returned to England, and one of my first visits was to the pretty place Douglas Grey had bought in Sussex. It was to be his son's home, and had been purchased that Ronald might have a place to which to invite his friends, enjoy shooting, and have all the pleasures of a country squire's existence whenever he chose.

When I saw Ronald I was pleased to be able to own that he was worthy of his father's pride in him. A fair, well-grown, nice-looking young fellow of one-and-twenty. He was fond of his profession and of all outdoor exercises, hardy and Spartan in his self-treatment, but almost more like a daughter than a son in his affectionate consideration for his father.

He was a young fellow for whom it was impossible not to feel a strong attachment, and, as well as the pleasant charm of his manner, there was sometimes a far-away sadness in his expression that won me especially to him. I was sure the tragedy of his childhood had somehow marked him apart from the common run of youth of his age and time.

About a fortnight after my arrival at Moorhurst (as the place was called), he and I were alone in the grounds, Douglas having been summoned into the house to see a visitor.

It was an autumn evening, October, but fine and warm for the time of year. The big beeches were tinting deeper every day, and a crimson mist lay on the hills ; it was just sunset time, and we had resolved to remain out till dark, "to brace us for the evening's exertions," Ronald said, for there was to be a little dinner-party (neighbours of the sterner sex) at half-past seven.

"Hardly much of a festivity to you, Ronald," I said, laughing. "I suppose you were fairly gay at Sandhurst, and have been giving some entertainments for celebration lately." (He had just been gazetted.)

"Oh, yes. I'm afraid I've rather been going it ; but I really like it best here, you know, if one can't be in active service—though there's chance for that before long."

"Is your regiment likely to go out to South Africa ?" I asked, for the war cloud was then in the air.

"More than likely—almost certain."

"I'm afraid your father will feel it dreadfully !"

"Oh, but it will be nothing !" he laughed. And I, too, was almost as much of a victim to the terrible delusion which cost the country so dear.

But before I could reply my heart gave a sudden bound ; for a moment I felt almost like an hysterical woman might feel, so strangely and suddenly the thing happened.

Out of the little wood just below us, and towards which the grounds sloped, there bounded, without bark or sound, a *black spaniel dog*.

"Hallo ! It must be one of Mr. Steers's spaniels. Here, good fellow ! I say, Frank, he's just like our old Magic !"

"Oh, don't touch him ! Let him go, Ronald !" I hastily exclaimed.

He turned and regarded me with the greatest astonishment.

"Why, Frank ! What do you mean ? Surely you're not afraid of dogs. Why, no ; I remember you were always so fond of them."

"I don't know what I meant," I answered, trying to laugh off the shame of the momentary superstition. "You'll think me hysterical, Ronald ; but——"

A servant, coming hastily through the grounds, bearing a yellow envelope, caused me to break off with a strange feeling of apprehension.

"For you, sir," he said to Ronald.

Ronald opened the telegram.

"It is as I thought. I must join my regiment ; it is ordered to

South Africa ! Oh, Frank ! I'm glad you're here to be with the dad. I'm afraid he'll mind dreadfully !"

“*Was that dog real or a phantom ?*” I asked myself a hundred times in the weeks which followed. I had no real reason to suspect the latter ; such an idea had never entered Ronald's head.

But when, through that sad Christmas, I shared the father's weary, anxious longing, hoping, fearing for news, I could not bear (I am not ashamed to own it) to think of that dark, silky creature appearing out of the autumn mists that October evening.

It might be that my imagination threw mystery round what had been a mere common chance, a coincidence, who shall say ? I only know that when the news came that Ronald Grey fell in the fatal attempt on Spion Kop, the first thing I thought of was of his unhappy father, the next of the “Dog Ghost” !

WATER AT WORK.

IF we were asked to say what is the most important thing in the world, we could hardly do better than say that water is. At all events, it has a good claim to the position, for in Nature it plays many parts. Its ubiquity and its utility are surprising; it is in the earth and in the air, it is a necessity for our daily wants at home and for the applications of many of the arts in our workshops. It makes the beautiful rainbow and the mighty ocean. It does delicate work for the analyst and hard work for the engineer, and by means of water our noble fire brigade can use a little fire to extinguish a conflagration. Let us make a short study of water. We will begin with a shower of rain, and watch the water running down a cart-rut by the side of a road as a tiny stream typical of a great river. It rushes along, and in its turbulent hurry to get downhill carries away pieces of stone and cuts itself a channel, until it arrives at a more tranquil state, when it deposits its load in a puddle. A little experiment will show us that the water has carried down materials in two different ways, some being in solution and some in suspension. If we take a little of the rain water, put it in a saucer and place it in the oven, it will evaporate and leave little or nothing in the dry saucer; but if we take some of the muddy water as it goes down the cart-rut, and put it into a glass, we shall soon see the insoluble matter settle to the bottom, and if now we take some of the clear water and evaporate it in the saucer in the oven as before, we shall see a further deposit, because, the water having passed away as steam, the solid matter it had dissolved is left behind. This simple experiment is very instructive, and enables us to get some idea of the tons of material carried down by rivers to form sandbanks in estuaries and to furnish the sea with its great store of minerals. We all know that "dropping water wears away stone," and that the action of wind and storm beats away hard rocks. Our little experiment gives us an insight into the process, and explains how Nature spreads mineral food far and wide for plant life, both land and marine. But Nature has another means of breaking up rocks by the action of water, and

that is by frost. The water insinuates itself into the pores, cracks, etc. of the rock, and in freezing to ice expands suddenly with great force, so that the surface of the rock is disintegrated and, when the thaw comes, is carried away. Water can also dissolve gases to an incredible amount, and by doing so it acquires new properties, *e.g.* its solvent action is greatly augmented, and substances insoluble in pure water are then readily dissolved by it. The atmosphere contains a small quantity of carbonic acid gas, of ammonia, and also of nitric acid ; but this last is more especially produced by thunder-storms. The acquisition of carbonic acid would enable the water to dissolve such bodies as chalk, dolomite, and iron, although they would be insoluble in pure water. Chalk is a carbonate of lime, and is only feebly held in solution, being easily deposited by a fall, by exposure to the air, and by heat ; hence the stalagmites and stalactites of our caverns and the incrustation inside our tea-kettles, etc., and also the curious phenomenon of petrification so well seen in the famous dripping wells of Matlock Bath. Iron is taken up and deposited in the same way, but it imparts a brown colour to whatever it may be deposited on, and gives a peculiar flavour to the water, which is said to be chalybeate. We can now understand that rivers carry a large amount of mineral matter into the sea, and as there is no outlet for the water of the ocean except evaporation, which removes the water but not the matter in solution, the sea must become gradually more and more dense ; and it is interesting to observe that sea water contains more mineral matter than any other. This is especially the case with the Dead Sea. There are many different qualities of spring water, the difference being due to the mineral matter in solution, some being medicinal as at Epsom and Cheltenham, some saline and some sulphureous, while one in Cornwall contains lithia, which is recommended as a cure for gout and similar affections. Some springs are hot, as at Bath, and some are cold, while some are known as brine and by evaporation supply us with table salt. These waters must have passed through different geological formations in their journey through the earth, and by their contents declare the company they have consorted with. All these streams, little and great, find their way by the natural law of gravitation into the sea ; yet, as Solomon observed long ages ago, “the sea is not full” and “unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.” The heat of the sun evaporates the ocean, the cold of space condenses the vapour into cloud and rain, and so the process of washing the solid earth into the sea goes on. Who can say how long it will continue ?

We are now back again with the rain, in which ammonia is dissolved, and in the language of chemistry such water is said to be alkaline, and its properties are very different from those of acid or neutral waters ; for instance, it will dissolve resinous and other bodies formed by plants, such as ulmin, the result of vegetable decay. Many of the products of vegetable decay are very valuable to growing plants for manure. The nitric acid mentioned above is a much more powerful solvent than either of the others, for hardly anything can resist its attack. Thus by taking into partnership ammonia (a product of organic decomposition), carbonic acid (a product of animal respiration), and nitric acid (a product of electricity), the rain water adds immensely to its accumulating power, and on reaching the earth it makes good use of it, for in the ashes of plants we find silica, lime, magnesia, phosphates, iron, and other things, each being delivered by the water in that part of the plant where it is required, some in the root, some in the stem, and some in the leaves. A good deal of the water entering the plant by the root evaporates from the leaves into the atmosphere and reappears again as rain, but also a good deal is retained by the plant to form by union with carbon such bodies as starch, sugar, resin, cellulose, lignin, etc., and more complex substances such as gum and the various juices natural to vegetation, all depending upon water for their composition. Indeed, a plant seems to be a sort of chemical laboratory wherein Nature works wonders which astonish us and awaken the most profound admiration, but at the same time baffle our imitative skill. We may still "consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin," and yet they have a glory all their own, a most delicate blending of colours, a sweet perfume, an elegant shape, and a regular habit—all inimitable. We are, however, able to follow some of the chemical actions or processes going on in plants ; for instance, in a germinating seed we find starch taking in a molecule of water and so becoming sugar, and we can trace medicinal virtues to certain parts of plants, such as theine to the leaves, quinine to the bark, rhubarb to the root, acid to the unripe fruit, sugar to the ripe fruit, oil to the seeds, etc. There is also a large class of bodies known to chemistry as carbohydrates, *i.e.* bodies whose composition is found by analysis to be represented by an intimate mixture of water and carbon, or, as it is often called, charcoal. Many of these substances are very important, and, although differing greatly in general properties, are very similar in actual composition ; for instance, starch is composed of 12 molecules of carbon united with 10 of water ; cane sugar, 12 molecules of carbon with 11 molecules of water ; and grape sugar,

12 molecules of carbon with 12 molecules of water ; while acetic acid, the "sharp" ingredient of vinegar, is composed of 2 molecules of carbon and 2 of water. It will be observed here that water assumes two totally different forms, viz. solid in starch and sugar, but liquid in acetic acid, and, moreover, opaque in starch but crystalline in cane sugar. We will not attempt to dive any further into the chemical consideration of this interesting subject, but we must notice the wonderful part which water, the condensation product of two invisible gases, oxygen and hydrogen, plays, with the assistance of vegetation, in the economy of Nature by forming substances not only useful to man, but his very food, upon which he depends for his existence. Truly "there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Chemical analysis tells us that a cucumber is 97 per cent. water, that turnips are 90 per cent. water, carrots 83, gooseberries 80, apples 80, potatoes 75, eggs 74, while milk is only 87 per cent. water, and it may appear strange that *dry* bread is no less than 48 per cent. water. But, most wonderful of all, man himself is 75 per cent. water without even suspecting it. Now we can see why water is so very important to us ; but although it may appear that we have arrived at the climax of our subject, we still have a good deal to study, and if we have to descend, it will be by easy and broad steps to other fields where many surprising facts await us.

We have found solid water where we did not expect it in the vegetable kingdom, and we shall also find it in the mineral kingdom. Most of us know "blue-stone," or, as it is often called, "blue vitriol," though its proper chemical name is sulphate of copper ; but few people are aware that it owes its beautiful blue colour, and also the shape of its crystals, to the water it contains. Yet this is so, and if we heat it we shall find that it loses about one-third of its weight, and falls to a shapeless white powder, simply because it has parted company with its colourless limpid water ; and there are many other crystals similarly constituted. The beautiful play of colours in the opal depends upon a little water belonging to the stone ; and cement, though perhaps more useful than beautiful, owes its valuable properties to water. The preparation of cement depends upon driving off its natural water by means of heat, and using the cement is restoring to it the water so driven off.

But we are much more familiar with water in another solid form, namely, ice—smooth, slippery, elastic, brittle, and full of holes, covering our ponds and lakes with a sheet we can walk on, or swimming in the ocean an iceberg to the danger of shipping, or the moving glacier and the awful avalanche. Very wonderful all this, indeed, and

none the less so because easily apparent. Snow is also ice, but, being freshly frozen under no restraint, it can show its natural crystalline form, very regular and very elegant. This can often be seen with the unaided eye or with a pocket magnifying-glass, and is well worth study. It shows how the snowflake can be as light as eider-down, how it can be a beautiful glistening mantle to the garden, and how it can be compressed and grow into a solid block of ice. Yet how magical the effect of a warmer temperature ! The beautiful crystals, which show no sign of their true composition, soon melt into liquid water and so declare themselves ; but ice is not water, for its properties are altogether different from water, on which it always floats, thus forming a covering to protect the water below from freezing to a solid mass. Is not this one of Nature's provisions for its creatures? Fish require a little air, and ice contains none, but all natural water contains some, and, in freezing, this air dissolved in water is forced out, hence the holes in the ice. But Nature makes still another provision for aquatic life. Water when at the temperature of 39° F. is at its densest, and whichever way the temperature varies the water becomes lighter, so that in very cold weather the liquid water we find below the ice, especially a few feet down, is sure to be at 39° F. ; and as water is a poor conductor of heat, and the covering of ice prevents the wind from turning it over, naturally a long time is required to alter its temperature, which therefore remains seven degrees warmer than the ice above it.

Ice and snow have another very remarkable property, which shows itself in winter when we want a little water and have to go out and gather some snow, or perhaps ice, and we put it in a pail over the kitchen fire. Perhaps we expect it to melt in a few minutes, and we get tired of waiting, so go away to do something, and then after a considerable time return to find that even then some ice remains, and the water is still quite cold. This is another wise provision of Nature. Let us see what it is, and also its effect. On making a careful scientific investigation into this phenomenon we find that ice cannot melt before it has absorbed a large quantity of heat, far more than we should expect. In fact, if we put the same weight of water in the pail over the fire as we did ice, it would have become very hot in less time than it required to melt the ice. And if we had a thermometer we should find that the ice remains at a temperature of 32° F. until it melts, so that the fire has no apparent effect upon it at first. In other words, the ice cannot change its state or melt until it has absorbed a good deal of heat ; and on the other hand, if we wish to freeze water, we must wait patiently while the

water loses exactly the same amount of heat before it can change its state and freeze solid. This heat, which is necessary to the change of state, is called latent heat, *i.e.* hidden heat, because it does not show itself on the thermometer. If it were not for this latent heat of freezing and thawing we should be subject to most fearful inundations on the melting of the winter snow, and also to very sudden and tremendous frosts. Very many substances exhibit this phenomenon of latent heat, but it is remarkable that water possesses it to a far greater degree than any other body. Having discovered this fact, we may go a step further and find that a similar loss of heat attends the change from liquid water to vapour, and prevents the too sudden change from clear to foggy weather. It also prevents the heat of the sun from making a drought in a day or two, and from raising too much vapour from the surface of the ocean, and so filling the air with moisture more than it could hold, which in the absence of latent heat would fall upon the earth in torrents instead of a gentle rain. In fact, latent heat acts as a controller by introducing time into the change, and so makes it gradual and tolerable if not always pleasant. And most of us have noticed how the cold winter wind is warmed when the snow comes. We can now understand it. "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody." The coldest winter wind freezes warmth from the rain in making snow which is a comparatively warm covering for vegetation.

It also acts another genial part, *viz.* in the dew deposited at night from the atmosphere, for dew does not rise from the ground as some people suppose. The air is charged with vapour, and this, coming in contact with cold leaves, blades of grass, etc., is condensed to liquid, and in liquefying restores to the leaf on which it is deposited the warmth it received indirectly from the sun during the day. And now, supposing the cold to be sufficiently intense to freeze the dew to hoar-frost, a still further quantity of warmth is imparted to the plant, which is often thus preserved from being completely frozen, though the edges of its leaves may be frost-bitten. Thus the dew does more than supply the plant with moisture, but the amount of heat supplied is necessarily small, and only able to ward off a slight frost. It is, however, noticeable that dew is only deposited on a clear, cold night in the absence of much wind. Clouds prevent radiation of heat from the earth's surface, and so maintain the temperature of the air too high for its formation.

The cooling effect of animal perspiration is also due to this unexpected and curious property of water, so admirably called latent heat, but of which we will say no more at present.

Lightning, awful, mischievous lightning, is made by the action of watery vapour, but to understand how, we must pay careful attention. Firstly, we must recognise that the great store-house of electricity is the earth, for this is so, and that the warmth of the sun causes a large quantity of water to be evaporated from the earth and ocean. Now, it is demonstrable that watery vapour, in leaving a body charged with electricity, carries electricity away with it, and if we could follow the vapour rising from the earth we should see that as it rises in the air it cools, and in cooling it acquires the form of drops, which in time form a cloud. It is now obvious that the vapour does not occupy so much space as it did on leaving the earth, and for our present explanation we may quite fairly assume that each drop has its separate charge of electricity, and the collection of them makes a thunder-cloud. Condensation still goes on, and the small drops coalesce in such a way that one thousand would unite to form, we will suppose, only one. Now, we know that this one could only have a diameter equal to ten of the original drops. Consequently the one large drop has the accumulated electricity of the original thousand small drops, whilst its power of holding electricity is only ten times as great, for electricity must be only on the surface. The result of this is that the tendency of the electricity to discharge itself from the large drop is just one hundred times as great as it is from the small drops. In other words, condensation has increased the force of the thunder-cloud one hundredfold, and of course there is no limit to this process, but the electric force of the cloud is greatly influenced by its proximity to the earth and to other clouds. Some flashes of lightning have been known to be a mile in length, and the ever-increasing record of disasters from this cause gives good reason for dreading its prodigious power to do mischief. It can and does often wreck buildings, split and strip trees, and kill animals instantaneously ; yet, with all its awful powers, it does a little good, for it forms the nitric acid to which we have previously alluded. We have, however, another and greater consolation, for it might easily happen that drops of rain falling from a thunder-cloud would discharge its electricity quietly and harmlessly. This would be still more the case with snow, because in freezing to a snow-flake the drop of rain would increase its surface very greatly, and therefore its electrical capacity. Here, then, water is our friend again, and is it not a grand thought that the Great Artificer of the Universe should have chosen the rain-drops as the resting-place for His beautiful memorial of divine clemency? The raindrops fall on the good and on the evil, and produce the fruits of the earth ; and as they fall they make, by the

aid of the sun, the glorious rainbow. We now know by what natural law this is done. The tiny raindrops refract the light of the sun, and reveal to us its wonderful composition. This same law of refraction produces the mirage, better known to travellers in distant lands than to us.

Chemistry, the most instructive of all the sciences, teaches us that the elements of water, oxygen and hydrogen, are never lost, although, as we have seen, the water itself may be decomposed to form other bodies. And some subsequent process, such as burning, reunites them to form water again. A ceaseless change, but not useless, as we see in vegetable decay, one result of which is the formation of water by oxidation at the expense of the atmosphere. Even more wonderful is it that coal, itself the product of vegetable decay under special circumstances, produces by combustion a considerable quantity of water, and this, although one at least of its constituent gases has been solidified for years, if not both, is just as ready and able to take its part in the workings of Nature to-day as that from any other source, to form, it may be, wood, gum, resin, sugar, starch, or any other useful product. Nature, then, at all events, "gathers up the fragments that nothing be lost," and chemistry has shown us a good deal of its secret processes ; but just now we can only speak of those in which water takes a prominent part. We must be content to gaze on the grand vista in this fairyland of wonders, where Nature "works by weight and measure," far outstripping the most ideal magician, here collecting, there rejecting, infinitesimal atoms to make the tender blue-bell or the sturdy oak, the sweet juice of the grape or the acid poison of the sorrel, giving a flimsy body to a jellyfish or a marvellous solidity to a cucumber, lustre to the alabaster, or shape and colour to crystallised minerals. A cloud gives a welcome shade from the heat of the summer sun, a river gives a calm beauty to the verdant landscape, and ice adds a bond to the rigours of winter. So different, so easily recognised, yet each the result of Nature's magic touch on limpid water !

As Nature makes so much use of water for our benefit, we can almost of necessity find many useful places for it in the arts ; and history tells us that Archimedes, who lived something like two thousand years ago, tested the quality of the crown made for Hiero, King of Syracuse, by immersing it in water and noting the effect upon its weight. This method is still in daily use in our laboratories, and is known as taking the specific gravity, water still being the standard to which the weight, bulk for bulk, of all other liquids as well as solids is referred. Again, the clepsydra or water-clock, that ancient

though defective Roman means of measuring time, and that equally simple though perhaps less ancient water-hammer laid in the bed of many a quiet old brook to enable it to force a little of its precious water up a neighbouring hill, are memorials of a bygone ingenuity. Think, too, of the old-fashioned water-wheel, adding a sonorous charm to some sylvan scene, or the busy turbine at work by the riverside, both still with us as links with the past, and valued friends doing much work.

Next we come to our own day, with its mighty steam-engine of many thousand horse-power depending upon water, taking but little space, and working noiselessly to supply power to some herculean hydraulic crane (perhaps miles away) to enable it to lift tons as a mere handful, or supplying hard though watery sinews to some steel Vulcan crushing iron bars into rivets strong enough to hold together the great girders of a bridge or the plates of a huge steam boiler which, if it could only burst, would spread destruction far and wide.

The British supremacy of the ocean and our world-wide commerce depend upon steam, as do also our manufactures.

Water made more impression upon our ancestors than we might be at first aware. Let us peep into that very interesting book "Words and Places," by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, and learn a little curious history of our own land. We may now be surprised at how little we knew when we see the great profusion of names dotted about on the map, and bearing witness to the presence of water in certain definite localities, *e.g.* Dourwater, Eskwater, and Durbeck, names which show that water was the chief local attraction, and that as one tribe followed another the new-comers, not knowing the language of their immediate predecessors, thought the name they found at the place meaningless and so added their own word for water. Mr. Taylor gives one name, viz. Wansbeckwater, as an instance of this reduplication being carried still further, and so water becomes an historian by showing some of the different tribes of people who have settled in particular places, and also the order in which they followed each other. Strange that a history should be written on water ! wonderful, wonderful, wonderful water !

F. GRAHAM ANSELL.

ATHENS UNDER THE FRANKS.

(1205-1456.)

WHEN the Crusaders and their Venetian allies sat down before Constantinople to partition the Byzantine Empire among themselves, they paid as little heed as any modern congress of diplomatists to the doctrine of nationalities or to the wishes of the peoples whose fate hung upon their decisions. A fourth part of the Greek dominions, consisting of the capital, the neighbouring districts of both Europe and Asia, and several islands, among them Tenos and Skyros, was first set aside to form the new Latin Empire of Romania, of which Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was elected emperor. The remaining three-fourths were then divided in equal shares between the Venetian Republic and the Frank Crusaders, of whom the most prominent was Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, the rival of Baldwin for the throne of the East. The Greek provinces in Asia and the island of Crete had been originally marked out as his share of the spoil ; but, in order to be nearer his own Italian possessions, he induced the reluctant Emperor to give him a kingdom in Thessaly and Macedonia, which took its name from the great city of Salonica, in exchange for the Asiatic provinces. The erection of this kingdom of Salonica effectually severed the connection between the Empire of Romania and what we now call continental Greece, so that the history of that short-lived Empire, which lasted but fifty-seven years, has little or no reference to our subject.

Boniface, having settled a dispute with the Emperor Baldwin I. which threatened to undermine the Latin dominion in the Levant at the outset, marched into Greece at the head of an army of Crusaders in order to assert his claim to that country, which had been included, although it was still unconquered, in his share. At the moment of the Latin expedition against Constantinople the two themes of Hellas and the Peloponnesos had been a prey to anarchy. Instead of combining in the presence of the common danger which menaced the existence of the Byzantine Empire, the wealthy families thought only of advancing their own interests even at the expense

of the Government. Of these *archontes*, by far the ablest and most ambitious was Léon Sgourós of Nauplia, who was bent upon carving out for himself an independent principality in the Peloponnesos and Central Greece. His first step was to obtain possession of Argos; Corinth was his next acquisition, and he showed his hatred of the clergy by blinding the Archbishop of that city, and then hurling him from the summit of the citadel into the abyss below. He then traversed the Isthmus, and invested Athens by land and sea. The city, whose walls had fallen into decay, succumbed without a struggle; but the Akropolis was defended by a second Dexippos, the noble Archbishop Akominatos, who appealed to the patriotism of the Athenians, with such success that Sgourós had to content himself with burning the unprotected houses before the eyes of the garrison. At Thebes the much stronger castle of the Kadmeiæ, the residence of the Imperial Governor of Hellas, capitulated at the first attack, once more exemplifying the saying of Thucydides, that it is men, and not walls, which make a city. At Lárissa Sgourós met the fugitive Emperor Aléxios III., and received from him the hand of his daughter in marriage. But the advance of Boniface's army cut short the further success of the bold adventurer. Sgourós resolved to imitate Leonídas, and await the invaders on the classic ground of Thermopylæ. But the mere sight of the tall Franks in their coats of mail sufficed to terrify these degenerate Greeks, who fled to the lofty citadel of Corinth without striking a blow in the defence of their country. Boniface's march now became a royal progress. He first secured the Pass of Thermopylæ by bestowing the neighbouring position of Boudonitza as a fief on Guido Pallavicini, and then proceeded southward. The inhabitants of the towns, which had so lately felt the tyranny of Sgourós, welcomed the foreigner as a deliverer. Without disturbing those municipal institutions which the Greeks have always specially prized, the King of Salonica lost no time in distributing the classic lands of Greece as feudal fiefs among his trusty followers. Thus, by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel, to which few parallels can be found in history Attica and Bœotia were bestowed upon Otto de la Roche, a Burgundian noble, who had distinguished himself at the siege of Constantinople and had successfully mediated in the dispute between Baldwin I. and Boniface. Athens made no opposition to the Franks, for this time even the heroic Archbishop saw that resistance would be in vain. It was with a bitter pang that he beheld his cathedral, the venerable Parthenon, robbed of its relics by men who were hostile to the orthodox religion and ignorant of classic learning. For the

first time since the days of Sulla a Latin army was in possession of Athens ; yet the Roman conqueror had been kinder to the ancient seat of culture than the Christian Franks. Leaving his beloved church in the occupation of Latin monks, Akominatos left with a heavy heart the city where he had lived so long. After wandering from one place to another in search of rest, he finally settled in the island of Kéa, from which he could still see the Attic coast. Akominatos had once been disappointed with Athens ; but he had learned to love it as his second home, and now, in his island cell, he lamented the loss of his books and wrote of Attica as "a second garden of Eden." Once, in secret, he ventured over to Athens ; but he could not endure the galling spectacle of a Roman Catholic archbishop officiating in what had once been his own cathedral. At length he died in exile, the last of a long line of heroes whose names are associated with the story of the violet-crowned city.

Central Greece was now in the possession of the Franks. The once sacred district round Delphi provided a fief for another of Boniface's followers, Thomas de Stromoncourt ; and a Frankish tower soon rose on the site of Amphissa, whose vernacular name of Sálona perhaps commemorates the king of Salonica, and the ruins of whose splendid mediæval castle—built on Hellenic foundations—still bear witness to its Latin rulers. Eubœa, though originally included in the Venetian share, fell an easy prey to another adventurer, Jacques d'Avesnes ; and then he and Otto de la Roche followed the call of Boniface, who was bent on the destruction of Sgourós's power in the Peloponnesos. But from the natural fastness of Acrocorinth the tyrant could laugh at his assailants, and he held out there till his death in 1208, bequeathing the duty of fighting the Franks to Michael Angelos, despot of Epiros, who had erected an independent Greek principality in that mountainous region, and held aloft at his capital of Arta the banner of Greek nationality. Boniface himself had but a small share in the conquest of the Peloponnesos. While he was besieging Nauplia, the news reached him that the Greeks had risen in his own kingdom and had summoned the Bulgarians to their aid. But before he quitted his camp he conferred the as yet unconquered Peloponnesos as a fief upon one of his most trusty companions, Guillaume de Champlitte, a French noble, who had taken part in the conquest of Constantinople.

Meanwhile Otto de la Roche had had time to instal himself in his dominions, which included, besides Attica and Bœotia, the ancient Megarid, with its coasts on the Saronic and Corinthian Gulfs, and the former land of the Opuntian Locrians to the north.

His first care was to select a title, and he chose that of *Sire d'Athènes*, or "Lord of Athens," which was magnified by the Greeks into that of *Mégas Kýr* (Μέγας Κύρ), or "Great Lord." He then proceeded to organise his State on the feudal system, just as Guy of Lusignan had done in Cyprus, reserving Athens and Thebes as his private domains, and assigning the lands of the former Greek proprietors to his own followers. No opposition was offered to these confiscatory measures, which scarcely affected the peasants at all. Before the Frankish conquest the free labourer had become almost extinct as a class, and the serfs, whom the Franks found cultivating the soil, paid the same taxes to their new masters as they had paid to their old—with this important difference, that these taxes were now expended in the country, instead of being squandered at Constantinople. While the fiscal conditions of life were thus improved, the natives did not forfeit their old municipal privileges. Local judges long continued to administer justice according to the Byzantine law, while it is probable that more important matters were decided by those feudal customs which have been enshrined in the famous "Assise" of Jerusalem. The Church question was far more difficult, for the difference between the two religions formed an insuperable barrier between the two races. A Frenchman named Berard was appointed first Latin Archbishop of Athens, and was duly confirmed by Pope Innocent III. as successor of Akominatos in the cathedral on the Akropolis. An army of monks followed in the steps of the soldiers. The Franciscans founded numerous monasteries, and the famous Convent of Daphne, between Athens and Eleusis, was bestowed on a body of Cistercians from the Burgundian home of the Lord of Athens. But Otto soon incurred the censure of the Latin clergy by his refusal to allow donations of land to the Church, and by his appropriation of Greek ecclesiastical property. He felt that it was essential to his position as a conqueror in a foreign country that only those who could render him military service should be entitled to receive estates.

Events in the Kingdom of Salonica caused Otto de la Roche to transfer his allegiance from the King to the Emperor of Romania. For Boniface, whom we saw hurrying back from the Morea to defend his own immediate dominions, fell in 1207, like the Emperor Baldwin I. before him, by the hands of the Bulgarians, and during the minority of his infant son, Demetrius, the old quarrel was revived between the Empire and the Kingdom. The Lombards of Salonica insisted that the new Emperor Henry should recognise their claims over all Greece, and to emphasise their contention

seized Thebes. In order to settle this and other pending questions Henry held two Parliaments of his vassals at Ravénika (a place probably not far from Lamia),¹ at which Otto de la Roche attended and swore fealty to him. Henry then marched to Thebes, restored that city to Otto, and then proceeded to Athens, where, like another emperor, Basil the Bulgar-slayer, two centuries before, he worshipped in the Parthenon, everywhere winning by his kindness the sympathies of the Greeks. The second Parliament at Ravénika was occupied with the settlement of the disputes between the Frank lords and the Latin Church, and a concordat was signed by the representatives of the conflicting parties. Yet the Latin Patriarch of Constantinople continued to hurl his thunders against the Master of Athens whenever the latter encroached on the privileges of the Latin clergy. Meanwhile Otto extended his dominions by the acquisition of Sgourós's old possessions, Argos and Nauplia, which Villehardouin gave him as fiefs in return for his valuable assistance in the conquest of those cities. If the Burgundian noble had the least imagination, he must have been stirred by the thought that he was now the heir of Agamemnon. But classical allusions did not appeal to the Frank conquerors of the thirteenth century, who looked upon Greece much as we look upon Africa. One very practical result followed from the addition of Argos and Nauplia to the Athenian State: Otto thus owed feudal service to Villehardouin for fiefs; and this relationship was extended by another Prince of Achaia to a claim of overlordship over Athens and Thebes. Some years later, in 1222, the last vestige of dependence upon Salonica was swept away by the fall of that short-lived kingdom, the least durable of all the Latin creations in the Levant, which succumbed to Theodore, despot of Epiros. The victor took the title of emperor, and thus a new Greek empire arose in Europe, which effectually separated the Frank States of Greece from the Latin Empire, already tottering to its fall. The Frank States in Greece proved, however, to be far stronger than the ephemeral Kingdom of Salonica or the Empire of Romania. Otto was a firm ally of Villehardouin, and numbers of his relatives flocked from distant Burgundy to settle in the El Dorado which he ruled. Yet twenty years of state in Athens and Thebes were enough for the 'Great Lord.' In 1225 he departed for Burgundy with his wife and sons, leaving his Greek dominions to his nephew, Guy de la Roche.

Guy I. resided during the greater part of his reign of nearly forty years at Thebes, then the most flourishing town which owned

¹ Hopf, in Ersch und Gruber's *Allgemeine Encyclopädie*, lxxxv. 230.

his sway. His uncle had previously given him half of that city, while the other half had passed by marriage to a member of the famous family of St. Omer, whose name is still associated with the Santameri tower there. Thus, as the residence of two such important clans, the old Bœotian capital attained to great celebrity; while the continuance of the silk manufacture there had attracted colonies of Jews and Genoese, to the latter of whom Guy I. gave special privileges both in Thebes and in Athens.¹ Firmly established in the country, Guy was able to devote his attention for many years to the improvement of agriculture and the extension of trade, and it was not till the accession of the ambitious Guillaume de Villehardouin in the Morea that he was engaged in military enterprises. As his uncle had assisted the first Villehardouin in the conquest of this principality, so Guy aided the new Prince in the capture of Monemvasia, the last stronghold of the Greeks in the Peloponnesos, which surrendered in 1248. But, not content with this success, Villehardouin now aimed at an extension of his sway beyond the Isthmus, and this led to the first civil war between the Franks in Greece. The occasion of the war was the State of Eubœa, or Negroponte as the Franks called it.² That island, after its conquest by Jacques d'Avesnes, had been divided by Boniface of Salonica into three fiefs, which were bestowed upon the Veronese family of Dalle Carceri, and gave them the title of *Terzieri*, or "the three lords." But the Venetians, to whom the north and south of the island had been assigned by the partition treaty, soon established a factory there and acquired authority over the three barons. Villehardouin, who had married into the Dalle Carceri family, demanded his wife's third of the island and claimed the overlordship of the whole. The claim was resisted, and Villehardouin summoned all his vassals to assist him in the conflict. Among others he called upon Guy of Athens, as holder of the fiefs of Nauplia and Argos, and that energetic ruler promptly repudiated the idea that he was bound to render military service to the Prince of Achaia, whose manifest aim was to establish his supreme authority over all the Frank States in the East. In fact, it was pretended that Boniface of Salonica had placed Athens under the suzerainty of the first Prince of Achaia. War at once began between the allied forces of Venice, the lords of Eubœa, and Guy on the one hand, and Villehardouin on the other. Defeated in Eubœa, the Prince of Achaia marshalled his forces at Nikii, near the site of Tegéa, and then

¹ *Παπαρρεγίου*, *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ Ἔθνους*, v. 115.

² By a corruption of the word Egripos, itself a corruption of Euripos, the famous channel between Chalcis and the mainland.

marched against Guy. A battle between them was fought at the pass of Karidi, on the road from Megara to Thebes; the Athenian troops were routed, and Villehardouin was only induced by the prayers of the Archbishop to spare the Theban residence of his enemy. The nobles in Villehardouin's army pleaded for peace between old comrades-in-arms; Guy submitted, and promised to perform any penance which should be imposed upon him by the high court of the barons of Achaia. The court met at Nikli, and the penitent Guy was arraigned before it. But its members, when the moment for pronouncing sentence arrived, decided to refer the question to Louis IX. of France, the most chivalrous and saintly monarch of that age. Guy set out for Paris, where Louis received him graciously and the matter was satisfactorily settled. Louis considered that his journey was more than sufficient punishment for any breach of the feudal law which Guy might have committed, and asked him what favour he could grant him. Guy replied that he would prize above all else the title of "Duke of Athens," which was accordingly conferred upon him in 1260. The title has become famous in literature, as well as in history, from its bestowal, by a pardonable anachronism, upon Theseus by Dante, Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Shakespeare, who transferred to the legendary founder of Athens the style of its mediæval Dukes.¹

When the Duke of Athens returned to Greece, he found his late conqueror a captive himself. Villehardouin had recently married a daughter of Michael II., despot of Epiros, the rival of Michael VIII., Emperor of Nice, for the succession to the tottering throne of Constantinople. The Prince of Achaia had become involved in the dispute through this matrimonial alliance, and had assisted his father-in-law with Peloponnesian and Athenian troops in the war which had broken out between the two Michaels. On the Plain of Pelagonia, in Macedonia, Villehardouin and his ally were defeated, and the Prince of Achaia was subsequently taken prisoner. At this juncture Guy landed in the Morea, and was invited by the barons of Achaia to assume the regency of the principality during the captivity of their sovereign. Guy at once accepted the honourable task, and was negotiating for the release of his former enemy, when suddenly another and yet more startling message arrived, that the Latin Empire of Romania had fallen, and that the last Latin Emperor,

¹ Hopf and Gregorovius (*Geschichte der Stadt Athen im Mittelalter*) justly scout the story of a Byzantine historian, Nicephoros Gregoras, and of the *Chronicle of the Morea*, that Constantine the Great had conferred the title of "Grand Duke" on the governor of Attica, to which there is no other allusion.

Baldwin II., was a fugitive. For the second time, but as a suppliant, not as a ruler, a Latin emperor visited Thebes and Athens, where his former vassals gathered round him on the old Akropolis. Few scenes in the long history of that venerable rock are so pathetic as this, the last in the brief drama of the Latin Empire of Constantinople. Then Baldwin left Athens for the West, there to play the sorry part of an emperor in exile.

The capture of Constantinople by the Greeks of Nice in 1261 had naturally strengthened the hold of Michael VIII. upon his captive. After a long struggle, Villehardouin realised that he had no option but to accept the Greek Emperor's terms—to cede to him the important fortresses of Maina, Misithra, Geraki, and Monemvasia, and to pay him homage for the rest of the Morea which he was allowed to keep. These terms had, however, to be submitted to the high court of the barons of Achaia at Nikli—the same spot where, a few years before, Guy, who now convened the court, had been summoned to appear before it. The composition of the Parliament had changed no less than the circumstances of its meeting. Many of the Achaian barons were dead or in captivity, and, as the Salic law did not obtain in the Morea, their widows or wives appeared in their place. The Duke of Athens addressed the Court in a dignified and generous tone; but while he offered to pledge his person and Duchy for the release of the Prince, he strongly opposed the cession of the fortresses to the Greek Emperor. "It were better," he said in Scriptural language, "that one man should die for the people—better that the Prince should perish than that we should admit the Greeks into the Morea." Guy spoke as a statesman, but he had to yield to the feelings of the feminine assembly, moved by sentiment rather than by policy. Two noble dames were sent to Constantinople as hostages, Villehardouin was released after doing homage to the Greek Emperor, and the Byzantine troops occupied in 1262 the ceded fortresses. From that moment Misithra became the centre of Greek intrigues in the Morea, and the decline of the Frank Principality of Achaia began. Guy laid down the regency, which he had so loyally conducted, and soon afterwards died, in 1264, leaving his son John to reign over his Athenian Duchy.

We have little information about the internal state of Athens, or Setines, as it now began to be vulgarly called,¹ at this period, beyond the fact that the neighbouring monastery of Daphne was then a flourishing Catholic institution. But we hear much about the vigorous foreign policy of the new Duke, who did not scruple to

¹ By a corruption of εἰς Ἀθήνας; cf. Stambúl from εἰς τὴν πόλιν.

practise piracy in the classic waters of the *Ægean*.¹ John Dukas, a natural son of Michael II., despot of Epiros, had carved out for himself an independent principality in Southern Thessaly, and had established his capital at Neopatras. Here he was attacked by the troops of the Greek Emperor, Michael VIII., who regarded him as an inconvenient rival. The despot managed to escape to Athens, where he enlisted the sympathies of the reigning family. William, brother of Duke John, married the despot's daughter, thus marking the improvement of the relations between the two races in Greece, and the Duke himself took the field on behalf of his new relative. When the allies arrived before Neopatras, the sight of the large Byzantine force made the despot's heart quail. But his Athenian protector remarked that they were "many people, but few men," and the result of the battle showed that he was right. His victory and his sister-in-law's dowry of towns increased the prestige of the Duke, who was the most powerful Latin ruler in the East. But he, too, was to experience the opposite extremes of fortune. Shortly after the defeat of the Byzantine host at Neopatras, he crossed over with an army to Eubœa, where a treacherous Italian knight, by name Licario, had made himself master of the island with the aid of Byzantine and Catalan troops, the latter of whom now appear for the first time in Greek history. A battle was fought in the plain of Oreos, in which Duke John was wounded and taken prisoner. Licario conducted his captive to Constantinople, and thus within a few years the two chief Frank rulers of Greece had been captives at the Greek Court. But Michael VIII. treated the Duke of Athens with more leniency than he had shown to the Prince of Achaia. The dreaded Charles of Anjou, King of the Two Sicilies, to whom Baldwin II. had ceded his suzerain rights over Achaia by the Treaty of Viterbo in 1267, was then at the zenith of his power and was preparing a new crusade against Constantinople. So Michael wisely decided to be magnanimous, and released his prisoner on payment of a moderate ransom. Not long afterwards John died. His brother William, who succeeded him, began his reign by formally admitting the claim to the overlordship of the Athenian Duchy which Charles of Anjou had advanced in virtue of the Treaty of Viterbo. He only begged to be excused from going in person to Naples to render homage, and he was always ready to assist in fighting against the Greeks in the Morea, although this policy exposed his own territory to the reprisals of the Byzantine forces under the traitor Licario. So friendly were his relations with the house of Anjou that, on the death of Ville-

¹ Paparregópoulos, v. 122.

hardouin, he was appointed by the suzerain Regent of Achaia during the minority of Villehardouin's daughter Isabella. Both there, as well as at Athens, his government was successful, and his premature death was deeply regretted, especially as his son, Guy II., was a minor at the time.

During Guy's infancy Athens was at first governed by his mother, Helena Angela, the daughter of the Thessalian Prince, so that the ancient Greek city was once more under the influence of a Greek. But the fair widow soon married her brother-in-law, Hugh de Brienne, a member of a famous family from Champagne, which had already produced a King of Jerusalem and Emperor of Romania. Hugh, who was Count of Lecce, in Southern Italy, thus became regent for his stepson until the latter came of age. An observant contemporary, the Spaniard Muntaner, has left an account of the splendours of that ceremony, which shows the wealth and importance of the Duchy in the last years of the thirteenth century. The function took place in the Cathedral at Thebes, where all the prelates and nobles of the land appeared in all their state.¹ Among them all, none was more resplendent than Bonifacio of Verona, one of the *Dalle Carceri* of Eubœa, who was chosen to confer the honour of knighthood upon the young Duke, and who was magnificently rewarded for his service. "Of a truth," says the amazed Spaniard, "that Duke of Athens was one of the noblest men in all the Empire of Romania after the king, and one of the richest too." From Thebes Guy hastened to seek the hand of Isabella Villehardouin's five-year-old daughter, Matilda, and thus by a matrimonial alliance to end the vexed question of the feudal dependence of Athens upon Achaia, which had lately been revived by Charles II. of Anjou. Before he had been long on the throne Guy was able to extend his influence in another direction. Ever since the days of Duke John there had been a close friendship between the Courts of Athens and Neopatras, the seat of the Thessalian princes. Accordingly, when the Prince died, he left Guy guardian of, and regent for, his infant son; so that Thessaly, already Latinised through the marriage connection between its reigning dynasty and that of Athens, came yet more under Frankish control. But this connection involved Guy in war with the ambitious widow of the despot of Epiros, who seized the opportunity to attack the Thessalian Principality. The Duke of Athens at

¹ When I visited Thebes in 1902 I could find no traces of its mediæval splendour, except the square Santameri tower. Of all Greek towns, it is the most disappointing.

once levied a considerable army—which shows how strong he was at that period—and led it from Domoko, the scene of the great battle of 1897, into Epiros. The warlike zeal of his opponent at once subsided, and Guy accepted a favourable peace. A few years later he was appointed Regent of Achaia, where he already possessed the Villehardouins' family fief of Kalamata by virtue of his marriage. But his career suddenly closed; he died in 1308, and was buried in the Cistercian monastery of Daphne, where a sarcophagus with a cross, two lilies and two snakes carved upon it, which was perhaps his tomb, may still be seen lying outside in the courtyard.¹ Under his rule the Duchy had reached a high degree of culture and prosperity. Muntaner remarked that at the Ducal Court, which was usually held at Thebes, "just as good French was spoken as in Paris itself"; even in Thessaly we hear of French-speaking nobles, and, owing to the difference of religion, which usually interposed a barrier to marriage between the Franks and the Greeks, the barons of Athens imported their wives from France. Guy II., as the son of a Greek princess, spoke Greek as well, and doubtless looked on Greece as his native land. But everywhere the Franks had introduced their own mode of life. Thus the Duke took part in a magnificent tournament on the classic soil of the Isthmus at which all the Frankish aristocracy of Greece was present. Yet the revenues of Attica and Bœotia were not all squandered on costly shows. Land which is now largely unproductive then yielded excellent crops; sufficient corn was grown to supply Eubœa, and the flourishing state of Theban manufactures is attested by the twenty velvet garments which Guy ordered there as a gift for Pope Boniface VIII. In fact, under the house of la Roche the Duchy had acquired a renown and a prosperity such as the kingdom of Greece under its first sovereign might have envied. As the contemporary Florentine chronicler, Villani, remarked, "the French lived in greater ease and luxury in Attica than in any other land in the world."

There are some peculiar features of the Frank rule in the Athenian Duchy which are not found in the other Latin States of the Levant. The Duke of Athens, apart from the vexed question of suzerainty, to which we have alluded, was far more of an absolute monarch than his neighbour in the Morea. At the time of the con-

¹ Buchon, who discovered two sarcophagi there in 1840, inferred from the cross and two lilies on one of them that this was the tomb of Guy II. (*La Grèce continentale*, p. 131 *seq.*). I saw it recently, and thought it a fine piece of work. M. Millet, in his monograph on Daphne, doubts whether the tomb is that of Guy.

quest there had been no prominent local families in Attica, nor did any great French houses grow up to dispute the supremacy of the Duke. The only important clan, outside of the ducal dynasty, was that of the St. Omer, which was closely united by ties of relationship with the la Roche. The barons of Sálona and Eodonitza, upon whom Boniface of Salonica had conferred their respective fiefs, had entered into feudal relations with the Duke of Athens while the Roman Catholic Church was not strong enough in Attica to exercise any strong influence upon public affairs. The small part which the Latin clergy played in the Duchy may be explained by the fact that Roman Catholicism made no progress among the subject Greeks, and by the exclusively military character of the reigning dynasty. After the first few years the Greek Church was unmolested, and we find Greek monks making roads up Hymettos to the Monastery of Kaisariani and keeping bees on that classic mountain without let or hindrance. But the lapse of a century had not done much to diminish the gulf between the two races, the two religions, and the two languages. The vernacular Greek inevitably adopted some French expressions from the conqueror's tongue, and the Franks began to learn the language of their far more numerous subjects ; we even find Greek inscriptions placed upon Frankish buildings by the nobles who erected them. But the Franks remained a foreign colony in the land ; indeed, if we were to judge from the accounts which have come down to us, we might imagine that the Greeks hardly ever entered into their calculations. With a truly British contempt for all who were not of their race, the chroniclers confine their attention exclusively to the doings of the Dukes and their relatives. Even the literature of the Theban or Athenian Court was of foreign origin. Erudite Germans have detected in a phrase of one of the Dukes an allusion to Herodotus ; but the remark is one of those truisms which the most illiterate might have uttered, and it is unlikely that "the father of history" was studied by the Latin rulers of Athens. Troubadours, we are told, ministered to their intellectual needs, but no national literature arose in the ancient seats of Pindar and Sophocles. Nor have the Dukes of Athens left behind them buildings such as can compare with the feudal castles of the Morea, though before the reconstruction of Athens under King Otho their memorials were more numerous than now. Until 1875 one of the most prominent monuments of the Akropolis at Athens was the Frankish tower, originally the keep of the ducal palace, which was built above the Propylæa. But even this historic edifice has been sacrificed to the foolish requirements of that most

unhistoric spirit which can see no merit in any structure that is later than the classical age. This tower, and the palace of which it formed a part, probably dated from the time of the la Roche family. But the more imposing Frankish building of the same period, the palace at Thebes, was the work of Nicholas St. Omer. Its walls were adorned with frescoes representing the doughty deeds of the Crusaders in Palestine, and room could have been found within it "for an Emperor with his whole Court."

Such was the state of the Duchy when the last Duke of the house of la Roche died. His first-cousin and successor, Walter of Brienne, Count of Lecce, was not in Greece at the time of Guy's death; but he met with no opposition from rival competitors to the throne. The dangers which beset him, and which were destined to cut short his career and that of many another Frankish noble, arose from a very different quarter—that of the dreaded Catalans, who now assumed a decisive part in the history of the Duchy. We have once already referred to the presence of Catalan mercenaries in the civil wars of Greece. But in the last years of Guy II. their name had acquired a terrible notoriety throughout the Levant by the exploits of "the lucky army of the Franks in Romania," as the Catalan Grand Company styled itself. This wandering band of adventurers, whose energies could find no further scope in the quarrels of Sicily, had offered their swords to the Greek Emperor, Andronicos II., whose Asiatic provinces were menaced by the advancing power of the Turks. The Emperor accepted, and the Catalans, under their redoubtable leader, Roger de Flor, delivered his subjects from the Turks—only, however, to deliver them to the worse barbarities of a reckless and victorious army of Christians. Unable to get rid by fair means of the dangerous allies of whose aid he had availed himself, the Emperor contrived the assassination of Roger. But this act of treachery had the effect of infuriating the Catalans. War—a war without mercy—broke out between them and the Emperor, and nothing but the lack of provisions induced them to leave the ravaged environs of the capital and seek fresh booty in Greece. On their arrival in Thessaly they reconstituted the government of the Grand Company upon a more democratic basis, and then this motley force of many nationalities, among which even Turks were to be found, marched into the Duchy of Athens, at the express invitation of the new Duke. The folly of this invitation is obvious to us; but Walter, who had known the Catalans in Sicily and spoke their language, was ambitious of making conquests in the Thessalian Principality, and regarded the Grand Company as a

serviceable instrument for his purpose. At first all went well between the Duke and his allies. Walter undertook to pay the 6,500 men of the mercenary army at the rate of about £10 a month for each heavy-armed horseman, £5 a month for each light-armed horseman, and £2 10s. for each foot-soldier. The pay was high, and the Catalans were well satisfied, so long as it lasted. With their aid the Athenian troops easily vanquished the forces of the Thesalian Prince and his allies, the Emperor and the Princess of Epiros, who had in vain formed a national league to resist Walter's claims. The Duke obtained all that he wanted from his adversaries, and he now thought that he could dispense with his mercenaries, whose pay, of which four months were now in arrear, would have proved a serious drain upon the treasury of even so rich a State as Athens. He accordingly summoned to his presence 200 picked horsemen and 300 foot-soldiers, paid them all that was owing to them, and assigned them lands in his dominions. The rest of the Grand Company he ordered to leave the Duchy without further delay. This arrogant and unjust action aroused the fury of the Catalans, who resolved to show the Duke that they could fight as well against him as for him. On his side Walter assembled all his barons for the fray, and never had his Duchy seen such a noble array as assembled under his leadership. Fourteen thousand men, among them a contingent of the Duke's Greek subjects, obeyed his call, while the Catalans had only 8,000. Moreover, while the Company had lost all its great captains during its nine years of service in the Levant, 700 Frank knights followed the standard of Brienne. But the Catalans, if unknown to the composers of knightly pedigrees, possessed the experience of many a stricken field, and knew that, if they did not conquer, they must die. On March 15, 1311, a day memorable in the history of Athens, the two armies met in the marshy plain of the Kephissos, on the road between Livadia and Skripou (the classic Orchomenos).¹ Before the battle began the Catalans diverted the waters of the river into the green cornfields in front of their position, so that the ground became thoroughly saturated with moisture. Unaware of the device which had been practised, the Duke charged at the head of all his chivalry into what seemed to be a firm expanse of corn land. But as soon as the knights reached the irrigated ground, their horses plunged into the marsh, their heavy armour dragged them down; all their efforts to advance were in vain. While

¹ When I visited the battlefield, which is not far from the still more famous Chæróneia, I found it easy to understand the battle, though the draining of the Copaic Lake has quite altered most of this part of Bœotia.

they thus struggled in hopeless confusion the light-armed Catalans and their Turkish allies, who had waited apart to see which way the fortune of battle turned, slew with their knives those whom their arrows had spared. Walter perished in the conflict, and of his 700 knights only two, Bonifacio of Verona and Roger Deslaur, were allowed to escape with their lives. Among the slain were the barons of Sálona and Bodonitza, and one of the three Lords of Eubœa. On that day the flower of the Frank chivalry was cut off by the ruthless Catalans, and the Duchy became the helpless prey of these soldiers of fortune. The Greeks opposed as little resistance to their conquest as they had, more than a century before, to the Frankish invasion. But this lack of resistance could not disarm the fury of the new invaders. The noble Castle of Thebes was plundered and burned,¹ and its master, Nicholas of St. Omer, had to content himself with building in its stead the now ruined fortress of Santameri, near Andravida in the Morea, where he died, the last of his famous race, a few years later. Athens, where the Duke's widow had taken refuge in the Akropolis, seems to have held out for a time, and the burning of the olive-grove near Kolonos was, perhaps, their revenge for this brief check. The very name of Catalan was long a terror in the mouths of the Greeks, whose traditions preserved for centuries the memory of this savage band.

Five days before the battle Walter had made his will, naming his wife guardian of his two children and expressing the desire to be buried in the convent of Daphne. There his remains were allowed to rest till, many years later, his head was brought to Lecce and there interred. His son Walter, who still retained the fiefs of Nauplia and Argos, continued to style himself Duke of Athens, and great efforts were made by the Dowager Duchess to enlist the sympathies of the Pope in his cause. At last, twenty years after his father's death, Walter landed near Arta at the head of a considerable force and with the Papal benediction to support him. But the Catalans cared nothing for the curses of the Church, and the Greeks were not inclined to risk their lives for the sake of a Frank Duke. So Walter recrossed the sea, and twenty-five years later, after having won an unenviable reputation as tyrant of Florence and having been appointed Constable of France, met his fate on the field of Poitiers. The title of Duke of Athens and the fiefs of Nauplia and Argos then passed to his nephew, Sohier d'Enghien, whose family posed as pretenders to the Duchy for some time longer.

Meanwhile the Catalans proceeded to organise an administration

¹ Paparregópoulos, however, places this a little later, in 1331 (v. 232).

for their new conquest. Their victory had been so complete that they were puzzled themselves how to profit by it. They knew nothing of settled government ; yet in a moment they had found themselves transformed from wandering soldiers of fortune into masters of a rich and flourishing State, which had attained to a high degree of civilisation. Devoid as their own ranks were of men of commanding position, they were actually reduced to offer the leadership of the Company, and with it the temporary leadership of the Duchy, to one of the two noble knights who had survived the annihilation of the Frank chivalry at the battle of the Kephissos. Bonifacio of Verona declined the doubtful honour ; but Roger Deslaur, who as a knight of Roussillon spoke Catalan, and had acted as the late Duke's intermediary in the first negotiations with the Company, accepted the post, and received the fief of Sálona with the hand of the slain baron's widow. The Catalans now divided among themselves the lands and castles of the Frank aristocracy, which henceforth disappeared from the history of the Duchy, just as the Franks had occupied the estates of the Greeks more than a century earlier. But these rough soldiers of fortune were not content with the property of the conquered : they took their wives and daughters also, and, as Muntaner said, many a common mercenary, who before the victory would have deemed it an honour to hold the wash-hand basin for a noble Frankish dame, now became her lord and master. Such was the abundance of land that the Catalans even invited their Turkish allies to settle in the country. This offer was, however, declined, and the Turks returned to Asia Minor from the classic soil which in the next century was destined to fall beneath their sway.

The conquest of Athens had naturally aroused the alarm of neighbouring States, so that the Catalans, like Republican bodies in more recent times, felt it prudent to establish a permanent connection with some powerful dynasty. They accordingly turned to Frederick II. of Aragon, King of Sicily, in whose service they had originally been engaged before their eventful career in the Levant. Frederick accepted their proposal that he should be overlord of the Duchy, which was thenceforth to form an appanage of the Sicilian house of Aragon, and forthwith named his second son, Manfred, Duke of Athens. As Manfred was a child, a Vicar-General was appointed to represent him in the Duchy, and Don Berengar Estañol was selected for the post. But the respective rights of the Catalans and the King of Sicily were clearly laid down in the treaty between them, for the conquerors had no intention of becoming mere humble

servants of their overlord. If the King was allowed to nominate the principal civil and military officials, and occupied towards the Catalan landed proprietors the same position which the former Dukes had held towards the Frankish barons, the democratic organisation of the Company remained intact, and its seal, with the image of its patron, St. George, was appended, as well as that of the King, to public documents. Even where the King, or the infant Duke, who was only nominal ruler of the Duchy, had retained the right of making appointments, the choice was made from the ranks of the Catalans. The customs of Cataluña now replaced the Assize of Romania as the basis of Athenian jurisprudence, though a final appeal lay to the Supreme Court of Sicily. In short, the connection between Sicily and Athens was advantageous to both parties. Frederick, as the suzerain of the Duchy, acquired influence both in the East and at home; the Catalans, by acknowledging formal obedience to so distinguished a dynasty as that of Aragon, inspired a respect abroad which would not have been paid to a mere commonwealth of common soldiers.

The population of the Duchy at the time of the Catalan conquest was mainly composed of two elements—the Frankish burgesses (for the Frankish chivalry had been annihilated) and the Greeks. The Franks now experienced the same treatment which they had meted out to the Greeks: their places were taken by Catalans and Spaniards, who hastened to join the Company in the conquered land, and when the Latin Archbishops died their sees were filled by Spanish ecclesiastics. Catalan took the place of French as the language of the governing classes, while the Greeks were treated as an inferior race, and were excluded from the most elementary rights of property. The statutes of the Company expressly forbade marriage between a Catalan and a Greek, though as time went on the prohibition was frequently infringed. On the whole, however, the Greeks suffered, especially at first, from their change of masters, and found the Catalan soldiery less tolerant than the Burgundian nobles.

Under Estañol, in whose favour Deslaur at once retired, the Company maintained its martial spirit by expeditions in all directions: against the Venetians in Eubœa, the despot of Epiros, the la Roche fiefs in Argolis, and the Franks of Achaia. His successor, Don Alfonso Fadrique, a natural son of King Frederick, was more energetic still, and the death of Duke Manfred and the investiture of his infant brother William with the title made him the real master of the Duchy for many years. Unlike the Frank Dukes, he laid the foundations of a navy, and the Piræus, under the

barbarous name of Port of Sithnies (Athens), was well known to the traders of Barcelona and Messina. Catalan ships scoured the Archipelago; the Duchy of Naxos and the island of Eubœa felt the power of the Company no less than the continental neighbours of Athens. On the death of the last Prince of Wallachian Thessaly, the land with which the last Frank Dukes had had such close relations, the Catalans annexed the lion's share of the Principality, so that their State was henceforth styled the Duchy of Athens and Neopatras.¹ In Don Alfonso's time the Catalan community attained its zenith, and from the date of his retirement it began to decline. As the first generation of rough warriors passed away it became apparent that they had left few successors able to maintain their position. The democratic constitution of the Company soon made way for a feudal system, which divided the Duchy among a number of petty lords, and so led to domestic quarrels. Meanwhile the Turkish peril was gradually becoming more pressing. Even when Don Alfonso was Vicar-General, Turkish pirates plundered Eubœa and the coasts of Attica; and when the Turks had once established themselves in Europe, and made Adrianople their capital, they were able to attack the Duchy by land. Under Murad I. they traversed the Pass of Thermopylæ, as the Persians had done centuries before, and Roger de Lacaia, the Viceroy at that period, did not scruple to make an alliance with them against his domestic rivals and to receive them within the walls of Thebes. They were subsequently dislodged from that stronghold, and for a time there was talk of common action against them. The Pope summoned the powers interested in the Eastern question to hold a congress at Thebes in 1373, but no practical result followed their conference, owing to their mutual jealousies. In fact, the very next year an attack was made upon the Catalans, who might have constituted a bulwark against the Turkish advance, by one of the members of the congress, the Governor of Corinth, Nerio Acciajuoli, who was destined a little later to put an end to their rule at Athens.

The family of Acciajuoli resembled the race of modern Greek merchants rather than those mediæval barons and soldiers of fortune who had hitherto governed the Athenian Duchy. The founder of the clan was a native of Brescia, who migrated to Florence and there established one of those manufactories of steel for which his native town is still famous. By the end of the thirteenth century his descendants were owners of one of the most flourishing Floren-

¹ Hopf, in Ersch und Gruber, *op. cit.* lxxxv. 422.

tine banks, which, by lending money to the Neapolitan Court, obtained great influence at Naples and in the Morea. Nicholas Acciajuoli, the Neapolitan representative of the bank, advanced money for an expedition against the Principality of Achaia, where he received in return a grant of lands. By purchase and a further grant he became a large landed proprietor there, and was appointed hereditary governor of Corinth, with the title of baron, when that flourishing mercantile city sought protection from the inroads of the Turkish corsairs. On his death Corinth passed to his eldest son, who mortgaged it to his cousin Nerio, a man of great energy and astuteness. Nerio saw clearly enough the growing weakness of the Catalans, and only waited for an excuse to attack them. On the pretext that they had given an asylum to some fugitives from Corinth he seized Megara, always the key of Attica, and then prudently awaited the further development of events. The internal confusion of the Duchy was increased by the rival claims of members of the house of Aragon to the overlordship. After John and Frederick of Randazzo had successively held the title of Duke, the Duchy had been united with the Sicilian crown by Frederick III. of Sicily. On his death his rights passed to his daughter Maria; but the next male agnate, Pedro IV., King of Aragon, asserted that he was the lawful Duke, and the most important personages in the Duchy supported his pretensions. While this dispute was still unsettled a third claimant to the suzerainty appeared in the person of Jacques de Baux, titular Emperor of Romania and Prince of Achaia. In order to enforce his claim he ordered his mercenary soldiers from Navarre to invade the Duchy. The ease with which they captured Thebes shows how great had been the decline of the Catalans in the two generations which had elapsed since their conquest of Attica. The Akropolis of Athens, however, offered a determined resistance, and it is noticeable that both there and at Thebes the Greeks bore a prominent part in the defence, for which they subsequently received their reward. The invaders at last abandoned their attempt, and marched off into the west of the Morea, where the town of Navarino bears their name. The Catalans made their own terms with Pedro IV., just as their ancestors had done with the King of Sicily; and Pedro, who was a man of taste, seems to have been proud to associate his name with the Akropolis—"the Castle of Setines, which is the richest jewel in the world, and such that no Christian king in all the world could make the like of it." But the "jewel" had an indifferent setting. The Navarrese had completed the ruin of the Duchy, which had become so depopulated that

Pedro offered special privileges to any Greeks or Albanians who would settle there. This was the beginning of that Albanian colonisation of Attica and Bœotia which had in later times so marked an influence on the history of Greece.

Such was the condition of the Duchy when Nerio Acciajuoli made the final move which he had long been meditating. The hand of the young heiress was the excuse for his attack. The fief of Sálona, which had been created on the Frank conquest of Greece, had passed into the possession of the Fadrique family, whose sole representative was a daughter. Nerio sought to bring about a marriage between the lady of Sálona and one of his own relatives; but the aristocracy of birth had not yet learnt to esteem the plutocracy, so that his suit was rejected, and that of a Servian princelet was preferred. Nerio's reply was to march into Attica, which fell an easy prey to his small force of men. The Viceroy was absent; the King of Aragon was too far off to succour his neglected subjects. Once more, however, the Akropolis, defended by a bold Spanish captain, held out against the besiegers. But when no help came, and the siege had gone on for more than a year, the gallant garrison was forced by starvation to surrender, and Nerio Acciajuoli, the cousin of the Florentine banker, was really, as he styled himself, "Lord of Corinth and the Duchy." Thus in 1387 ended the rule of the Catalans in that classic land. Alike in their sudden rise and their sudden fall they resembled the Franks, whom they had conquered. Like them, too, they had struck no roots in the foreign soil, and they have left even fewer traces behind them. They did nothing for the culture of Athens, and they even lost the only art in which they had excelled—that of arms. Their survivors went back ingloriously to Spain or Sicily, and the place, where for three-quarters of a century they had been the unworthy successors of classic heroes and sages, knew them no more.¹ The purse of the banker had conquered the sword of the adventurer.

The policy which Nerio I. pursued towards his new subjects corresponded with the mercantile character of his family. He had no feudal traditions, nor were the mercenaries whom he had paid to conquer the Duchy the stuff of which a new feudal hierarchy could be made. He gave no fiefs to his followers, but centralised power in his own hands. Towards the Greeks he was far more conciliatory than his predecessors. For the first time since the days of Akominatos a Greek archbishop was permitted to reside at Athens, not,

¹ Two Catalan families, the Delenda and De Cigalla (Delligallas in Greek), still exist in the island of Santorin.

indeed, in the Parthenon—that was still reserved for the Latin Archbishop—but in a house not far from the Church of St. Dionysios the Areopagite. Round their Church, as always, the Greeks rallied, and we shall soon see the traces of a revival of Greek national life and a Greek national party at Athens. That city, too, supplanted Thebes as the residence of the Acciajuoli, whose palace was on the Akropolis; and Greek once more became the official language, of which there is evidence even under the Catalans. But the legal procedure reverted to the Frankish system, and the Assize of Romania was reinstated in the courts.

In spite of all his astuteness, Nerio's reign was not an unqualified success. He made politic marriages for his daughters, it is true, with his powerful neighbours, but he overreached himself in the attempt to cheat the Venetians of the possession of Argos. It will be remembered that Argos and Nauplia had formerly been fiefs of the Dukes of Athens, and had remained in the hands of the Brienne family and its successors after the Catalan conquest of the Duchy. In 1388 the widow of the last survivor sold both places to the Republic of St. Mark, much to the disgust of Nerio, who aspired to reunite them with Athens. He accordingly prompted his son-in-law, the despot of the Byzantine province of Misithra, in the Morea, to occupy Argos before the arrival of the Venetian commissioner. But the Venetians were quite as shrewd as Nerio himself. They turned for aid to the Navarrese mercenaries of the Morea, and Nerio, anxious to avoid a second invasion of Attica by those troops, was guileless enough to accept a safe-conduct and seek a personal interview with their commander. The Navarrese had no scruples about detaining him as a prisoner, and it required prodigious efforts on the part of his influential relatives in Italy and a large ransom before his captors could be induced to release him. In order to raise the requisite funds he had to rob the Parthenon of its jewels and to strip the silver plates off the entrance to that noble cathedral. Not only was he compelled to relinquish Argos, but a still worse fate was in store for him. The Turks, who had now overwhelmed the Servian Empire on the field of Kossovo, were able to devote their attention to Greece. At the invitation of the Navarrese, Evrenos Beg, the Turkish commander, entered Nerio's dominions, and nothing but the promise to pay tribute and acknowledge himself the Sultan's vassal saved that ruler from annihilation. It was, indeed, the beginning of the end; and the weakness of the Christians in Greece was further demonstrated by the suspicion that the lately restored Greek Archbishop

had been in league with the Turks in order to gratify his theological rancour against the Latin clergy. Yet Nerio continued to conceal the defects of his position by outward splendour. Almost his last act was to procure from King Ladislaus of Naples, who claimed to be Prince of Achaia, and therefore to be overlord of Athens, the title of Duke of Athens and the privilege of direct dependence upon the Crown of Naples. This was in 1394 ; in the same year Nerio I. died.

As he left no legitimate sons, Nerio I. appointed the Venetian Republic protectress of the whole Duchy. The city of Athens he devised "to the Church of St. Mary," *i.e.* the Parthenon, to which he bequeathed his famous stud of horses, and to which he ordered all the jewels to be restored which he had seized for his own ransom. It was not likely that the Greeks of Athens would consent to become the property of a Roman Catholic cathedral, and the Greek Archbishop, like his predecessor, accordingly summoned the aid of the Turks, who occupied the lower city. But the Venetians were strong enough to dislodge them, and for the first time the banner of St. Mark floated from the Akropolis. For the next few years Venice retained possession of Athens, which was governed by a *Podestà*, who resided in the "Castle of Setines." But another claimant had arisen to the heritage of Nerio. That Duke had left an illegitimate son, Antonio, whose mother was a Greek, and who therefore enjoyed some influence with the native population. By his father's will Antonio had received Bœotia as his portion, but his ambition was not content with that part of the Duchy. He bided his time, as his father had done, and in 1402 seized the lower city of Athens. Once again the Akropolis sustained a lengthy siege, and it was only when the last horse and the last nettle had been eaten by the starving garrison that the *Podestà* surrendered, and a second Acciajuoli held sway over the citadel.

For a whole generation Athens enjoyed peace under Antonio's able direction. Venice, in 1405, recognised him on condition that he held "the land, castles, and town of Athens, in modern times called Sythines," as the vassal of the Republic ; Florence made a commercial treaty with her "good friend and fellow-citizen," by which Florentine merchants were allowed free access to all his harbours. It was natural that under a Duke of Italian origin many Italians should come to Athens. We find a branch of the Medici settled there, and so far Hellenised as to have transformed their name into the Greek equivalent, Ἰατρὸς. The palace on the Propylæa, in which Antonio held a brilliant Court, revived the glories of the la Roche domination, and the Duke's Italian relatives

were often his guests there. We are expressly told by the Athenian historian, Chalkokondylas, whose father had been one of his courtiers, that Antonio "lived in prosperity, for he understood how to manage both the internal and external affairs of his State. He gained wealth because he governed well, and he adorned the city of Athens in the most beautiful manner." We do not know with certainty what these improvements were, unless we ascribe to him, rather than to the la Roche family, the completion of the palace and the erection of the Frankish tower, now destroyed.¹ It is probable, however, that the level surface of the Akropolis was in his time covered with houses, which served as residences for the garrison, the Court officials, and those engaged in the service of the cathedral. But the rebuilding of Athens by the Bavarians swept away many monuments of a period which had no interest for the pedantic classicists of the nineteenth century. The social condition of the people under Antonio's rule is almost equally obscure. That he married two Greek wives in succession shows that he did not regard the natives as a despised race; but the practice of slavery was encouraged by members of his family, and even eminent Greeks still required special grants of civic rights. Plague and Turkish incursions, if they had spared Athens, had devastated Attica, so that Albanian and Wallachian colonists were welcomed there; and Antonio was glad to send his valuable horses to the better pastures of Eubœa,² where his subjects also found a refuge under the Venetians from the Turkish hordes.

In spite of his peaceful and prosperous reign, Antonio was too good a diplomatist not to know that he only existed on the sufferance of the Sultan. Now that the Slav States had succumbed to the Turks, the fate of Greece was only a question of time. Thessaly had submitted in 1393, Neopatras had next fallen, and then the historic fiefs of Sálona and Bodonitza, so long associated with the story of the Duchy, disappeared. By the cruel irony of fate the same noble lady of Sálona whose hand had been considered too good for one of the Acciajuoli ended her days in a Turkish harem. Antonio repeatedly visited the Turkish Court at Adrianople, sought confirmation of his possession of Athens from the Sultan, and regularly paid tribute to that sovereign. Yet, even with all his tact, he could not prevent an occasional raid into his Duchy, and was reluctantly forced to accompany the Turks in their invasion of the Morea in 1423. After his death, in 1435, came the deluge.

¹ This is the theory of Gregorovius. Finlay takes the other view.

² Sathas, *Μνημεῖα Ἑλληνικῆς Ἱστορίας*, Series i. vol. i. p. 178.

Antonio had named as his successor Nerio, the great-nephew of Nerio I. But the national party, whose leaders were the late Duke's widow and her relative, Chalkokondylas, father of the historian, thought that the moment had arrived to convert the Duchy into a Greek State. Chalkokondylas was accordingly sent to procure the sanction of the Sultan at Adrianople, upon whose decision the fate of Athens now hung. The Sultan scorned to accept the money which the wily Greek offered to him, and ordered the envoy to be thrown into prison. A somewhat similar attempt to obtain possession of Athens and Thebes on the part of Constantine, the despot of the Morea (afterwards the last Emperor of Constantinople), met with no greater success. Phrantzes, the historian, was despatched by the despot to negotiate with Antonio's widow for the cession of those cities in exchange for estates in the Morea, and the Dowager Duchess was not unwilling to accept these terms. But, while the negotiations were going on, the Frank party at Athens, aided by a section of the Greeks, had proclaimed Nerio II. and occupied the Akropolis. At the same time the Turks occupied Thebes, and allowed Nerio to retain the Duchy as the tributary vassal of the Sultan. Placed between the two fires of Greek nationalism, represented by the Despot Constantine, and of the Turkish conquest, even a strong man might have found the task of governing the Duchy difficult. And Nerio was not a strong man. For some years he was ousted from Athens by his brother Antonio, and retired to Florence, the home of his race, until his brother's death enabled him to return. The Despot Constantine, the most vigorous and patriotic of the Greeks, once again attempted to recover Athens for the national cause, invaded the Duchy in the absence of Nerio's suzerain, the Sultan, in the Balkans, and compelled the helpless Duke to transfer his homage and tribute to himself. For the moment a patriotic spirit revived in Northern Greece; but the great Turkish victory at Varna left the Sultan free to deal with Constantine and his treacherous vassal. The unhappy Nerio was threatened by Turks and Greeks alike; but he chose to pay tribute to the unbeliever rather than to the schismatic, and joined Murad II. in his invasion of the Morea. Among the courtiers who thronged the headquarters of the victorious Sultan at Thebes, the pitiful figure of the Duke of Athens must have excited the scorn of the Turks and the compassion of the Franks. In 1451 Nerio II. ended his inglorious reign.

Miserable as was the political position of Athens under his feeble rule, it is from this period that the first interest of Western archæolo-

gists in the ruins of that city may be dated. For it was then that Cyriacus of Ancona twice visited the place, of which he has left some account—less complete, indeed, but scarcely less interesting, than that of Pausanias. Cyriacus “found Nerio on the Akropolis,” but, unfortunately, he tells us nothing about the Duke and his palace, considering, in the true spirit of classical exclusiveness, that mediæval Athens was beneath the notice of a scholar. His first impression was that the city was strewn with heaps of splendid ruins, among which he laboriously copied inscriptions into his note-book. From the residents he cannot have received much exact information, for by that time the most fantastic origins were ascribed by the Athenians to many of the monuments. Thus, the Choragic monument of Lysikrates was vulgarly styled “the lantern of Demosthenes”; the Temple of Zeus Olympios was scarcely recognisable under the name of “Hadrian’s Palace,” the remains of that Emperor’s aqueduct were supposed to have been “Aristotle’s study,” the Odeion of Herodes Atticus had been transformed into “the palace of Miltiades.” The Piræus was no longer a busy port; but the great stone lion, to which it owed its later name of Porto Leone in Italian and Aslan Liman in Turkish, and which is now in front of the Arsenal at Venice, attracted the attention of the curious traveller, the forerunner of those archæological schools which now flourish at Athens.

On the death of Nerio II. his widow obtained from the Sultan permission to govern the Duchy as regent for his infant son, Francesco. But a terrible domestic drama destroyed all prospect of tranquillity and hastened the fall of the tottering State. The passionate and beautiful young widow fell violently in love with a comely Venetian noble, Bartolommeo Contarini,¹ whom business had brought to Athens. The fact that Contarini already had a wife at home was no obstacle to the unscrupulous Duchess and her paramour; he poisoned his spouse and married the regent, with whom he shared the duties of her position. But his growing influence alarmed the Athenians, who lodged a complaint against him at the Sultan’s Court. The usurper thought it necessary to plead his cause in person before Mohammed II., so he set out, taking his little step-son with him, to obtain the Sultan’s sanction. But a rival claimant to the Athenian throne was already at the Turkish Court—Franco, nephew of Nerio II.—who had no difficulty in persuading Mohammed to make him Duke of Athens. That great statesman had no desire to see Athens come under the

¹ Hopf, in *op. cit.* vol. 86, p. 128, gives this name instead of Finlay’s “Pietro Almerio” (iv. 163).

influence of the Venetians, who had occupied Ægina a few years before. He accordingly sent Franco to rule over the Athenians, who received his nominee with acclamations. Franco's first act was to seize the Duchess and to throw her into prison at Megara, where she was murdered by his orders. Contarini at once complained to the Sultan of this outrageous act, hoping, no doubt, to receive the Duchy himself, either as Duke or regent for Francesco. But Mohammed II. had now captured Constantinople, and thought it high time to sweep away the last vestiges of Christian rule in Greece also. He accordingly ordered Omar, son of Turakhan, to reduce the Duchy to a Turkish province. Evil omens seemed to foreshadow the fall of Athens: a comet appeared in the sky, hunger fell upon the frightened inhabitants. In 1456 Omar occupied the lower city; but Franco defended the Akropolis with the courage of despair. Not a single Christian Power stirred a hand for the relief of Athens; even the offer to place themselves under the protection of Venice could not induce the cautious Republic to assist the beleaguered Athenians. At last Franco surrendered on condition that he should hold Thebes, with Bœotia, as vassal of the Sultan. The municipal privileges of the city were respected; a body of assessors, or *Archontes*, was allowed to assist the Turkish governor who was now appointed, and many Athenian families were specially exempted from the *kharatsch*, or capitation-tax.

Mohammed II., a man of taste, who spoke Greek and has even been described as a "Philhellene" by his Greek biographer, was desirous of personally visiting a city about whose past glories he had heard much. In 1458, on his way back from his campaign in the Morea, he entered the gates, the keys of which, we are significantly told, were handed to him by the Greek abbot of the Monastery of Kaisariani on Hymettos. The Greek party had shown its preference for the Turks rather than the Latins, and the conqueror shrewdly tolerated both forms of Christian worship in his newly conquered province. But the privileged position of the Roman Catholics, which had so incensed the Greeks, ceased with the conversion of the Catholic cathedral into a Turkish mosque. The Latin Archbishop was allowed to manage his dwindling flock till his death, but the majestic Parthenon, which had seen so many vicissitudes of worship, was whitewashed, and ere long a tapering minaret, whose base may still be traced, rose from the building which had been by turns a heathen temple, a Greek cathedral, and a Latin minster. A Turkish garrison was installed on the desecrated Akropolis, and the commander resided in the Palace of the Acciajuoli on the Propylæa.

The splendid monuments of Athens so greatly struck the imagination of the Sultan that he exclaimed, "Islâm is in truth deeply indebted to Omar, son of Turakhan." He stayed four days in the garden suburb of Patisia, which perhaps derives its name from the Pâdishâh, in order to visit everything of interest in Athens and the Piræus. Then he set out for Thebes, where his vassal, Franco, received him in the castle of the Kadmeia.

For two years more Franco continued to preserve the shadow of ducal power in Bœotia. But in 1460, after the conquest of the Morea, Mohammed paid a second visit to Athens, where he heard rumours of a conspiracy to restore the Duke. He at once despatched ten of the principal inhabitants as hostages to Constantinople, and ordered Franco to present himself to Saganos, the Pasha of the Morea. The last Duke of Athens was strangled in his tent by the Pasha's orders; his three little children were dragged off to Constantinople, and later on enlisted among the Janissaries; his widow was forced to marry the traitor who betrayed the Empire of Trebizond to the Turks. At the beginning of the last century the French traveller Pouqueville was shown at Athens a donkey-driver in whose veins flowed the blood of the Acciajuoli,¹ and the present Athenian family of Neri boasts of a like illustrious descent.

Thus, after an existence of 255 years, fell the last vestiges of the Duchy of Athens. Alike under the family of la Roche, the Catalans, and the house of Acciajuoli, the weakness of the Latin rulers had been their incapacity to assimilate with the Greeks. The rivalry of their respective Churches was, and still is in other parts of the Near East, the greatest obstacle to a strong union of Christian races against the common enemy. Yet, if the Franks at Athens were never more than a foreign colony, they lent lustre by their splendid Court to a city which once more flourished and attracted the notice of mankind. If Athens has conferred lustre upon them, they at least did something for Athens, and even the darkest epoch of their sway seems bright compared with the gloom which now fell over the ancient city for more than three centuries and a half.

WILLIAM MILLER.

¹ *Voyage dans la Grèce*, iv. 90.

THE FASHIONABLE DINNER.

THE old rhyme which begins

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our street esteemed the greatest

is as true to-day as it was when written, but it may be news to many of the present generation that at one time gentlemen dined in the morning. The Court in the reign of Edward II. rose with the lark and dined at eleven. The "Northumberland House Book" for 1512 gives the dinner-hour as ten. Earlier still was

Lever à cinq, dîner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf

as runs a monastic couplet of long ago.

When dinner was taken at such early hours it was a kind of knife-and-fork breakfast, the actual breakfast being a very light meal indeed.

At a time of day when any of our legislators may be dreaming that he is Prime Minister, or that he has squelched "the other side" by a phenomenally eloquent oration, his predecessor a few hundred years since was making his way to the House, with no friendly train or even a gas lamp to lighten his progress. He soon, however, tired in his endeavours to outdo the lark, and so the hour of assembly has gradually crept into the afternoon, and dinner-time has obligingly kept pace with each change.

The Court dined at eleven from the reign of Edward II. to that of Henry IV. ; in the lifetime of Sir Thomas More, and for many years afterwards, the fashionable hour was twelve ; in Queen Anne's time it had changed to two, and in Cowper's time it was four. Oxford University in 1570 dined at eleven, but it moved with the times, and a century ago the colleges began to dine at four and five. When Wellington was a living hero dinner was served at six, and now we take dinner at an hour when our forefathers would have been thinking about supper.

The steward of a periodic feast of the London publishers in the leisurely days of 1735 sent out the invitation in poetic form :

You are desired on Monday next to meet
At Salutation Tavern, Newgate Street,

and he adds that "supper will be on table just at eight."

But the publishers' supper was a poor affair compared with some of the entertainments provided by rich London merchants. William Beckford, when Sheriff, gave a banquet to George III. and his Queen which cost £10,000—a sum which was of much more value then than now ; and as Lord Mayor he entertained the members of both Houses of Parliament at a similar expense. Whittington, when Lord Mayor, and just after he had been knighted, invited Henry IV. and his Queen to a sumptuous entertainment at the Guildhall. Among the rarities prepared to give splendour to the occasion was a fire of sweet-smelling woods mixed with spices. While the King was praising this novelty, Whittington went to a closet and took from it bonds to the value of £60,000, which he had bought up from merchants and others to whom the King had given them. This bundle he showed to His Majesty, and then threw it into the scented fire. King Henry, delighted to get rid of the burden so easily, thanked Whittington, we may be quite certain, sincerely.

On the other hand, Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, was, before he became rich, in the habit of ordering dinner from a neighbouring cook-shop and eating it at the counter of his book-selling shop, with a sheet of paper for table-cloth. Yet cheaper was the repast of Cyrus, King of Persia. Having condescended at the entreaty of one of his friends to take dinner with him, Cyrus was desired to name his viands and where he would have his table. "It is my pleasure," replied Cyrus, "that you prepare this banquet on the side of the river, and that one loaf of bread be the only dish."

The gradual latening of dinner has not been accomplished without considerable opposition on the part of people who considered late hours folly. One of the best sarcasms ever passed on those hours was pronounced by Mr. Pitt. Being invited to dine at a noble's house, he stated, by way of apology, that he was very sorry he could not accept her ladyship's invitation to dine at ten, as he was engaged to take supper with Dr. Prettyman at nine.

The penniless man of necessity has always had to dine when he could. Savage, the poet, was one day desired by Sir Richard Steele to come to his house very early next morning. Mr. Savage came as he was invited, and found the chariot at the door and Sir Richard

ready, waiting to step into it. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was unwilling to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern and retired to a private room.

Sir Richard then informed Savage that he wanted to write a pamphlet, and wished him to be the amanuensis. They soon commenced, Sir Richard dictating and Savage writing until dinner, which had been ordered, was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for wine, which was somewhat reluctantly ordered to be brought. After dinner they finished their pamphlet. The task over, Savage anticipated that Sir Richard would either order some wine or call for his bill ; but he was surprised to learn that his friend was without money, and that the expense of the dinner could only be liquidated by the sale of the pamphlet they had just written. Savage was, therefore, obliged to go and offer their new production for sale, and after some difficulty he obtained two guineas for it. Sir Richard then returned home with his companion, having only retired that day to avoid his creditors, and written the pamphlet to cover the expenses of the day.

The convivial clubs of our deep-drinking ancestors are happily extinct, but the men of the present day seem to have inherited the appetite for a good dinner, as is evidenced by the fact that the members of a multitude of associations, learned and unlearned, regard the annual dinner as the most enjoyable of their meetings. Every Englishman who distinguishes himself, it does not matter whether in his study or in his country's service elsewhere, knows very well that the penalty he has sooner or later to pay for his greatness is to eat a dinner of ever so many courses provided for him by his admirers. In numerous cases the poor fellow only half enjoys the meal, because all the time he is thinking of the speech concealed in the pocket of his dress-coat.

The discomfort of such a guest cannot be greater than that of a cleric named Testa, who became Secretary of Latin Letters to Pope Pius VII. The story was told by Cardinal Wiseman. In his youth Testa was attached to the nunciature at Paris, and gained the esteem of scientific men. Among them was Buffon, who one day asked him to dinner. On entering the drawing-room he found himself unexpectedly in a company composed of the most eminent naturalists and mathematicians of Paris. He was somewhat overawed, though

flattered, by this attention, when suddenly a thought struck him which paralysed his joy and his appetite. It was Friday, a day on which Roman Catholics do not eat flesh, to remind them that on that day Christ's flesh was torn by the nails which held Him to the cross. Testa knew that his attention to or neglect of this rule would be narrowly observed. What should he do? How should he manage to play or dabble with forbidden meats so as to arrive at the end of the meal hungry but unobserved and, what was more, unsullied? The doors of the dining-room were thrown open, but so unhappy was he at his own perplexing situation that he did not notice the table till startled by his host's address to his guests, "Messieurs, aujourd'hui est vendredi, et il faut l'observer." He then saw that, evidently in compliment to him, the gentlemen naturalists had to confine their observations that day exclusively to aquatic animals, and his joy and appetite returned as quickly as they had flown.

A more unpleasant Friday experience befell Senator Rezzonico, nephew of Pope Clement XIII. He was on a visit of compliment to Frederick of Prussia, and was invited to dinner, but nothing was provided that he could eat. The King watched, and pressed him with dish after dish, till the Senator, seeing his royal host apparently distressed, informed him of the cause of his refusal. The King ordered anything at hand to be got ready, when presently a royal repast of meagre fare was brought in. His fidelity to conscience had been purposely put to the test.

If you want to know whether a man is a true Briton or not, take him to a foreign land and keep your eye upon him as Christmas approaches. If he be a renegade, you will notice no change in his mode of living; but if he be not a renegade, you will observe that he will, so far as his surroundings allow, dine on Christmas Day just as if he were at home. Though the heat be sweltering, he will tackle his blazing pudding and roast beef; and if he be in icy regions, reindeer will do every bit as well as beef.

After the experience in the Arctic regions of the crew of the *Fox*, commanded by Captain M'Clintock, it can hardly be doubted that an Englishman's jollity in view of an extra good dinner is something like second nature. The temperature was nearly eighty degrees below freezing-point, a fierce north-wester howled through the rigging, bringing with it clouds of snowdrift, yet the crew sat merrily at the ship's tables on December 25. Neither beef nor pudding had a place there, but the little they had was spread out so attractively that they almost deceived themselves into believing there

was plenty. Bad as their case was, it was not so aggravating as that of many of the British soldiers in the Crimean war of 1854. On Christmas Day they knew that thoughtful friends at home had sent out an abundance of good things for their dinner, still no one seemed to know exactly where these had been stored, and so poor Tommy got none.

An Englishman who at any time of the year was offered the flesh of rat, cat, dog, or horse, would possibly beat a hasty and indignant retreat. Therefore we cannot but admire the heroism of the man who not merely suffered such indignities, but made them the foundation for one of the most amusing books ever written. He describes himself as "The Besieged Resident," and was a correspondent of one of the London dailies during the Franco-Prussian war. He confesses that horse did not quite suit him, and that his favourite joint was donkey. "The flesh of this obstinate quadruped," he says, "is delicious, in colour like mutton, firm and savoury." This was during the siege of Paris, and he tells us that it was an inducement for him to go out to dinner when it was known that there would be donkey at table ; just as one might say to one's self at home, "Since there is to be venison, though Jones's parties are stupid, I shall go." He was fond of rats for breakfast, and he relates that a friend who one day breakfasted with him, "after some hesitation, allowed me to help him to a leg, and after it was as anxious for more as a terrier." As Christmas Day came near, the possession of any provisions was the surest way of popularity. "One fortunate Briton has got ten pounds of camel, and has invited about twenty of his countrymen to aid him in devouring this singular substitute for turkey ; another gives himself airs because he has some potted turkey, which is solemnly to be consumed spread on bread."

The poverty of those besieged English residents contrasts sharply with the Christmas pies of a hundred years ago. For instance, one was shipped from Berwick to London having a circumference of nine feet. It required two men to bring it to table, where it was placed in a case with four wheels, by means of which it was passed from one guest to another. Pies of this sort were usually spiced so that they would keep for weeks, and were placed on a side-table for all comers to cut and come again.

Few men of social habits there are who have not at one time or other fixed in their minds, as they thought, a smart saying which they resolved to keep for So-and-So's party, but which somehow could not be fired off successfully when the opportunity arrived. Possibly this was the experience of M. Lalande when he dined at the house

of Récamier, the banker. He was seated between the celebrated beauty, Madame Récamier, and Madame de Staël, equally distinguished for her wit, though not for good looks. Wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, the astronomer exclaimed, "How happy I am to be thus placed between wit and beauty!" "Yes, M. Lalande," sarcastically replied Madame de Staël, "and without possessing either."

When Lord Stair was ambassador in Holland two generations ago he gave frequent entertainments, to which the foreign Ministers were constantly invited, not excepting the Ambassador of France, with whose nation we were then on the point of breaking. In return the Abbé de Ville, the French Ambassador, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The Abbé was a man of vivacity and fond of punning. Agreeably to his humour, he one day proposed a health in these terms: "The Rising Sun, my Master," alluding to the device and motto of Louis XIV., which was applauded by the whole company. It came then to the Baron de Reisbach's turn to give a toast, and he, to countenance the Abbé, proposed "The Moon," in compliment to the Empress-Queen, which was greatly applauded. The turn then came to the Earl of Stair, on whom all eyes were fastened; but that nobleman, whose presence of mind seldom forsook him, proposed the health of his master, King William, by the name of Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon stand still.

The ready wit of our ancestors, it thus appears, was not so politely expressed as it would have been had they lived in the present century, and that circumstance may excuse the Scotchman who figures in the following story. At an entertainment given by Lord Kelly there was present Mr. A. B., a Scotch advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners. After dinner his Lordship, who was fond of music, asked Mr. A. B. to sing, but he absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation not only of Lord Kelly, but of all the company. At length his Lordship told him that he should not escape; he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. A. B., being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day," said he, "a thief in the course of his rounds saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something useful. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-

rope. The bell of course rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away he looked up and emphatically addressed the bell, as I now address your Lordship, 'Had it not been,' said he, 'for your long tongue and your empty head I had made my escape!'"

At private dinners we have all met the man who does most of the talking, and it may be some consolation to know that the species has existed from comparatively ancient times, and so we are not the only sufferers. A Knight of Florence, whose love of talking was a common theme of lamentation among his friends, met at dinner a party of brother patricians. As soon as dinner was over he began telling a story, and seemed as if he would never have done with it. "I'll tell you," said one of the party, interrupting him, "whoever told you this story, Sir Knight, did not tell you the whole of it." "How could that be?" asked the knight; "I know every word of it." "No, sir," rejoined the speaker, "he did not tell you, I am sure, the end of it." The company laughed, and the story-teller, confounded with the rebuke, made an abrupt termination of his discursion.

With all our enlightenment, there are certain superstitions that linger around the dinner-table, such as thirteen of a company, or anyone overturning the salt, being unlucky. It would be hard to trace all of them to their source, but it is asserted on excellent authority that the superstition as to the salt originated in a picture of the Lord's Supper by Leonardo da Vinci in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

Arriving late for dinner was evidently a more frequent offence in the olden times than it is now. The Marquis of Abercorn, to give a lesson in punctuality, invited a large party to dinner at five precisely. When that hour came his Lordship found himself attended by a single gentleman; he, however, sat down to dinner and partook of the first course. About six other guests began to drop in. His Lordship was at dinner. No apology was made. They seated themselves in awkward fashion, looking at their watches, and took dinner. The still more polite part of the assembly arrived about seven, and instead of dinner were served with tea.

In those days the cook was a patient woman, whereas now a *chef* presides over the kitchen—the place in which the dishes he has "composed" and given fanciful names to are got ready. If we are to give credit to old authorities, the pastrycooks of former times possessed ingenuity, which the *chefs* certainly do not, and probably

dare not give any sign of. At great entertainments it was not unusual to exhibit a castle made of pastry, with gates, drawbridges, battlements, and portcullises. On the battlements were planted guns made of kex or hemlock, gilt; these guns were charged with gunpowder and regular trains laid, so that as many of them might be discharged at once as was wished. The castle was placed at one end of a table, and at the other end was a ship, made also of pastry, with masts, sails, flags, and streamers, and guns with gunpowder and trains, the same as in the castle. In the middle of the table was placed a stag made of paste, but hollow and filled with red wine. A broad arrow was stuck in the side of the stag. Near it were placed two pies made of coarse paste; one was filled with live frogs, and the other with live birds. All being thus prepared, a lady was persuaded to draw the arrow out, on which the red wine issued from the stag's side, like blood out of a wound. Next the guns on one side of the castle were by lighting the train discharged against the ship, and this attack was quickly returned by a broadside from the vessel. The salvers on which the castle and ship rested were then turned round, and the remaining guns of both discharged. The two great pies still remained untouched, when, curiosity or entreaty inducing someone to raise the lid of one, the frogs jumped out, to the amusement or dismay of the guests; on the lid of the other pie being raised, out flew the birds. Amid the confusion which followed, a banquet in an adjoining room was announced as ready and upon the table.

Of course our ancestors took dinner early, and if we were to revert to pastry castles and mimic warfare we should have to revert also to early hours. Besides, our great modern ladies are very likely of opinion that there is already enough warfare in the kitchen when the *chef* is behind time without bringing it into the dining-room.

W. J. FORMAN.

SOME OLD CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS YET SURVIVING IN COUNTY MEATH, IRELAND.

SUPERSTITIONS may be likened to noxious weeds and harmless wild flowers growing on the banks of Lethe, which those interested in what the country-people call "ould ancient stories" would do well to gather and preserve before they are swept away by the stream and buried in the waters of oblivion. It is here proposed to deal with some customs and superstitions that were extant twenty years ago in that part of Meath that lies north of the Blackwater, a river which, rising in Lough Ramor, generally called Virginia Lake, in county Cavan, flows through fertile plains on which vast herds of sheep and cattle feed, joins the Boyne at Navan, and, merged in it, flows onward to the sea. At first Meath would not strike one as a place in which superstition would find a permanent home. The natives are, as a rule, well-to-do; while to those who consider mountains, rocks, and lakes essential to romance, the scenery might be found commonplace and tame. But superstition dies hard, and quite as many traces of it are to be found in the cottages and villages which are scattered through this green, luxuriant district as among the rocks and lakes of Cavan or Monaghan, its neighbours on the north.

It was not until I began to collect these old stories that I realised how many there were. In this task I received much valuable help from the dispensary doctor, himself a bit of an antiquarian; from some natives of the village, and, quite lately, from my present cook, a county Meath woman. Many of these old tales have come down to us from very ancient times; for it must be remembered that the Irish is a composite race, beginning with the Iranian, or Persian, migration in the most remote period of Irish history, and continuing through an admixture of Basque, Celt, and Norse, down to the English and Scotch of later times.

Curiously enough, the Celtic strain seems always to have been

the dominant one. In the fires which are still lighted all over Ireland on St. John's Eve we can trace a survival of the Baal fires ; although in county Meath I have never heard of the young men and women leaping over the flames, or the sheep and cattle being driven through them, a practice which was quite lately, and may be to this day, kept up in some of the southern counties of Ireland.¹

There are other customs connected with fire which appear to be relics of the Firbolgs, that race of fire-worshippers which was of Eastern origin, and inhabited Ireland at the coming of the first Christian missionaries. It is considered very unlucky to take fire out of a house on May morning, for if that is done the butter will be taken off the milk for the rest of the year. For example : a man comes into a cottage and asks for a light ; he takes up a piece of "live" turf, puts it into his pipe, and goes out again. Immediately the careful housewife will hasten to throw another "sod of turf" on the fire, and if she is churning will, to avert the calamity, give the churn "a brash" before he leaves the house. It is only when the fire is taken away on May morning that the mischief done to the milk will continue all the year—at other times it only takes effect on the churning in progress ; but as it is always best to be on the safe side, another "sod of turf" is invariably thrown on the fire before even "the full of a pipe" is taken out of a house.

Charms are almost too numerous to mention. One, for the cure of a mysterious complaint called "Heart Faver," is a rather complicated business, and is of no avail unless the cure is performed by a man if the patient is a woman, or a woman should the victim of the "disease" be a man. First a small bowl, or cup without a handle, is filled with oatmeal ; a cloth is tied tightly over it, and the person who works the charm presses the bowl against the chest, then on the ribs under the right arm, against the back, and, lastly, on the ribs under the left arm, thus encircling the whole body, at each pressure saying a prayer in Irish. If the case is a bad one, when the bowl is removed it will be found only half full of meal ; if not so severe, a less quantity of virtue will have evaporated. The sufferer then sits down before the fire, and, blending the oatmeal with a little water, kneads it into a scone, which is baked on the tongs and eaten. If but one crumb of the oatmeal is lost, either when kneading or baking the scone, or if a cat, dog, or any living animal comes between the

¹ This superstition appears to be a vague reminiscence of the *Feast of Beltane* on May Day, when the sacred fire was lighted on Tara, and no other light was allowed to be seen on the plain. When it was to be obtained a lighted brand was used for kindling all the other fires around.

patient and the fire while the scone is being made or eaten, the efficacy of the charm is lost.

For whooping-cough the child is passed three times round (that is under and over) an ass. For mumps a horse's bridle is put on the invalid, who is then driven to the place where horses are generally watered, and made to drink ; while for swollen glands, called in Irish "the Leckna," there is but one cure. An ass's bridle is put on the child, which is then taken to the pigstye, and driven three times round inside it, repeating :

Muckna, muckna, hugna leckna :
Leckna, leckna, hugna muckna,

which being roughly interpreted means, "Pig, come and take away leckna ; Leckna, go away with pig." My informant, a woman of about forty, tells me that she distinctly remembers this having been done to her when she was a child, though she does not recollect whether the charm proved efficacious or not.

The belief in the evil eye, or being "overlooked," is universal. The charm against it is to get a piece of some garment belonging to the person who is supposed to have an evil eye, and burn it under his or her nose, when the power to harm will be neutralised. "Overlooking" is generally employed to take the milk from one cow and give it to another. A story is told of a farmer's wife who had a cow that was celebrated far and wide for the wonderful quantity of milk she gave. Suddenly the supply stopped. A wise woman who was consulted said that a rich but miserly neighbour had taken the milk from the woman's cow and given it to his own. She advised that a piece of the man's coat should be procured and burnt, and the ashes tied up in a red rag and fastened to the cow's tail ; this was accordingly done, and the cow's milk immediately returned to her again.

Not long ago a woman lived in the village who was always sent for to charm the milk if the butter would not come. It is said that she used to walk three times round the churn, muttering some incantation, which she would never reveal to anyone, and the secret of which died with her.

Of all charms, that of "burying the sheaf" is the most fiendishly malignant, and has been the occasion of more than one tragedy. It is usually a woman who works the charm "on" (that is with intent to injure, perhaps kill) anyone who has offended her past forgiveness. A bundle of straw is procured, and in each joint of every straw a pin is inserted. The sheaf is then "waked" like a corpse and buried in

the ground. As each joint in the sheaf is pierced with a pin, so will every joint of the person "on" whom it is buried be racked with pain ; and as it rots and decays in the ground, so will the unfortunate victim fail and waste away, until, as the last straw crumbles to atoms, he or she dies of a mysterious complaint which no doctor can diagnose or cure.

It is believed that animals see apparitions that are invisible to the human eye. I know a road on which at one time no drover would halt his cattle at night when travelling to or from a fair. If one should do so unknowingly, his cattle were sure to stampede, and had to be sought for at long distances the next morning. What they were supposed to see I never could discover ; nobody seemed to know ; but the fact remained. Whether with a new generation of drovers this belief still exists I cannot say, but there is no doubt that at one time the "Cross-Road" was looked on by drovers with great disfavour.

Not far from the village stands an old house in which a patched-up hole in the wall shows "the place where the devil went through." The story goes that about the end of the eighteenth century the then owner of the house had the reputation of being very hospitable, and of entertaining all comers right royally. He and his guests were in the habit of sitting up very late at cards and playing for heavy stakes. One night a knock was heard at the door, and a stranger, wearing a long cloak, asked for admittance. He was made welcome and invited to join the game, which he did, and "won all before him." So remarkable was his luck that one of the party became suspicious, and, under pretext of picking up a card which he had purposely dropped, he looked under the table, and saw a cloven hoof appearing beneath the folds of the long, heavy cloak which the visitor had refused to take off when he arrived. An alarm was immediately raised, and the stranger made for the door. It was locked, but he kicked it open, knocking down a piece of the wall at the same time. "He took the money with him," said the narrator of this improbable story, "and neither it nor himself was ever seen again."

A weird tale comes from Moybologue, near Moynalty. In an angle between two roads lies an old churchyard which has been closed for many years. On the opposite side of one of these roads stands a ruined cottage, the windows and doors of which have been taken out and carried away. One night, as an old man was returning home from the neighbouring village, he saw with astonishment that the deserted house was brilliantly lighted up. He looked

in at one of the windows, and saw a fire blazing on the hearth and a large company of men and women sitting round a table, eating and drinking of the best of good cheer. He entered, but no one took the slightest notice of him, so he thought he would go to the fire and get a light for his pipe. As he stooped down to take up a piece of turf, a woman sitting at the end of the table said to him in a low voice, "If they offer you anything to ate, Patsey dear, don't be after taking it." The old man immediately went away, and got home as quickly as he could ; but when he passed the tumbledown cottage in the morning, the doors and windows were again out of it, and no signs were to be seen of the festivities of the night before.¹

Second only to their dread of the supernatural power they believe their priests to possess is the fear they have of "man-leppers." A man-lepper is a harmless animal enough—it is a species of newt that is found in swamps or boggy ground ; but the country-people firmly believe that the unwary being who digs a trench, or even walks past any place where man-leppers do congregate, and does not keep his mouth firmly closed, is in imminent danger of one of them jumping down his throat and taking up a permanent residence inside him. Whatever he eats or drinks will go to nourish the unwelcome visitor at his expense. For this terrible disaster there is, fortunately, a cure. It is well known that salt-and-water is a potent charm against things evil, and the man or woman, girl or boy, who has been unfortunate enough to swallow a man-lepper must get a large mugful of a strong solution of salt-and-water, carry it to the place where "the baste" first took possession of lodgings where his presence was not desired, and, holding his head well over the spot, drink off the contents of the mug, if possible at a draught. The man-lepper will not remain !

The dread that the priest will turn anyone who has offended him into a cow, a pig, or a rat, is not now as universal as it was some years ago ; still it is a fact that several of the priests who were forbidden to interfere in the last election for North Meath did influence it through the women, whom they made to believe that if their husbands did not vote for their candidate their next child would be born with a wooden leg.

Some twenty years ago a young man who had displeased the priest fled to Liverpool, where he remained for several years. After he had, as he thought, given his Reverence's anger time to subside,

¹ This story may have some connection with the belief that on November Eve, the Celtic feast of *Samhain*, the dead come out of their graves to dance with the fairies. Formerly no peasant would care to be out of doors on November Eve.

he returned home. Great was his surprise when, instead of welcoming him back, his friends began feeling him under his collar and shirt-sleeves. He asked the meaning of this strange conduct, and they explained that Father —— told them that he had changed him into a fish, that he had swum away down the river, and that they were feeling whether any of the scales remained.

After I had been told this story I asked one of the maid-servants, who, having been educated in a convent school, was looked on as an authority in matters connected with the Church, whether she really believed that the priests had the power to transform people into animals. Maggie put on her most sanctified look, and in a solemn tone made reply :

“Yes, miss, they undoubtedly have the power, but they very rarely exercise it.”

“Can you tell me an instance of their having done so?” I asked.

Maggie thought for a few moments, then said : “I do not know of an instance of a priest having changed a man into a rat, or any other animal, but I do know a story which is perfectly true.”

Maggie, as can be seen, was fond of well-chosen language, and at my request told her tale as follows :

“There was once a priest, and he was a very holy man, and had great power. One day a man who didn’t believe in anything came to the Presbytery, and told the priest that if he would show him what he could do he would become a good Catholic and believe in him and religion. Then the priest went into another room and prayed very earnestly, and when he came back he took his stick and drew a ring on the floor, and immediately fire burst up through the boards and a little devil was sitting in the middle of the flames. . . .”

“How did he get rid of the devil?” I asked.

“Well, miss, at first he would not go away at all, so the priest had to go back to the other room and pray still more earnestly before he would leave that.”

Maggie believed it all so implicitly that I did not like to hurt her feelings by showing my scepticism ; neither did I inquire whether the man for whose edification the performance had been got up was converted and became a good Catholic by this manifestation of supernatural power. The story is instructive as showing the amount of credulity that is ingrained in the minds of the peasants, even the fairly well-educated class.

Those that die a violent death and have not lived their full time

on earth cannot rest, but must wander about until the period originally allotted to them has expired. It is also said that all those around a deathbed must maintain a profound silence, for, if a cry is uttered, the spirit, instead of escaping through the window, which is purposely left open for it, will return to the body it has just left, and which will then "have to die all over again."

Old women still buy warts from those afflicted with them. A halfpenny is generally the sum paid ; it is rubbed on the wart, then wrapped in a piece of paper and dropped at the nearest cross-roads. It is not quite clear whether the finder gets the wart as well as the halfpenny, but it is said that it disappears in a very few days.

Crowing hens are supposed to be unlucky, in what way I have never been able to discover ; but I heard of a woman who had a hen that flew up on her kitchen dresser, clapped her wings three times, crowed, and fell down dead. In due course of time a letter came from America to the woman, announcing the death of her son on the very day, some declare at the very hour, as the hen crowed and fell down dead.

The power of witches to transform themselves into animals appears to be common to many countries. A woman told me that "a boy she knew" was going to the field to drive home his cow to be milked. As he came near the cow, which was lying down, he saw a hare beside her, drinking her milk. He had his gun with him (it was before the days of gun licenses), and fired at the hare, which ran away as soon as she saw him. He traced her to a cottage, and, entering, saw the old woman to whom it belonged sitting by the fire. He asked whether she had seen a hare ; she replied that she had not, and ordered him to leave the house. Thinking that she was hiding the hare under her dress, he lifted up the end of her skirt, and found that she was sitting with her foot in a wooden pail which was half full of blood.

I have heard a story almost identically the same in Devonshire, where it was as implicitly believed as this one is here.

Drumconrath, the little village in which most of my information on the subject of Meath superstitions was obtained, lies at the foot of a steep, though not very high hill, surmounted by a "rath," or old fort ; hence its name, Drum-con-rath (the hill with a rath). Antiquarians differ as to the uses for which these old raths were intended, but the subject is too wide and too much disputed to be dwelt on here. The country-people believe that they were made by the Danes to conceal their treasures ; and that when these were buried the chieftain to whom they belonged gave them in charge of one of his

retainers, making him swear a solemn oath to guard them faithfully in life or death. He was then slain, in order to make quite sure that he would not betray the secret of the hidden treasure to anyone ; and therefore the sacrifice of some living animal—"a life for a life"—must be made before the rash explorer turns a sod of a rath, which is regarded as sacred ground. But even then he is not safe ; for some calamity is sure to overtake the mortal who would lay a sacrilegious hand on the treasure that is guarded by the dead.

On the opposite side of the village, in the grounds of the rectory, is another, and lower hill, also crowned by a rath. This rath is planted with trees, under which the fairies used to dance all through the long summer nights, until a former rector of the parish put an old stone baptismal font, which had been removed from a ruined church, on the top of the rath "and banished the fairies." The font has been taken away, and put in a more suitable place by the church door, but the merry little folk are no more seen dancing by moonlight under the thorn bushes on the rath.

There appear to be two kinds of fairies in Ireland. The Sidh (pronounced Shee), supposed to be descended from the Tuatha Dé Danann, a race which inhabited Ireland at a very early period of its history. The Banshee belongs to this family, which is also akin to the Peris of Persia. I have only heard one tale of the Sidh, which shall be given later. There are, however, very few peasants who do not believe in the Leprechauns, called in the south Lurigadauns, and in Meath, Gankenaghs. Few that, if they have not seen them themselves, do not know others who have passed by them late in the evening, or at early morning, sitting on a bank by the roadside, mending their clothes with real needles and thread, and with tiny thimbles on their fingers. All night long they ride about on "bos-thoons" (the heads of ragweed), or dance with the lady fairies under the thorn bushes in the moonlight ; and if the passer-by pretends not to see them, but snatches back at one of these little men, he may succeed in catching him, and can then make him reveal the whereabouts of the gold which it is believed they have secreted in their underground abodes. The late Judge H—— of Dublin possessed the coat of a Leprechaun, which he said had been given him by a man who had caught one in this way. It is described as woven in one piece out of a kind of green grass-lawn of a gossamer-like texture.

"And why wouldn't I believe in it?" his Honour would say in reply to incredulous questioners. "Haven't I had it in my own hand over and over again?"

These little people are harmless enough ; still the country-people are careful not to offend them. There is a cottage by the roadside through which, it is said, the fairies used to pass every fine night in summer, on their way to their revels under a clump of old thorn bushes on the margin of a bog nearly a mile away ; and on no account would the dwellers in that cottage shut the doors at night, but the hearth was regularly swept and the kitchen "readied up," lest the little people should soil their clothes or shoes while passing through it.

It is true that they occasionally take a fancy to a particularly pretty, healthy child, and carry it off, leaving one of their own in its place. It is believed that if the weakly child is bathed in a strong decoction of foxglove roots, if it is a changeling it will go away, and the mother will get her own baby back again. I heard of this having been done, with the result that the supposed fairy child died, but was not told whether the mother had her own baby restored to her.

One of our housemaids told me how her brother saw a number of Gankenaghs one night. I repeat her story as nearly as possible in her own words :

"No, miss, I never seen any of them myself, but my brother did one night, as he and some other boys from the village was coming home from the fair of Slane. They was all walking together in the middle of the road, and when they crossed Yellowford Bridge and came to the footpath they kept on in the same way. (They had no drink taken.) Well, when they got to the low wall beside the river they saw something strange on the footpath, and all stopped to look at it. The moon was shining very bright ; still they could not see distinctly, but thought what they were looking at was like a row of flower-pots with them big white flowers in them like what is in the conservatory."

"Arum lilies, do you mean?" I asked.

"Yes, miss, them's what I mean ; and they could none of them make out what on earth the gardener would put the flower-pots out on the road for at that time of night. So my brother said he would go and look at them closer, and he crossed the road to the footpath, and what did he see but a row of little men sitting on the bank with their backs against the wall. They had high peaked caps on their heads and green coats ; and when he got near them they all looked up and made faces and laughed at him."

"What did your brother do?"

"He just crossed back to the others, and, says he, 'Come away,

boys, it's nothing at all.' They none of them spoke a word all the way back, but when he came home he told us all about it.

"I think they must live in the wood," she continued meditatively, "for another night, as my father was coming home, he heard a great shouting and laughing in the field opposite the South Avenue Gate. At first he thought it must be some of the servants at the house having a bit of fun, and he got up on the ditch to look at them over the hedge ; and what was it but a lot of little men and women running about, and chasing one another, screaming with laughing, and having the grandest fun at all. He said it was the prettiest sight ever he seen, and hid behind a tree to look at them. It was near eleven o'clock when he got home, and we was all wondering what kept him so late. He said he could have stayed there all night, but was afraid some of them would see him, and you know they don't like to be watched."

A few days ago I was talking to a woman who comes from county Meath, and asked her whether she had ever seen a Gankenagh. She said that she herself had never done so, but told me these two stories, which she assured me were perfectly true.

Some years ago her father was returning home from the village late one evening in May. The road was a hilly one, with high banks studded with primroses and hawthorns, and lilac bushes on the tops of the banks, in full flower. He walked along, thinking of nothing at all, until he reached the bottom of a hill where a little stream, crossed by a low bridge, runs over the road. There his attention was aroused by a sound as of someone tap-tap-tapping under the bridge, and, looking down, he saw a little Gankenagh sitting beside the stream mending his shoes. Fired by the desire to possess the gold which they say the Gankenaghs will give to those who have the courage to ask for it, he got down cautiously over the bridge, went up close to him, and said in a stern tone of voice, "Show me where your money is." The Gankenagh, however, was not a bit afraid, but looked him full in the face, at the same time making such extraordinary grimaces that the man was quite disconcerted and turned away his head. When he looked again the Gankenagh had disappeared.

The other story was of a woman who was going to milk her cow in a field close to the high-road. The field was a large one, and as she was crossing it she struck her foot against something hard. She stopped, and found that it was a crock of gold. She looked cautiously round ; no one was near, but she saw a calf going up to her cow, evidently with the intention of sucking it. Divided between

her anxiety to secure the gold, and at the same time to drive away the calf, she hesitated ; but the calf gained the day. Throwing over the crock a "spancel" which she had brought with her to tie the cow's hind legs together when it was being milked, she hastened to drive the calf to the farthest corner of the field, and then returned to where she had left the treasure ; but it was nowhere to be seen. The crock had lain in a furrow between two ridges, and she had thrown her "spancel" over it to mark the spot ; but a similar spancel, made of twisted hay, lay across every furrow in the field, and, search as she would, she never found the crock of gold.

It is believed by many of the country-people that from several of the hills near Navan subterranean passages, passing under the rivers Boyne and Blackwater, communicate with Tara, the ancient royal residence of the Ard Ríghs, or Head Kings of Ireland. It must be remembered that Meath, owing to its rich pasturage, and the many monasteries which sprang up after Christianity had been established, was a favourite hunting-ground for the Danes and Norsemen, who came in search of plunder ; therefore there may have been something to give rise to the tradition. One such underground passage certainly did exist under Belsaw Hill, and was only closed at the beginning of the last century in consequence of so many sheep and cattle having "gone astray" down it and been lost.

Some twenty or thirty years ago, when the railway line from Navan to Kingscourt was being made, a young man employed at the work was in the habit of sleeping in the gorse covert on the side of the Hill of Belsaw, the nights being warm and his work close at hand. One morning he was awakened at daybreak by a sound as of the tramping of many horses, and, looking up, he saw a troop of horsemen defile slowly down the valley, the rays of the rising sun sparkling on their spear-heads, on their glittering helmets, and on the silver trappings of their steeds. Silently the warriors rode on till they came to the closed-up entrance to the subterranean passage. The leader struck the stones with the point of his lance, and one by one they disappeared from sight.

As this story is a household word in the neighbourhood it is not out of place in this collection. It is possible that the man may have heard some old legend of the Tuatha Dé Danann, that semi-mythical race that inhabited Ireland in the earliest ages of its history, and which was conquered by the Milesians. The Tuatha Dé Danann were famed for their breed of horses, "Fiery steeds, shod with silver and with bridles of gold, and no slave might ride them." Lady Wilde, in her delightful "*Ancient Legends of Ireland*," thus describes

a cavalcade of Tuatha Dé Danann knights : "Seven-score steeds, each with a jewel on his head like a star, and seven-score horsemen, all the sons of kings, in their green mantles fringed with gold and golden greaves on their limbs, each knight having in his hand a golden spear. And so they lived a hundred years or more; for by their enchantments they could resist the power of death."¹

Whether it was a dream, or a vision born of the early dawn, who can tell? To few is it given to awake in Fairyland.

A. H. SINGLETON.

¹ Mrs. Sophie Bryant, in her *Celtic Ireland*, says that "The Tuatha Dé Danann appear in two characters. First, as real people, secondly, as that race of immortal beings, the mighty Sidhe of Irish mythology, who degenerated later into the fairies of Irish folklore. . . . The idea of them as a wise and mighty race, which preceded the Milesians in the possession of the island, and who dwell there still in that invisible land, within the visible land, of everlasting youth, strong in the possession of a Druidism that could bend all Nature to their will, the immortal spirits to whom the soil of Erin is sacred—this idea is rooted firmly in the bardic imagination."

CHARACTER IN BIRDS.

THIS is an upland parish between the western moors. From our hilly eyrie we see on the one hand the great purple sweep of Dartmoor, and on the other hand the nearer brown stretches rising to the Cornish granite peaks of Row Tor and Brown Willy. The cool moor air and the winds from the sea flood our innumerable and well-wooded valleys and hills.

At the bottom of the garden, in a small grove of firs, a columned shade, is a brown-thatched summer-house made of fir logs. The lower branches of the trees are for the most part covered with a ragged grey moss that seems to have destroyed their life ; but the higher are an impenetrable green refuge for the birds. There I make my bowing acquaintance with certain shy feathered friends who, but for their partiality for their home, would deny me the privilege of knowing them as intimately as I do. They are an ill-assorted set of citizens, and have queer visitors now and then. Commonplace enough, too, in most ways, but in one not ; for to know a bird by sight and to know it by character are two entirely different things.

The first family are ordinary wood pigeons. Their deserted nest, in which they have successfully reared this year's young, is still in its place, a rickle of sticks high overhead. But listen to their sweet persuasiveness. They are an early couple, were home at eleven this morning and again at six.

"Take two coos, Taffy ; take two coos, Taffy ; take two coos." A long-drawn-out, most liquid, most sweet, and almost wailing entreaty, perpetually repeated. But I am not a Welshman or a cow thief, though I feel the nationality and profession are glorified for evermore. Shy birds generally, but not in the home-coming ; for they dash up with a great sweep of wings that is audible for a second or so before they arrive, and only occasionally rest a moment on an outside tree before proceeding to the dense shelter of the middle of the grove. The proud, pretty curve of head and neck above the rather heavy body is always to be noted with

admiration. As a rule, they have not much objection to one's walking softly about underneath them whilst they are gurgling out their liquid entreaties. It is impossible exactly to locate them in their dense green-land ; but at about eleven o'clock, six, and in the early dawn about four A.M. they may generally be found at home. They are the aristocracy of the little colony, placid and gentle, but somewhat exclusive towards strangers. And so it came to pass that, finding the shadows of evening generally brought another shadow into the wood, they removed their domicile to an oak grove on the far side of a neighbouring field, whence they cooed until late in the evening. But when one awoke in the grey morning light, one could hear them again in their old haunts.

There were, however, other and less respectable inhabitants of the grove. It was difficult to make up one's mind whether the magpie was thief or policeman. He partook of both characters. His big castle, arched in with thorn roof, was very visible amongst the bare branches. When I first made the family's acquaintance, a couple of lively descendants accompanied them, and were being fed perpetually on the near bushes and fields. They were about the grove at all hours of the day, and foraged for themselves in their parents' absence. In the very early dawn they perambulated the garden, and chattered below the windows, but departed at the first sign of life in the house. One day a rifle went off with a small crack, and Mrs. Mag hung head downwards by one foot from a branch. She was an old bird. The feathers around her beak were few and stubby, and her general plumage dilapidated. The younger birds were mostly on holiday after that ; but the thief-policeman was noisier than ever. His notes were like a clatter of broken plates, and he chattered perpetually. You could always hear him half a mile off. He usually came home about eight o'clock, flying to a neighbouring hedge, where he scolded loudly. "Are you there again? Get out of it, will you? I'm coming home. Get out of it, I say. Get out this minute." He was absolutely shameless, and exceedingly vituperative. Then with a loud outcry he flew first to one side of the grove and then to another, and reconnoitred the situation, scolding all the while. If he considered matters satisfactory, he then made for his favourite branch half-way up one particular tree, where after a little more noise he would go to sleep about ten feet from the ground. He speedily found out that the summer-house was haunted, and kept a ferocious, wary eye on it. On one particular evening he distinctly saw the ghost, and then his conduct was abominable. He had been examining the situation from a tree

close to the house, and with his black beady eyes and shining black beak he looked like an old gentleman with a very large nose and a very big white shirt-front, lately from a dinner-party. Presently he suspected something, and then he bent double on the branch and peered savagely into the gloom. His language, when he discovered the truth, was unfit to repeat. Out of the wood he bounced, and on a neighbouring iron fence he cursed till the skies seemed to crack. He was not a very disconsolate widower, for about three days after his first wife's decease he appeared at nightfall with a new one. She was a very quiet person, and always came home quite noiselessly a few minutes after her lord and master. He sat on his old perch, and she sat on one an inch or two higher, but facing in another direction, and so they kept guard all night. I am convinced he was a most disreputable old scoundrel, who kept evil company. But there were more formidable marauders than he in that quiet grove at times. The night was fast coming on, and the shadows in the wood were deep, when two visitors arrived with a heavy flapping of wings. It was past nine, and the bats were abroad. "Augh ! augh !" was said in the tree-tops loudly, with a mighty emphasis on the guttural. "A cold night for this time of the year. There's a dead smell beneath. Augh ! augh !"

As a matter of fact, a dead mole was lying close by. The man in the ambush scarcely dared to breathe, hoping, as it proved in vain, to escape detection. A flap and a flop, and a sprightly hop forward after alighting. They had come to the ground. Then the dead stillness of suspicion. Not a motion, not a sound. Up to a low branch one flew, and peered into the darkness of the summer-house. A black mass, a great black beak that seemed to shine in the darkness, fiercely glittering eyes. They were gone as they came. With a great and rapid flapping they swirled away into the night. Ravens ! I had not believed there were any in the county. I found out my mistake after in that respect, and also in respect of other and (I had thought) almost vanished birds.

There were no other denizens of that wood of an aristocratic order. But there were plenty of the smaller fry. A couple of robins (but not in company) would come along the gravel path almost to one's feet. They pecked here and there, and between whiles would cast an occasional sidelong glance at one. There was absolutely no suspicion in it, but there seemed to be a little wonderment as to what one was doing. They kept later hours than I thought, and were about till the half-hour after eight was nearly come. The tits were rather earlier birds, but not much. The greater

and the less were perfectly amicable together, and frequented mainly the lichen-covered branches, from which the tomtits would hang head downwards in a most delightful fashion. They had a generally ruffled and untidy appearance, like an uncombed schoolboy. To man's presence they were perfectly indifferent. Thrushes and blackbirds, none of whom seemed actually to sleep in the wood, were constant visitors at nightfall. The thrush is a quiet and dignified gentleman ; the blackbird a loud and noisy alarm-bell.

If one reckoned up the creatures that crept in the grass and fallen fir needles, the moths that slept on the trunks of the trees, and the other living things that came and went, what a wealth and diversity of life there was in that tiny grove ! When the great stars came out and trembled in the skies, and the goat-sucker in the adjoining hedge began his inevitable monotonous burr, that always sounded like a ghostly mowing-machine in the valley beneath, the commonplace fir plantation of the daytime became a home of mystery and solemn life. It had its savour of little tragedies and comedies, and reflected its tiny unit of the glory of God.

W. J. WARD.

THE CURFEW BELL.

IT is but little that we know concerning the early history of bells. Like the harp, the bell is certainly prehistoric in its origin; and the records of all nations which are accessible furnish proof of its having been used for one purpose or another. In the book of Exodus we find a description of the priest's dress at the celebration of the high sacrifice. He was to wear a "golden bell and pomegranate upon the hem of his robe round about"; and this was evidently not intended to be a mere ornament, for we read that "it shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth into the holy place." The bells of the Bible seem, however, to have been incapable of being arranged in such a way as to produce the consecutive sounds of a musical scale, and were doubtless in many cases nothing more than mere accoutrements.

But the history of bells is not contemplated here. As an old writer on the subject once remarked, we are accustomed to hear the bell speak for itself. From youth to age its music is sent forth through crowded streets, or floats with sweetest melody above the quiet fields. It gives a tongue to time, which would otherwise pass over our heads as silently as the clouds, and lends a warning to its perpetual flight. It is the voice of rejoicing at festivals, at christenings, at marriages, and of mourning at the departure of the dead. From every church tower it summons the faithful to the sanctuary, and when life is over faithful and unfaithful alike rest within its sound. The tone of the bell comes, therefore, to be fraught with memorial associations, and we know what a throng of mental images of the past can be aroused by its melody. "I don't know," said the late Sir Stafford Northcote, "that one could choose any of man's inventions which has more various and touching associations than a bell, and certainly church bells must take a leading place in the great poem that might be written on them." The great poem has still to be written, but the poets have, nevertheless, long since taken the bell to their heart, and have cast around the dust-begrimed, cobwebbed, old belfry, a species of romance which is almost *sui generis*. Did not Longfellow

find in Bruges the groundwork of perhaps the most fanciful of his short poems? And do we not know Edgar Allan Poe as much by those witching verses on "The Bells" as by the Raven itself? We all know, too, of Father Prout's verses on the "The Bells of Shandon," showing how well he loved to listen to their music; and many have expressed a like pleasure when, after long absence from home, they have heard again the welcome sound of their native village bells, bringing to their recollection the varying memories of bygone days.

The legend which is told of the Limerick bells never fails to strike a chord in the sympathetic heart. The story goes that this fine peal was originally cast by an Italian monk and placed in the monastery with which he was connected. In course of time he left the monastery, but, in order that he might still listen to the bells, he fixed his home in the neighbourhood. His pleasure was to be short-lived, for some political troubles brought about the destruction of the monastery, and the bells were removed he knew not where. For many years he wandered through Europe, arriving at last in Ireland; and while there, on the river Shannon, the silvery chime of the Limerick bells came floating towards him. The nomadic monk at once recognised the tones of his long-lost bells, and died while expressing his pleasure at hearing them again.

The poems and songs which have glorified the existence of bells are to be found in most modern languages, for in spite of the natural ugliness of bells, viewed simply as bells, there seems to have been for ages past some wild fascination about these time-honoured objects which has exercised the genius of the poet.

There was a touch of sadness about the title of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' last volume of verse "Before the Curfew." No years can tire the wakeful heart of the poet: he longs to know the wonders that Time has still to show; what ship will reach the Arctic pole; what lessons Science waits to reveal; what sermons are left to preach; what poems are yet to sing. Surely it is not bedtime yet!

Kind Mother Earth we love so well
Has pleasant stories still to tell
Before we hear the curfew bell.

Yes! but the night winds blow, the stars are out; the nurse, long waiting, is on the way at last, with hand of ice and cheek of snow, and soon

In wearied Nature's sweet repose,
At peace with all her waking foes,
Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,
Good night! and not good-bye!

It is the "curfew of the setting sun" that sounds in the ear, and the night is about to be ushered in by a funeral knell. Life is still sweet, the heavens are still fair though the fields are brown and the woods are bare ; but the bell has tolled, and the joys of the evening must be left for younger hearts.

Come, children, it is time to go,
My peaceful couch to share.

It is almost as pathetic as that last lament of the poet for the autumnal vanishing of the "birds of song."

In many a quiet country town the sound of the curfew bell is now coming to the tired city worker, bringing with it a kind of soothing influence and holy charm that are as little peculiar to the bells he has left behind him as are the blue skies of Italy to the land of fogs and weather frolics. It was not of the curfew that Dickens wrote in "Little Dorrit," no doubt under a personal infliction : 'Maddening bells of all degrees and dissonance, sharp and flat, cracked and clear, fast and slow, made the brick and mortar echoes hideous. In every thoroughfare, up every alley and down almost every turning, some doleful bell was throbbing, jerking, rolling, as if the plague were in the town, and the dead carts were going round." We get away from all that when we exchange the city for the sleepy hollow, and the evening bell is then as welcome to us as were ever the bells of Shandon to the ear of Father Prout. The influence of its mellow music is wholly serene and wholly gladsome, like the influence of the stars set in the face of the night, like the soothing ripple of the river in the sunshine, disposing to thoughts not altogether of the life that now is.

It is a pretty word, with music in it, this curfew. Its etymology takes us far away back to the time when the *couvre feu* bell was rung as a signal for the Saxons to cover their fires to retire to rest. Thus we have the poet of "The Seasons" reminding us that our ancestors, "shiv'ring wretches," at the curfew sound, "dejected sunk into their sordid beds." Such a romantic institution as that of the curfew was indeed bound to appeal to the imagination of the poet. Milton makes it an element in the calm surroundings in his "Il Penseroso" :

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

And Longfellow, amid "the glare of Transatlantic newness across

which the mellowing shadows of antiquity have not yet fallen," loves nevertheless to picture an old-world eventide :

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew bell
Is beginning to toll.

And yet again, the clang of the Village Blacksmith's hammer speaks to him, as it has been suggested that of Tubal Cain did to Jubal, of bell music, and sounds

Like the sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

Gray's opening line in the "Elegy"—"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"—is too familiar for quotation ; and so also is the song of Tom Moore's Canadian *voyageurs*, when they tell us

Faintly as tolls the evening chime !
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time ;

and the same poet's apostrophe to

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells !
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

With us moderns it is of course more a matter of sentiment than of service this ringing of the curfew. But in other days, when it was the custom to place the fire in a hole in the middle of the floor under an opening in the roof, the regulation was probably as useful as any that could have been devised to prevent the destruction of property. The absolute prohibition of fire and light after the tolling of the bell was abolished as early as the time of Henry I., but the custom continued to be observed for its original purpose many centuries after that date. In Dundee the town's bellman used to receive extra pay for the extra duty ; and in 1590 the municipality allowed him to levy "eight pennies yearly" upon all who had "ane fire-house within the burgh"—the "fire-house" meaning, of course, a house with a fire-place.

In the Perth Kirk Session records of 1586 Nicol Balmain is specially ordained to ring the curfew bell at eight o'clock in the evening ; and in the town's records of 1657 there is "an Act requiring obedience to the ringing of the bell for putting out fires." It seems that in 1618 the Town Council of the Fair City had passed

an ordinance prohibiting the people being out after ten at night. The people paid no heed to this enactment, and excused themselves on the ground that they did not know the hour. To meet this excuse it was ordered that one of the large bells be rung every night at ten, "that none pretend ignorance." And so has the ringing continued, although probably the hour has since been changed. The Curfew Row, one of the back streets of Perth, traditionally receives its name from the fact that some old evening bell was hung in one of its structures ; and, although there is no historical evidence to support this tradition, the name constitutes a pleasing link with a past that had something more of romance than these worrying, hurrying, bilious days of our vaunted twentieth century.

Some of the antiquaries contend that the curfew came in with William the Conqueror. But the "cover-fire bell" was certainly known in France, Spain, Italy, and probably other countries of Europe before the Conqueror's time. Alfred the Great, for example, is known to have ordained that all the inhabitants at Oxford should, at the ringing of the curfew at Carfax, cover up their fires and go to bed ; which custom, as an Oxford historian tells us, "is observed to this day, and the bell as constantly rings at eight as Great Tom tolls at nine." In Vienna, the inhabitants were required to put out their fires and hang up lanterns at their doors when the bell rang ; and at the Yorkshire city of Ripon the curfew-horn was blown, as it still is, every night at nine o'clock. On the whole, I think we may reasonably conclude that what William did was simply to revive or continue a custom which had been established long before his day. The regulation may have been indirectly serviceable in keeping the people within their houses and thus preventing night brawls on the streets ; but there is certainly no historical warrant for the popular tradition that its main design was to prevent the English from assembling in secret to plan schemes of rebellion against their Norman lords. There was undoubtedly a very practical purpose underlying it. In those far-away times the danger of fire was so constant that extraordinary safeguards were enjoined against it. The old city of London ordinances show us that between Whitsuntide and St. Bartholomew, when a scarcity of water might be expected, every householder was required to keep a supply in front of his door in readiness for emergencies. Other expedients were resorted to for the same purpose, but not one of these had the sweet simplicity of the curfew.

On this point I should like to quote from a recent writer on bells, the Rev. G. S. Tyack. Mr. Tyack writes : "The curfew bell, already

known on the Continent and in some places in England, William the Conqueror made obligatory on the whole country ; but that his motive in so doing was of wider scope than the mere prevention of midnight plotting, will be evident if we consider that the law was of universal application. There is no suggestion but that it was enforced just as strictly in the castle of the Norman baron as in the hall of the thane or the hut of the serf. It seems far more probable that it was a precaution against the outbreak of fire, which the prevalence of wooden buildings everywhere made only too probable at any time, and which all history shows to have been, as a matter of fact, one of the scourges of the period." Moreover, it is well to note that the enforcement of the curfew laws in those days was, if a hardship at all, a small one compared with what it would be to-day. At a time when practically no one but the clergy could read or write, when the amusements of all classes were chiefly out-door sports, and when everyone began the labours of the day almost at sunrise, there was little if any tyranny in a compulsory cessation of work at eight, while in the nature of the case all recreation ceased of itself at dark. The high probability is, in fact, that the curfew laws simply made compulsory on all the bed-time which was at that date already commonly observed by the great majority.

The absolute prohibition of fires and lights after the ringing of the curfew was abolished about the year 1100 ; but the practice of tolling a bell at fixed hours in the evening has survived in many places to our own day. At first the common hour was seven o'clock ; then it was gradually advanced to eight, and in some places to nine o'clock. In Scotland ten o'clock was not an unusual hour ; at Dundee I believe that hour is observed to this day. At Durham, where it is tolled at nine o'clock, the curfew heralds the closing of the College gates ; at Newcastle-on-Tyne it used to be the signal for shutting the shops ; and in some Cheshire and Yorkshire villages it has for several centuries warned the farmers to lock up their cattle for the night. In London and certain other large towns it is often rung at nine. Bow Church rang the curfew for the city, but St. Bride's and St. Giles' were also authorities as to the hour for closing in their districts. This appears from a charge given to the Quest of Wardmote in each ward, in 1495, to the effect that "if there be any parish clerk that ringeth curfew after the curfew be rung at Bow Church, or St. Bride's Church, or St. Giles without Cripplegate, all such to be presented. At some places in Lincolnshire, as at Bourn, Horncastle, Holbeach, and others, the curfew is rung at seven on Saturdays, and at Sleaford it is rung at the same hour, not only then,

but on the eve of Christmas, Ascension, and other occasions when some special service is to be held.

In the low fen districts about Ely and the Cambridge flats, the curfew is even now most useful to the traveller as he trudges through the marshy mists, which, while obscuring the lights of the distant city, act as favourable conductors, according to Professor Tyndall, to the sound of bells. In this connection it is interesting to note that at Waltham-in-the-Wolds a grateful farmer, who was lost in the snow and found his way home by the sound of the curfew, left a field to endow a five o'clock bell for all time. It would be tedious to mention the names of places where the curfew bell still continues to be rung. Mr. Syre Cuming, in a paper read before the British Archæological Society, gives a list of nearly forty towns and villages in which the custom survives, and to this number writers in *Notes and Queries* have added some fifty more places. One of the most recent revivals was at Stratford-on Avon, where the same bell is now used that was tolled at Shakespeare's funeral.

For many a century the curfew bell has been rung in the ancient city of Sandwich, the old Cinque Port of Kent. The Church of St. Peter had brought the custom down to modern times, but some years ago adverse fortune threatened to extinguish the honoured relic of a bygone age. According to the local newspaper, relations were somewhat strained between the rector and the sexton of St. Peter's; and as the fund from which the sexton was paid was claimed by the churchwardens, the sexton found himself in the dilemma of having a time-honoured office without any salary. When his re-election was mooted at the Vestry, he made a complaint that he would have to toll the evening bell for nothing. He inquired if, in the event of his giving up the sexton's office, the rector would have power to prevent him from carrying out his duties as ringer of the curfew, but no one could satisfy him. Thus do the sordid and the sentimental join hands! In some corners of the country the old custom is dying out; and it may be that ere long the soothing tones of the curfew, spreading their charm over the happiness of the quiet English home, will be heard no more in the land. It will certainly be a pity.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

ITALIAN STREET CRIES.

“*SCRIVETE i vostri costumi, se volete la vostra storia*” (“Write down your customs, if you want your history”), said Machiavelli, the great historian ; and indeed nothing so makes us know a people as to study their special habits and customs.

The street cries of itinerant vendors are more or less common to every country, though peculiar to each, and perhaps none are so characteristic as those of southern Italy, and this for various reasons. In a warm climate a larger portion of daily life is lived out of doors, and many more avocations are carried on in the streets than would be possible in the north ; thus in large towns like Rome and Naples, especially in the more crowded parts frequented by the lower and middle class families where no servant is kept, the housewife does her daily domestic shopping from her doorstep or window, buying all she requires in the way of fruit, vegetables, fish, eggs, poultry, and cheese from itinerant vendors, whose prices too are always lower than those of the shops, owing to the fact that they have no rent to pay, and act as distributors of inferior or stale commodities. And not only can she supply the needs of the commissariat department, but she can have her knives or scissors ground, crockery, umbrellas, boots and shoes mended ; can buy brooms, coarse kitchen and household earthenware, and stuffs for clothing ; can sell empty bottles or old rags—in a word, carry on the ordinary business of life without leaving her own door. In the slums this marketing is further simplified, for the purchaser who lives on the fifth or sixth floor of a crowded tenement merely lowers a basket at the end of a cord, screams out her needs, which are placed in the basket, inspected when drawn up and, if approved of, down come the coppers, all swiftly and deftly accomplished, though accompanied by much shouting and gesticulation.

In southern climates vegetables and fruit are much more abundant, and Italians of the lower classes rarely eat meat more than once or twice a week. On the other hand, vegetables, fruit,

eggs, and farinaceous dishes are consumed in great quantities. This is partly the result of the climate, which would not permit of the consumption of animal food to the extent indulged in by the British artisan or workman, partly owing to the simpler tastes and more frugal habits of the people themselves. That they are gainers by their moderation there is no doubt, as has been proved by the endurance of Italian navvies, who are able to hold out for hours in the confined atmosphere which is unavoidable when boring for railway tunnels, where their British or German companions quickly collapse. And what applies to food applies also to drink: the itinerant water vendor in Spain and Italy drives a thriving trade, for where the northern workman will go in for his glass of beer or spirits, the southerner will take his lemonade, iced water, or sweetened *bibita* (fruit syrup) in preference even to the light wine of the country; and to the honour of the race it must be conceded that intemperance is not a common vice in Italy, but an accident, unfrequent among men, almost unheard of among women.

Especially during the spring and summer months, throughout the length and breadth of the land, the city air resounds with the cries of itinerant vendors, many of them traditional, and handed down through generations. Pitré, the great Sicilian student of folklore, asserts that those in vogue at Palermo at the present day are unaltered from what they were a hundred years ago, though, with the vivid imagination and quickness of repartee peculiar to the nation, poetical and apt additions are constantly made on the spur of the moment, no people knowing better than the Italians how to offer their wares in the most attractive form. Each set of words is sung or chanted to a special *cantilena* (melody). Some of these are very musical; most of them resemble a lament, with long-drawn-out notes, the words being contracted, broken up, and so indefinitely prolonged as to lose themselves in a kind of wail. Others are very short, ringing out cheerily through crowded mart and lane. Soon after dawn, the first will fall on your ear, to be rapidly succeeded by others, and so varied that after a while one drowns another, till habit hardens one to the babel of sound. It is trying both to nerves and patience.

During the hot hours of the day they cease entirely, and in the afternoon and evening another set take up the chant—the *limonaro*, the water-seller, and vendors of melons, strawberries, and such-like trifles pleasantly suggestive of seeming coolness in the hot, burning atmosphere of a southern summer; though even in the depth of winter there is no lack of cries, but of a different kind. Then it is hot

roast chestnuts, baked apples, hot rolls, and chestnut pudding that hawkers dispense.

Some of these itinerant merchants have a donkey-cart, but generally the goods are displayed on a hand-cart or barrow, on a tray or in baskets, and some, such as the sellers of onions, hang the strings over their arms and shoulders. A certain amount of time is always lost in bargaining and chaffering, but the same would take place in a shop, for in Italy no one ever expects either to get or pay the price asked, the Eastern custom of long preamble and beating down prevailing in full force, and rendered the more puzzling to the new-comer by the universal tendency of such low-class vendors to employ the money values of the past in preference to those of the present—*baiocco*, *paolo*, *grano*, &c., instead of *soldo* or *lira*.

In Sicily, street cries go by the name of *abbanniati*, and Pitre gives the following as peculiar to that island, among those which are traditional, and have gone on unaltered for over a hundred years: garlic and onions are sold in tresses to the cry of "*A tri suordi 'a trizza agghi! Ora visiti, ca cci vuonnu l' agghi?*" ("Three soldi the tress of garlic! Now see, who wants garlic?")

Bay twigs appear early in winter to the accompaniment of "*Chi l' haju pampinuta 'addavuru!*" ("How leafy is the bay I have!") "*Haju chiddi duci vrùocculi! Chi beddi pieri ri vrùocculi! Com' i puma l' haju 'sti vrùocculi! Vrùocculi mammi, mammi!*" ("I have such sweet broccoli! What fine broccoli! I have them as sweet as apples! Broccoli! basketsful, basketsful!") announce the autumn and winter carts piled with broccoli.

The rosy-fleshed water-melon, with its ebony seeds and brilliant green rind, is offered as "*Io l' haju russi e duci! Vampi di fuocu mi jeccannu talè! Va tagghia ch' è russu! Io v' ri vinnu a prova! Russu comu lu fuocu l' haju!*" ("I have them red and sweet! Flames of fire they cast at me! Watch as I cut this red one! I will sell them to you on trial! I have them as red as fire!")

The same cut in slices and sold retail: "*Ma veru russu é! un granu 'a fedda va'. Un sulì affaccia, l' 'n àitru 'nni cudda! C' un guranu manci, vivi, e ti lavi 'a facci!*" ("But this one is truly red! it costs a *grano* [farthing] a slice! One sun rises and another sets! For the sum of one *grano* you can eat, drink, and wash your face!")

Earthenware pots full of boiled beans are hawked in lanes and alleys by women who sell them by numbers: "*Moddi, muoddi p' i vicchiarieddi! Moddi, muoddi! sfatta l' haju p' a vecchia! Un granu tri vintini gnuòculi! Cu lu latti e la simulidda vi li scinnivi li gnuòculi! Belli sfattuliddi e sciaguateddi!*" ("Soft, soft for old

women ! I have them cooked for old women ! A *grano* for three twenties ! I have boiled them for you in milk and semolina ! Fine, soft, cooked beans !")

Tomatoes, known as *pomi d' ori*, or golden apples, are vaunted thus : "*Cu s' ha fari 'a strattu ? Chi matinati di fari s'ausa ! Puma d' auri ! chi l' haju russi ! Su sintite la ciauru ? Su' iddi ! su' iddi ! Finu a lu piricuddu, su' russi !*" ("Who has to make conserve ? What a morning to make sauce ! Here they are ! here they are ! Do you smell them ? Down to the smallest they are red").¹

"*Comu russa 'r ova viennu ! Comu fussiru 'nfurnati viennu, uovi vi li scinnivi li cauri. Castagni caudi tiriti, tiriti ! Ch' è bella quann' è caura ! chi ciura chi fa !*" ("They are like yolks of eggs ! They become like baked ones ! In this moment I have taken them off the fire, these hot chestnuts ! How good they are when they are hot ! what a scent they have !") does not at the first moment lead one to expect the familiar roast chestnut, while "I have those of the priest !" ("*Haju chiddi d' 'u prievitu !*") would lead one to expect stolen goods instead of simply meaning chestnuts which have first been boiled and then put into the oven. The following is given as the origin of this curious appellation :

A Neapolitan priest, who had a great weakness for roast chestnuts, used every day, on going out, to charge his servant not to forget to have them ready roasted for his dinner. One day, in a fit of absence of mind, she put the chestnuts into water and began to boil them instead of baking them in the oven. When they were half-cooked, however, she suddenly remembered her orders, and, not knowing how to repair the blunder, she transferred them to the oven, half-boiled as they were. When her master tasted them, finding them better than usual, he inquired the reason, and gave orders that thenceforth his chestnuts should be boiled before being baked, so chestnuts of this kind go by the name of "the priest's chestnuts."

"*Chi bedda 'rattula ! Rattula 'i riali !*" ("What beautiful dates ! Dates to make a present of !")

"*Cu' sala, oliva nuova cu' sala ? L' erba d' 'u pitittu è ! Lu gran spaventu d' oliva !*" ("Who wants to salt fresh olives ? who wants to salt ? It is the herb of appetite ! What a terror of olives !")

"*Pira butiri ! si mancia e si vivi ! Pira butiri ! ca vi squagghianu 'nt 'a vuccuzza vieri !*" ("Pears like butter—one eats and drinks them ! Truly they melt in your mouth !") serve to attract attention to the various goods the criers have to offer.

¹ Referring to the habit of making a sun-dried paste or sauce of this fruit for winter use.

Though each object has its own peculiar formula, yet some which are common to all Italy vary in form in the different districts. Thus yellow boiled beans or dried melon seeds are in Sicily cried as "*Sbia-dziu*" ("drivers-away of ennui"); in Naples they are "*U spassatiempo*" ("time-killers"); in Florence "*Consolatori dei tribolati, o i semi!*" ("Consolers of the sorrowful, oh! the seeds!")—all of which mean the same thing, with a difference!

In Sicily, at the festival of All Souls, which is to Sicilian children what Christmas is to their English or German companions, the itinerant vendor of toys sings: "*'A tuvuliddu l' haju! 'a tulittedda l' haju! 'u scrusci scrusci l' haju! 'u panarrieddu l' haju! 'a parid-duzza l' haju! e tutti cosi l' haju! Chiànciti, picciriddi, ca la mamma vi l' accatta! Mi chiàncinu, comu mi chiàncinu!*" ("The doll's table I have! the washing-stand I have! the drum I have! the little basket I have! the little casserole I have! and all things have I! Cry, children, cry, then your mother may buy them for you. How the children cry! how they cry!"), while at the Epiphany, which replaces this festival for the Florentine child, the formula runs: "*Piangete, bambini, che la mamma la ve li compra.*" ("Cry, children, so your mother will buy them for you!")

This is a most characteristic cry, demonstrating, as perhaps nothing else could, the utter lack of discipline in the upbringing of Italian children; for, with few exceptions, obedience is rarely enforced, indulgence is the rule, and every whim yielded to—a system fatal in its results on the character, and which perhaps accounts in a great measure for the want of self-control displayed in later life, owing to which, when a difference of opinion arises or a contradiction is given, a knife is instantly drawn, a thrust given, and the result may be murder; or if fate seems perverse, the victim, instead of patiently bearing the trial, seeks relief in poison, and all is over.

In Rome the following are amongst the most familiar street cries: "*Ranocchie vive! Ranocchie!*" ("Frogs, live frogs, oh!") announces little bundles of blanched frogs tied together by the hind leg, lying on a wooden tray. One wonders how they can afford a mouthful, so tiny do they seem. "*Lumache, lumache, o che lumache!*" is another cry, common to spring, and draws attention to a basket over whose sides live snails are crawling, and are periodically swept back into the depths. It is reported that the soup made from them is not only tasty, but highly nutritious. Fish of every kind is cried out always as being alive.

"*Portogalli, vero Palermo! o che portogalli! tre per due soldi.*"

Sono regalati questi portogalli ! Aranci, cedri, limoni ! quanto sono belli ! " ("Oranges from Palermo ! oh ! what oranges ! three for two soldi. They are given away, these oranges ! Oranges, citrons, lemons ! how fine they are !") with its thousand variations, is one of the most frequent cries, as the vendor pushes a hand-cart heaped up with the golden fruit. A few days ago I heard a quaint addition made on the spur of the moment. Near the railway station a remarkably handsome young *contadino* had stationed himself with a basket of oranges which he advertised as follows : "*O che portogalli ! quanto sono bei questi portogalli ! bei come me !*" ("See what oranges ! what beautiful oranges ! as beautiful as myself !"), while, on the other hand, a note of irony was struck by a wrinkled, toothless, old hag whom I once heard using the same words : "*O che portogalli ! vedete quanto sono belli ! belli come me !*"—only really beautiful oranges contrasted strangely with her ugliness !

"*Fragole, fragole di giardino, o che miracolo di fragole !*" ("Strawberries, garden strawberries, miracles of strawberries !")

"*Carciofoli, carciofoli ! chi li vuole i carciofoli ? senza barba sono ! Che carciofoli, cimaroli !*" ("Artichokes, artichokes ! who wants artichokes ? Without choke they are. What top shoot artichokes !")

"*Fri—es—ca, Acqua 'cetosa !*" This is a most musical cry, generally ringing out, in a boy's high clear voice, from a cart drawn by a donkey, laden with crates full of rush-covered flasks filled with water from a mineral spring three miles out of Rome. It is slightly sparkling, and considered so valuable for its medicinal properties that there is scarcely a Roman household in which it is not drunk all through the spring and summer. Each morning the empty flasks, costing one *soldo*, are exchanged for full ones. The itinerant water-seller, a pleasant sight on a sultry summer's day, is generally attired in a spotless linen suit, with a large straw hat. In one hand he carries his supply of water in a picturesque copper *brocca*, which has been polished till it shines like burnished gold ; in the other hand, a round tray, with sides and handle, divided into compartments each holding a tumbler, and, hitched on one side, a tray with lemons and sugar. His cry falls on the hot air with a cooling sound : "*Acqua, acqua fresca. O che gelò, o che gelò ! Acqua fresca come la neve ! O chi beve fredda, o chi beve ? Chi vuol bere ? Fredda, fredda !*" ("Water, fresh water ! Cool, how cool it is ! Water as cold as snow ! Oh ! who will drink it cold ? who will drink ? Cold ! cold !")

Then there is the *arrotino* (knife-grinder), who simply dwells on his own name in a plaintive, long-drawn cry as he passes along, pushing his wheel before him : "*Arrotino, ar-ro-tino, ar-ro-ti—no !*"

The umbrella merchant, *ombrellaio*, who also mends plates and dishes: "*Ombrellaio! O chi ha concoli e concole d' accomodare?*" ("The umbrella mender! Oh! who has plates and dishes to mend?")

The buyer of old clothes, with a sack flung over his back, who sings out: "*Roba vecchia!*" ("Old clothes!"); the *scoparo*, who sells brooms of every description; the man with *caciottini* (cream cheeses), each sold in a tiny rush basket, or of *ricotta* (curd made of sheeps' milk), which is brought in straight from the Campagna on a bed of green arum leaves.

"*Avanti, mamme, calze e calzetine, dicci soldi al paio!*" ("Come, mother, stockings and socks, ten soldi the pair!")

"*Cerese, che belle cerese! senza ò compariello!*" ("Cherries, fine cherries! without the gossip!") (*i.e.* the not uncommon wormy inhabitant of this fruit) give a good idea of what quaintness and variety lie ready to interest the willing student of the life of the southern populace, and, in the end, announce the seasons merely by the advent of some special call. The "*Acqua Acetosa*" is the signal of spring being at the door, water-melons announce summer, "*Ulive*" (olives) autumn, and "*Ricotta*" or "*Calde, calde*" (roast chestnuts) tell of winter, each following the other in due course, till we circle round the year, and suddenly awake to find that twelve moons have passed since last we heard that cry.

E. C. VANSITTART.

AN ADVENTURER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: HIS HOME THEN, AND LATER.

OVER the door of the house in which someone whom we love has once lived—nay, perhaps has only stayed, it may be, a day or so—there hang for us always the special Passion flowers of memory and sacred association. It is like no other house to us, though to the casual passer-by it may closely resemble many others. To us it is ever a thing apart.

As I write there rises before my mind's eye a white corner house in a London street. I have never been inside it ; I have but passed and repassed it, morning by morning, during a winter of depression and anxiety. Yet, each morning as I drew near the house, up the long noisy street, sometimes enshrouded in a dense enveloping yellow fog, the whole atmosphere lifted for me, and the thoughts crowded into my mind of another winter, years ago, when the someone I loved had lived in that white corner house, day in, day out, for many months. Then for me the present-day street and its careering butcher's carts, its passengers, its street cries, faded away, vanished and were not ; for I heard, in fancy, other footsteps passing along. I saw, in fancy, another figure, another face ; and at once the dingy pavement was transformed ; there was poetry in the air, the ground was sacred ground to me. For what ground can be more sacred than that whereon the feet of those we care for have passed and repassed in daily life ?

So, too, the house in which some hero of his country, some great man who has made his time wiser, more enlightened, has passed his childhood, boyhood, or at any rate some epoch-making months of his life, is sacred, or at any rate *should* be sacred, to his nation. It should be cared for, preserved, and guarded as one of that nation's most cherished possessions—the home where all the heroism, all the

energising thoughts began, as it were, to live, move, have their being in the boy who was presently to become the greatest man of his day, the rescuer of his country in her hour of peril, the leader of a very forlorn hope, the discoverer or unearther of the world's hidden treasures, the adventurer whose daring ventures should thrill the ears of past, present, future.

The adventurer ! What does not his name call forth in one's mind's eye ? He is the world's scene-painter, who flings his colours royally on the canvas and with no niggard hand ; he gives the world her feasts of mental colour, the glow of her excitements, the exhilarating flights of her imagination. We are drawn to him as children when we plead " for adventures " in any story that is to be told to us ; we hanker after him as men and women when, in our prosaic days, there comes now and again the brilliant search-light of an exciting experience or adventure flashed across the dull-coloured canvas of our lives, and we rise to the occasion in the longing we feel to take up the paint-brush of our imagination and touch up the pictured reproduction for others in glowing colours where the actual episode had not heightened the effect sufficiently ! The need of the adventurer is in every age. He is the illustrator of the otherwise dull diaries of an empire.

Sir Walter Raleigh was a *preux chevalier* in the record of adventurers. He dared much and was disappointed much. This year I made an expedition to the old-world scenes where the story of his life began. Far away from the haunts of men, remote, sequestered and lonely, in a sheltered little Devonshire valley, lies the picturesque old manor-house where he was born, Hayes Barton by name. When I drove over with a friend to see it, we only found it with difficulty, the reason being that until we actually reached it the house was completely hidden from sight in a steep hollow, thickly wooded and shut in all round. To us it had seemed a longer drive than we anticipated ; but perhaps this was due to the fact that our vehicle of conveyance was a rough country cart (quite as jolting as the proverbial Irish car !), and the pony between its shafts was impossible to rouse beyond the most well-considered and sedate of trots. We drove from Newton Poppleford—an ideal little Devonshire village, which we had made our headquarters from which to take radiating expeditions—and the scenery through which we passed was so perfect that we forgave the pony before us his slow and lazy progression.

The meadows rise high all round Hayes Barton, while through the valley, purling softly, strolls, in a leisurely fashion, a little

rivulet, shining like liquid molten silver in the level August sunshine. At a sudden turn in the lane the famous little farmhouse lay before us ; the very quintessence of peace, indestructible, immovable, seemed to brood over it that summer afternoon. I walked down the little slope to the garden and leant over the gate.

In such a presence it seems an absolutely imperative necessity that one should be quiet and passive to take it all in : the feeling of past scenes, of past presences, of past mental atmospheres. "*Be still and know*" is a text for all time, for all kinds of sacred associations. Likewise is it an imperative necessity to "take off the shoes" of our conventional, worldly individualities—to empty ourselves and be simply receptive. Out of that quiet, remote farmhouse had come one of the famous voices of his day ; out of that sleepy hollow had sounded a name that should be familiar to all ages of English men and women.

A straight path, checkered by shadows, led up through the old garden to the house, and on either side of it were old-fashioned flowers and fruit-trees, the whole flanked by venerable red walls. In this garden, however, besides its own belongings, a modern element had intruded in the shape of a lusty well-fed pony, who had pushed forward the gate and made his way on to the beds, where he proceeded to eat his fill, luxuriously. From the open door in the house opposite emerged the figure of an old dame, who proceeded to gesticulate excitedly to me. I gathered the import of the signs to be the desired exodus of the pony, and so I hastily insisted on his turning tail and going out "by the same" gate "whence he came in." She then offered to give me some information with regard to the house. She assured me that the bedroom on the left was the one in which Sir Walter Raleigh had been born, and that over the porch was where, in later years, he had smoked. This last I believed to be more or less an unjustifiable effort of the imagination, and therefore I took it with salt.

Outside the garden are meadows, a little bridge over the rivulet, and, farther away, the "hills standing round about" clothed with woods. The little pond beside the trees, which shadowed part of the meadow adjoining the house, must often have been fished in by the boy Raleigh in his childhood days. No one was fishing in it when I saw it, but a company of ducks, who were rummaging contentedly with their beaks under the little bridge.

The name Hayes Barton is doubtless derived from the Anglo-Saxon *haga*, a hedge, which was originally used to mean a plot of ground enclosed with hedges. *Barton*, or *berton*, in that

language signifying *bere*, barley, and *tún*, an enclosure. In 1696 Bishop Kennet said, "In Devonshire they call a great farm a *berton*, a small farm a living." It is known on good authority that Walter Raleigh spent the greater part of his early life in this place, until he went to Oxford. In 1561 we find that his father was churchwarden at East Budleigh, a village close to Hayes Barton. "Bodelie" in Domesday Book is mentioned as possibly being derived from the Anglo-Saxon *leag*, *leah*, a meadow. This is the earliest mention of it: "The King has a manor called Bodeleia, which King Edward held on the day on which he himself was alive and dead, and it rendered geld for half a hide. This can be ploughed by thirteen ploughs. There the King has sixteen villeins, and they have twelve ploughs."

This proves it was a royal manor in the time of Edward the Confessor. Davidson says, "Throughout Domesday for Devon the hide is always reckoned as four virgates" (480 acres), and the plough 120 acres. Mr. Seebohm says that in Hertfordshire the holding of a villein was a virgate, or yardland of 30 acres, and of a bordar, 5 acres.

East Budleigh to-day is a little winding village of white-faced cob cottages, with the usual tarred outside dado and the usual little accompaniment of the Devonshire street—the brown, softly garrulous stream flowing along one side of it; and each cottage is the proud possessor of a little bridge, and a flight of steps all to itself leading down to the water.

The fine old church stands on rising ground at the farther end of the village, with a magnificent old branching yew tree stretching over it. The heavy gates that used to shut in the church porch were carried off by the present vicar on his shoulders one morning, and a great improvement it was to have them gone. In the church are some magnificently carved sides to the pews, mostly of secular design. There is only one other church besides East Budleigh where the designs of the carvings on the seats are secular. These carvings are exceedingly curious and interesting, and date, as do the font and lovely west window, many hundred years back. The vicar showed us a beautifully chased chalice of the time of Queen Elizabeth. He also pointed out where, beneath the chancel steps, are buried Walter Raleigh's first wife, and, so tradition hath it, his own head also.

The old vicarage lies some little distance from the church: a long, low, white house, situated in a hollow, and completely shut in. Close to it, up a little winding lane, is the old 'cob' mill where

Richard Conant, vicar of East Budleigh in 1672, was born and lived. It is to him that we are indebted for a parish book, kept by him, of all the items of interest, accounts of how moneys were distributed among the poor, &c. *O si sic omnes!* How full of real life would parish accounts become for each succeeding generation of parishioners! How closely would the dead hands of the Past clasp the living hands of the Present in sympathies, in comprehension, in community of feeling! The present vicar of East Budleigh, the Rev. W. R. Green (to whom I am indebted for very much kind help and information), was offered £300 if he would sell the above book to some American descendants of Richard Conant, but he refused, and so the book is the property of the parish to-day. The vicar of East Budleigh whom Mr. Green succeeded was accustomed to drink from a black bottle on the altar, to refresh himself, before going into the pulpit, and has been known to ask for a pocket-knife from the congregation in the middle of a Celebration. Nevertheless he was regarded at East Budleigh as a High Churchman!

I give some quotations here from Richard Conant's parish book, to which Mr. Green very kindly allowed me access. It states its purpose thus:

"A booke bought April 4th, 1674, for ye entring of Parish Accounts, for gift mony, that it may be seen from year to year how it is distributed. . . .

"1677. The Poores Stock in this Parish is thus made up: *viz.* of Bartlet's mony, 4s.; of Goodman Crosse's mony, £18; of M^e Drake's mony, £18. In all £29.

"Of this mony Mr. Duke of Otterton hath had 27*lb.* ever since midsummer late past at ye interest of five per cent., which will be paid at ye year's end. Thomas Bedford hath one pound upon bond, and the other 20 is now paid in by ye widow, Rebeckah Eliot, unto ye churchwardens. The 20*d.* paid in now at Easter by ye widow, Rebeckah Eliot, was put into M^e Dukse hand at midsummer following upon interest together with ye 27*lb.* before mentioned. . . .

"There is now at this time in ye hand of Thomas Bedford of this parish of Crosse's mony £1.

"Mony gathered upon a fasting day, Nov. 13, 4s. 2*d.* 3*f.*

"ME. Evans his legacy (at least as much as can bee gotten) is now paid, *viz.* 7*lb.* 10*d.* . . . There hath been in ME. Duke's hand of ye poore's mony ever since Midsummer 1679 ye summe of thirty five pounds at ye interest of five pounds per cent. . . .

"Memorandum ye me Wotton's gift mony, being 5*lb.* to bee paid in bread at Christide, is now behinde for 3 yeare: *viz.* Christide 78

and Christide 79, and Christide 1680. Some course must be taken for recovery of it."

"1681. Mr. Wotton's Gift mony, which is now come to 20/ for four years arrears, is promised to be paid in bread by Thomas Cowd of Salterton. And the parishioners have promised to give him 10*d.* to help him in paying these arrears in ye latter end of ye next year."

Richard Conant was turned out of his living at the Restoration, but later was re-instituted by the Covenanters. "During the Great Rebellion in the West of 1549," says Dr. Brushfield in his "Church of All Saints, East Budleigh," "the scene of the rebellion was in such close proximity to East Budleigh that we are fully warranted in believing some of its parishioners would be found among the rebel ranks, to find a death in the great slaughter on Woodbury Common on August 4. Walter Raleigh (the father of Sir Walter Raleigh) was at S. Mary Clist, and through misrepresentations of an old woman was taken up by the rebels, and on two occasions had a narrow escape of his life."

Near East Budleigh is the quaint old manor-house of Colaton Raleigh, where, so tradition hath it, Walter Raleigh was baptised. The church register dates back from 1673, and an old account describes the house thus :

"Here is a very ancient house (Place Court) with oratory. It was formerly the residence of the Deans of Exeter."

Place Court stands back in one of those delightful, overgrown, disorderly kitchen flower-gardens—a veritable shrubbery. The old house was sentinelled by an overshadowing Scotch fir, which stood right before the porch. The afternoon on which I saw Place Court a flood of sleepy sunlight lay over everything : over the gables and latticed windows ; over the broad oaken door standing invitingly open ; over the unevenly paved garden path, laced irregularly with shadows of the bushes on either side. Over all brooded a Sabbath stillness and the sleepest of atmospheres ; it was as if before one's eyes stood some fairy palace in an enchanted land ; and one imagined if one were to walk along the checkered path into the cool dark hall, one would break the cobwebs of Time stretched over some idyll of a past day ; some picture would meet one's eye of monks at their orisons in the old oratory over the entrance-hall. Some sound, faint, but arresting by reason of its falling so strangely on modern ears, would thrill them through and through, of unaccustomed mass or requiem : prayers *for* the dead *by* the dead. It is not known for certain if the baptism of Walter Raleigh did

really take place here ; nor, if such were indeed the case, in which room ; but presumably it would have been in the old oratory, if anywhere.

Leaving Colaton Raleigh, it is but a little distance to the adjoining village of Otterton (Otritona, Otritone), which is stated at the time of Domesday to have thirty-three saltmakers. "Salt," Dr. Brushfield says, "was made on Otter estuary from the time of Domesday down to comparatively recent time. Otterton Priory was identified with its early manufacture." Otterton Church (St. Michael's) is Early English, and stands on the brink of the overhanging red cliff which once on a day had a river beneath it, when Budleigh was a harbour and ships came up to it from Sidmouth. There is but its bed left now, and that has long been unoccupied and empty !

Leland in 1530-40 describes Otterton thus : "Oterton a praty fischur Town standeth on the Est side of the Haven, about a mile from Otermouth. Lesse then an hunderith Yeres sins Shippes usid this Haven, but it is now clene barrid. Sum coulle this Haven Budeley Haven of Budeley Town. It was also caulted Saltern Haven." Dr. Brushfield mentions in his book that in 1416 there is an account of the suppressed "Alien Priories, including, amongst others, the Priory of Oterton, otherwise called the Priory of Oteryn-ton, in the county of Devon, to the Alien Abbey of St. Michael in Periculo Maris belonging." "The manor of Budleigh, as belonging to Otterton Priory, was now transferred to Syon Monastery." (In 1415 Henry V. founded in Isleworth, Middlesex, a convent of Bridgettines, giving it the name of Syon.)

"The suppression of the English monasteries in 1539 brought to a final conclusion the ecclesiastical history of Syon . . . and the manors of Otterton and Budleigh, with all their rights and privileges and royalties, and the patronage of three Church livings, were in 1540 purchased by Richard Duke for £1,727 4s. 2d. He acquired 5,400 acres. In the year 1779 this manor and all the local property of the Duke family was sold for £90,000."

To-day Otterton is a picturesque white "cob" village (Black mentions that formerly it was red sandstone), with a sort of Continental air about it, which is hard to describe, but the impression is easy to realise when there. On leaving the station one turns sharp to the right on entering the village street before reaching the "spreading chestnut" trees which line one side of the village, and up a little hill stands the church, and beside it is the site of the old Priory—originally for four monks and dating from the Norman Conquest ; an almshouse now stands in its place. One of the old women

living here told me that an underground passage led from one of the cottages in the street below right up to the old Priory : "from the lower *rank* of houses," she explained ! It was discovered by accident lately, she said, but had been closed up again, as the outlet could not be found. She had been, she told me, for thirty years an inmate of the almshouses. "I bain't for the new things," she said, shaking her head, "I like the old ; but the new makes for labour," she added, humorously and a trifle vaguely. There is mention made by Sir Walter Raleigh of Otterton in the now famous autograph letter, which was discovered by accident among some old papers and letters which were about to be destroyed at Great Torrington in 1888, and bore the endorsement, "Sir Walter Rawleigh's Letter to my Gr^t Gr^d Father." I give the letter as Mr. Aubrey has transcribed it :

"Mr. Duke,—I wrote to Mr. Prideaux to move you for the purchase of Hayes (Hayes Barton), a farme sometime in my father's possession. I will most willingly give whatsoever in your conscience you shall deeme it worth, and if at any time you shall have occasion to use me you shall find me a thankful friend to you and yours.

"I am resolved, if I cannot entreat you, to build at Colliton, but for the naturall disposition I have to that place, being borne in that house, I had rather seate myself there than anybody els ; I take my leave readie to countervaille all your courtesies to the utter of my power.

Your very willing friend in all I shall be able,
WALTER RALEGH.

"Court, xxvi. of July 1584."

Dr. Brushfield's transcription of the above letter gives besides these added sentences :

"I have dealt wth Mr. Sprinte for suche things as he hathe att Colliton and ther abouts, and he hath pmised mee to dep^t wth the moety of Otertowne (Otterton) onto yow in consideration of hayes accordinge to the valem, and yow shall not find me an ill neighbare onto yow here after."

A very familiar sight in Walter Raleigh's days must have been the Sunday markets, of which a goodly number seem, curiously enough, to have been originally started by religious houses, with the object of attracting pilgrims to their shrines &c., and drawing a revenue from the booths set up in their vicinity. Dr. Brushfield is my authority for the above, and he declares that in old records there are accounts of the market-place being, in some instances, the churchyard, and some-

times even the church. He gives, as an instance, this entry in the registers of St. Lawrence's Church, Reading : " 1499. It. rec. at the fayer for a standing in the church porch iiij^d."

From old records in the seventeenth century comes the following : " Budleigh is a small market towne w^{ch} in auncient tymes was kept on the Sunday and nowe on ye Monday."

" Budley . . . a place where there is a small Market, in former times irreligiously kept on the Sunday. . . . it is now kept on Monday." This was after Sunday fairs had been stopped by the Sessions, thus : " Order to restrayne marketts on the Sabbaoth at East Budley. . . Wee doe at this open Sessions order that from henceforth the said marketts on the Saboth daies shalbe vtterlie forborne and suppressed," and that whoever sold " victualls or other wares (!) whatsoever shall be brought by the constables before the Justice of the Peace."

Six years before Raleigh wrote the letter given on a preceding page, negotiating with Mr. Duke regarding his return to his childhood's home, the grim spectre of those days, which devastated whole villages, was " walking in the darkness" and destroying in the noon-day, here as elsewhere, all over the country. Newton Popleford, a village close to Otterton, was, as it is called, " shut up for the plague," and, as was the practice then, all communication with neighbouring villages was utterly and entirely cut off. Thus runs the entry concerning the tragedy of 1578 : " I^t payed to the poore people of Newton Popleforde when they were shoute upp for the plague xxvj^s viij^d."

Near East Budleigh there is a field between the road and cliff called " Deadman's Buries." There were four or five separate gate entrances from the road. Dr. Brushfield says the plots are divided by low mounds, about one foot in height, of untilled ground. When ploughed a large number of human bones were found in a dip of the ground not far from the cliff. It is believed in the neighbourhood that the victims of the plague in 1578 were buried here.

Ottery St. Mary, some miles farther away from the sea, boasts a house near the station in which Raleigh is said to have lived for a time ; but, if so, were he to see it to-day, I feel convinced he would think it modernised and altered out of all recognition, so eminently brought up to date is its outward presentment. Were he to look opposite, perhaps he would feel more at home, for there, indeed, is a row of charming old cottages in a picturesque state of disrepair, and looking as if the

yesterday of a hundred years back or so had but just stepped out of them. The Otter flows a few paces below these houses, broadly and clearly, past an old desolate-looking, disused mill by the bridge.

The High Street is built on rising ground, and right at the top stands the splendid old minster church, and by its lych-gate are the remains of well-worn stocks. We had a chance here which does not fall to the lot of all sightseers whom the verger shepherds. We were allowed, after due application of the thumbscrew of persuasion, to go up into one of the priest's chambers, of which there are three at Ottery St. Mary. Narrow winding stone stairs lead up to it, and in the centre of the room we found a fine old black oak table, which was used in old days as an altar. The contents of that room would have made the priest to whom it used formerly to belong hold up ghostly hands of dismay, could he have returned and seen the irreverent jumble of odds and ends—brushes, pots and pans and cans, which were thrown here and there, in dusty confusion, all over the floor, the table, and the chairs. In the church itself there used to be six high altars, one in each confessional.

The registers date back to 1602, but the first mention of a church here occurs in a record of Bishop Bronescombe in 1260. Ever since the sacrilegious, avaricious hands of Henry VIII. set themselves to "picking and stealing" among church holdings and possessions, Ottery St. Mary Church has been in the hands of a corporation, and this body of managers will not on any account allow the old books in the Parvise to be examined. Why not no one can understand. Beyond the church stands a fine old red-brick building, in which is the "Convention" room where Cromwell's scene of exasperation occurred, when, not being able to persuade the inhabitants of Ottery St. Mary to give him men and money, he became excessively irate, and in revenge ordered his soldiers to go at once to the church opposite and destroy all the ornaments, statuary, &c., therein. Satan found plenty more mischief for them to do, once they were set on to the work of the "destroying angel," and they finished up by completely wrecking two fine old organs. When we were in the churchyard it was late afternoon, and beyond the high garden walls of the old house a distant band was playing, and the music stole over to our ears, giving just the emotional touch that was needed to quicken one's senses into keener realisation of the old dead scenes that, many long decades of years ago, had played such havoc in the grand old minster and its precincts.

Not many miles away on the sea-coast are three places which must have been well-known haunts of Raleigh—Sidmouth, Ladram Bay, and Budleigh Salterton, the last-mentioned being situated the nearest to Hayes Barton and Budleigh. The walk to Sidmouth from Budleigh over the hill covered with woods is an experience to be remembered or imagined, but no description can hope to put it before the mind's eye as it is in reality. The beaches of Budleigh Salterton and Sidmouth are quite distinct in character. The pebbles of the former are quartzite, smooth, large and oval, and are said to have come originally from the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. Those at Sidmouth are much smaller and of quite different sizes and shapes.

The sea close inshore at Sidmouth was haunted by flocks of laughing gulls each time we were there ; if it was fine, calm weather they sat close together, composedly, on the top of the water, turning first this way and then that with easy grace, dipping their heads for a stray mouthful every moment or so, for all the world like some fashionable lady in her carriage bowing first to this side and then the other. Later on in the afternoon, if the sea turned a dull, leaden hue, and a sudden squall swept up over it, the gulls scattered, and from the shore they looked exactly, as they sat cowering on the waves, like the white scraps of paper of a torn-up letter flung here and there in a crooked line across the water. We made our way to Ladram Bay by means of the typical Devonshire lane : as a country-woman described it to us, "a rugged Devonshire lane." As we turned the last hill at a sharp bend to the right, a sudden flash of blue revealed the bay far down below ; and as we descended the steep craggy path that leads precipitately down to the shore, the steely grey-blue glare of the beach met our eyes in vivid contrast.

Staining the sea for some yards out was the vivid red glow from the cliffs which shut in the bay. Curiously shaped, rugged cliffs they are too : here a huge rock ; there a green slope covered with fungi ; and farther on, slanting down on to the beach, a cutting of red sandstone, like the sliced-open cake of a giant. Now and again on our ears came the shrill scream of some sea-bird darting out of a crevice in the cliff ; it must be a grand spot for sea-birds' nests in the early part of the year. At the farther end of the bay we clambered over slippery seaweed and wet, slimy rock, literally covered with flies, yellow shells, striped shells, jelly-fish and shrimps. As we rounded the corner of the bay we came upon the solitary rock that gives to the bay its distinguishing character, standing out by itself, a huge hole through its centre. Creeping through the hole we

emerged into a little quiet, solitary cove with no pretensions to beauty or *bizarrerie* of any kind, like that possessed by its neighbour, but with the same brilliant, dazzling, grey glare of pebble—the same grey crag rocks shutting it in on all sides, and rising sheer off the beach.

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What is it that one learns from a visit such as ours to the childhood haunts of a great personality in the past? I think this: that to be great at all, in the true sense of greatness, there must be, somewhere in the life, an interval of perfect apartness, of perfect, solitary quietude. One might almost say, with truth, that no great personality was ever formed without it, from the Greatest Personality of all, Who spent that quiet, uneventful (as the world counts events) interval of thirty years in the environment of the carpenter's shop, till the Now of the present day. There is in the sentence, "Be still and know," a testimony to the growth of idea, of power of purpose, which can never be countervailed. To be able to do something great in the future you must have a season of quiet, solitary growth in the present. The hills, the heaths, the rivers, the quiet, "rugged" lanes had much to teach Walter Raleigh; and he learnt it day by day down in the sheltered valley, until, thoroughly equipped, he stepped forth on to the platform of the world one of its most famous figures.

I am greatly indebted for much kind and valuable help to the Rev. W. R. Green, vicar of East Budleigh, and to Dr. Brushfield.

J. GIBERNE SIEVEKING.

MUSÆ: A PHANTASY.

LYRIC Apollo ! harper Apollo !
 Speed, and the fair white feet shall follow :
 Through the diamond spray of the fountains pass,
 By the leaping springs in the lowland grass,
 And the woods and rills of the green light hills,
 And the piping birds, and the peeping flowers
 Filled with the soft sweet dew that fills
 The flying bee as the wine that stills
 The weeping heart in the fleeting hours :
 Over hill, along meadow, and into the hollow,
 Bring thy maidens, O Apollo !

‘Take harp and lute and oaten reed,
 Rejoice the Earth with song ;
 Thine earth, the people thereof, who bleed
 As a lover bleeds whose love is long
 Apart, whose lover is brave and strong,’
 Saith Apollo, Apollo.
 And the song of lute and lark and swallow
 Rose from a bower by Pindus’ fount.
 What mortal could define
 The marvellous melody that did mount,
 Filling the hyaline
 Eternal, yet floating over the bower
 Resilient with mightier power ?
 The Muses’ song then ceased, the air grew still ;
 And gleeful Earth was glad and mad that hour
 It heard Euterpe’s voice and knew Apollo’s skill.

Crowned with palm and laurel, ’mid the light
 Of tremulous wings,
 Bane of Pyrenæus,
 Light that sings

Unto answering light of laughing loves,
And many rapid wings of sacred doves
And pigeons taking flight,
The Muses sang again unto the listening Earth,
And whilome wept for pity at its dearth
Of music and sweet speech, and joy's brief part :
Yea, Melpomene saw, and took it unto heart.

Then sang the Earth to the choir above :
"Praise to the seed of Mnemosyne, mother
Of solace, and giver of lyric love,
And praise to Apollo, brother !"

LIONEL SPRINGETT GOODWIN.

TABLE TALK.

LITERATURE AND THE PRESS.

IN some respects literature and the press have long been inseparable. The most distinguished men of the first half of the past century, from Macaulay to Lamb and Dickens, were all to some extent journalists, and there are few living men of highest eminence, from Mr. John Morley downwards, who have not received a recognisable portion of their training in the newspapers. A record of the names of those who are the principal support of modern journalism would include most to whom the world looks up with admiration, and the separation between the two great institutions—though it may have begun, and though its progress may be traceable—has not yet led to the institution of what may be called proceedings for divorce. The literary influence of the daily paper is none the less waning ; a newspaper is no longer regarded as an arbiter of style ; and it is only in the case of half a dozen leading periodicals that the management exacts the services of the best talent in the market or at its disposal. None will pretend that the *Times* of to-day exercises the same influence as did that of a generation ago, in the days of the Mowbray Morrises, Delanes, and Dasents ; and there is no other newspaper that approximates to the influence of the *Times*, let me say, in the time of Cobden. When we sink below the first flight of journalism, and come to a lower class of periodicals, the display of ignorance on the part of writers, editors, and those generally in authority is beyond conception or belief. Were the very mildest form of elementary examination indispensable to practice as a journalist, not one tithe of those by whom we are matutinally taught or edified would be able to pass. This is the more to be regretted, since the payment for contributions now customary, though far from extravagant, is princely beside what it has been in the past.

A NEW AMERICAN "MACBETH."

A CURIOUS proof of the futility of human aspiration and effort is furnished us in the appearance of the latest edition of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Thirty years ago Dr. Horace Howard Furness, a brilliant and sound American scholar, issued from Philadelphia the

first volume of a new Variorum edition of Shakespeare. With the aid of his father, Dr. (then Mr.) Furness had been for some time engaged in preparation for his task, and the year 1873, which witnessed the appearance of the first volume, *Romeo and Juliet*, saw also that of the second *Macbeth*. Since then ten plays and eleven volumes have been added to the list—*Hamlet*, with the enormous mass of exegesis and comment that has become encrusted upon it, occupying to itself two volumes. From the first it was obvious that one man could not possibly carry to an end so colossal an undertaking. What is virtually a generation has been occupied with the preparation and publication of a dozen plays, or between a third and a fourth of Shakespeare's dramatic product. A new worker now enters the field in the person of Mr. Horace Howard Furness, jun., a son of the originator of the labour. The delight in the prospect of accelerated progress to which this accession gives birth is handicapped by the fact that the first labour of the recruit is devoted, not to the issue of new matter, but to the revision of what has gone before. Mr. Furness's first contribution to the task in which his father and his grandfather have taken part consists of a new and revised edition of *Macbeth*.¹ It seems probable that other plays, including *Hamlet*, will have to undergo similar recension, and that the completion of the work will be witnessed by our grandchildren rather than our children.

THE IDEAL SHAKESPEARIAN TEXT.

NOT until considerable progress had been made with the Variorum Shakespeare was the fact, ignored of all previous editors, even Dyce and Clark and Wright, grasped by Dr. Furness, that the basis of a text intended for scholars must be found in the first folio, which must be rigorously followed, alterations of the subsequent folios and suggestions of subsequent editions being relegated to footnotes. A modernised text is acceptable for the general reader, advantageous even, since his perusal of the plays should not be disturbed by doubts as to the signification of a word. It is, moreover, true to say that the orthography and punctuation of the first folio are capricious, and due at times to the ignorance or fancy of a compositor. This is not, however, invariably the case, since I could point to cases wherein a systematic spelling has been neglected and a modern orthographic heresy carefully and systematically introduced and maintained. It is happy that the discovery to which I allude has been made. There must, however,

¹ Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

be mourning over the fact that several plays had been issued before the perfect method was grasped. In the case of the revised *Macbeth* the new criticism of a quarter of a century has been investigated and used, to the notable gain of the edition. Meantime, I advise scholars who have yet to wait for a perfect text to read an accepted edition, such as, say, Dyce, by the light of the Booth facsimile reprint of the first folio. That is a plan I have adopted for years past with results that are invariably successful. The reprint in question is at once cheaper and more handy than the larger facsimile, volumes which cannot easily be consulted without a stand.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

AMONG literary developments in this country must be numbered the recent growth in bibliographies of authors. As regards these we have hitherto ranked behind other countries, notably France, in which the bibliography of Voltaire by Georges Bengesco (in two volumes), that of Restif de la Brétoune by Bibliophile Jacob, and those of Molière, Corneille, and other writers, have long been prized by collectors and scholars. Books quite so ambitious as these are not yet common in this country, in which none the less a great improvement has been witnessed in recent days. If I draw attention to the latest English work of this kind it is because it marks a further advance. The *Bibliography of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Colonel W. F. Prideaux, C.S.I.,¹ is a model in its way, and conveys much information with regard to title-pages, original conditions of appearance, and similar matters with which the compiler of such works has not been accustomed to concern himself. So far as regards the works written by Stevenson himself, it is, I believe, complete; and though it does not profess to give in the Appendix the mass of biographical and critical comment which has appeared in magazine and newspaper, it supplies from the Colonel's own collections as much matter as will satisfy the ordinary appetite. It is in editions such as are issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, and especially in the fine-paper edition in which *Virginibus Puerisque* has just appeared—to be followed, I hope, by *Travels with a Donkey* and many other works—that the reader of taste will delectate. No daintier or more desirable works are easily to be conceived. With regard to the first editions and to ephemera for which the book-lover hunts the catalogues, the new bibliography is an ideal guide.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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IN ALL TIME OF OUR WEALTH.

BY G. E. MOYSEY.

AT the time of his first marriage John Evans had been desperately, uncompromisingly poor. Poor not with that poverty which is ever seeking to ape affluence, nor yet with a poverty which necessitates ceaseless and unrelenting toil. Certainly not with the latter; for John Evans had extremely little to do, and would have been glad of the chance of any regular sort of employment, however badly paid and however arduous. With all his faults the man was not by nature a loafer, although circumstances had almost compelled him to lead the life of such a one; not of the tribe of those content to lounge outside a public-house door until some freak of fortune shall bring a few pence their way. He not only could, but undoubtedly would, work if the opportunity came. For all that, his poverty remained of the hungry, out-at-elbows description; to-morrow's food always a burning question, and a square meal practically a thing unknown.

Yet, in spite of this condition of affairs, John Evans, like many another man before and since that date, came to the erroneous conclusion that what was enough for one was sufficient for two. Worse, he managed to plead his cause so remarkably well and with such eloquence that he actually persuaded Clara into believing the statement.

If equality stands for anything in marriage, then assuredly they were a well-matched couple; for she had nothing, as he had nothing, and it seemed more than probable their married life would soon be

dissolved at the gates of "the house." Perhaps the advantage lay a trifle on the man's side, for his exertions alone brought in the tiny income on which they lived, an income that varied from week to week according to the temporary employment he was able to obtain. Beyond that meagre sum they each possessed the clothes in which they stood, a frying-pan, and a tattered rag called by courtesy a blanket. These things were their sole fortune, their only property; and John Evans' earnings were their sole prospects.

How it had come to pass that John Evans should have been able to sink so low as to enter that state of distress was not known; for that particular secret he withheld from every one, even from his wife. Communicative as the man could be, never once did an incautious word betray a glimpse of the past, and to the end of his life the curtain of silence was drawn across the first few years of his manhood. But it was obvious he had been destined, by education at least, for 'better things; that he had slipped downhill instead of travelling along the lines marked out by his birth.

Clara, on the other hand, had no mysteries in her life. The fifth daughter of an impoverished clergyman, she had been driven into the world at an early age and forced to take her place in the labour market. As resident governess to sundry households of unruly children she had drifted from one place to another, getting every year a little more disheartened. Then her health broke down altogether, and when she found herself an orphan, face to face with that grimmest of grim realities, want, her last remnant of courage and hope died away. Two alternatives loomed before her—the river, and the streets. She chose the river, and made a pathetically futile attempt to escape from a world that did not require her services. It was John Evans' arm that caught her, his voice that finally soothed her fears as, believing herself in the clutches of a law which decrees death by starvation instead of the more merciful one by drowning, she struggled wildly to escape; and from that moment his word became her delight. Indeed, after having undertaken the responsibility of her further sojourn on this earth, it seemed only natural he should at least attempt the Herculean task of rendering her pathway tolerably free from briars.

It so happened that just at that time John Evans had an occupation which brought in the magnificent sum of nine shillings a week. Every day, wet or fine, he might be seen strolling slowly along Piccadilly, attired in a couple of boards inscribed "Her Toy" (the new piece at —— Theatre) and acutely conscious of the irony of the situation. This perfect comprehension did not increase his

personal comfort, and his attention was eternally on the *qui vive* to detect this same comprehension in the passers-by. Still, nine shillings was not to be obtained in any other way, and he was forced to endure the situation as best he might. The question of what constitutes a good income is largely a matter of comparison. People accustomed to a couple of hundred a year imagine a thousand pounds to be untold riches. So, too, after literally nothing at all for several weeks—during which he would have been puzzled to explain how he existed—John Evans regarded those nine shillings as enough to marry on: forgetting always that the employment might come to an end at any moment, and most certainly would not lead to anything more remunerative.

Love is not a monopoly of the upper or more prosperous classes, and during the four years of their married life nothing could exceed the mutual devotion of this strangely-met, strangely-mated couple. His adoration largely partook of that awe which a man feels for a really good woman; and it was perhaps due to her influence that he sank no lower after she drifted into his life. But the question of bare existence was an uphill fight from the very first: a long grinding struggle against the demon of hunger and cold; and the result of the combat was a foregone conclusion. John Evans, hardy in build and inured to suffering, survived the stress of those days; Clara died within four years of their wedding day. Died for sheer lack of proper food and warmth, died simply because they were too poor to obtain the necessaries which might have saved her; and fate, in bitter mockery, ordained that from the moment of his wife's death John Evans should set his foot on that ladder which leads to prosperity.

Clara was dying, this much he knew, that day when he rushed into the streets in order to beg—or steal, if need be—the money which should render easier those last painful hours; money to purchase a scrap of firing to warm the icy garret in which she lay, and to procure some sort of nourishment for his beloved wife. Food had not passed her pale lips for more hours than he cared or dared to remember.

As John Evans turned into one of the great thoroughfares he heard a cry of alarm raised, and saw a driverless hansom speeding along at a pace which was not only dangerous to its own safety but also to the safety of everything in the vicinity. The elderly fare inside was incapable of saving himself from a situation which every moment increased in peril; for the slack reins were in danger of becoming entangled with the horse's feet, in which case nothing

could avert some sort of catastrophe. These things John Evans took in at a glance—absorbed them as it were ; and with that instinctive sense of action which is the inalienable birthright of every Englishman he flung himself on the horse as it dashed past where he stood. For several moments it appeared uncertain whether or no he could succeed in making good his hold and compelling the animal to a standstill ; but after being dragged a little way along the road it became evident he was winning the victory, and in a comparatively short time he had managed to reduce the trembling horse to quietude. The elderly fare (who promptly scrambled out in much and undignified haste) revealed himself as a well-known City magnate of much influence and even greater pompousness. The terms in which he thanked the man who had possibly saved his life were described by the reporters as heartfelt ; it is certain that they were well chosen and, for all the shock, well delivered.

Not one of the reporters, however, failed to comment more or less adversely on the preserver's extraordinary manner ; and one went so far as to prophesy a future in which gallantry would run hand in hand with mercenary motives. John Evans stood the praises fairly well, but his haggard eyes eternally searched the other man's face to see if a tip of some sort was likely to be forthcoming ; and when this duly made its appearance, together with an injunction to call upon the magnate at a certain hour the following afternoon, he fairly snatched the coin from the outstretched hand and fled away without so much as murmuring an audible "Thank you !"

But, of course, the reporters were not acquainted with Clara's existence.

Five minutes later, well laden with comforts (for the tip had been substantial), John Evans rushed into the attic he called "home"—to find Clara lying there dead.

Something broke and whirled madly in John Evans's brain ; he laughed until he cried, then laughed again. But from that day he neither laughed nor cried.

In the course of ten years he had become a well-to-do man ; at the end of fifteen he believed he had at last managed to forget his wife's deathbed.

So long as that recollection remained with him, so long had he remained faithful to her memory ; but when he imagined the colours had begun to fade from the haunting picture it occurred to his mind that he was, as men go, still in the prime of life, and that he

probably had many years of life before him. Also that there were worse things to do than to perpetuate the race of successful men. With these considerations in his head, he accordingly proposed to and was accepted by Miss Mabel Lunn, only child of an unsuccessful barrister. Well-to-do young ladies scorned John Evans, with no past history, although they admitted his singular lack of family was entirely in his favour; but Miss Mabel Lunn was decidedly penniless, and the prospect of a rich suitor was dazzling in the extreme.

John Evans had but one condition to make when he married again, but it was one to which he steadfastly adhered, notwithstanding the arguments of Lunn *père*. He refused to make any settlements, or to allow the future wife any money of her own.

"I prefer to feel she must ask me for everything," he explained, "and after my death I have every reason to believe she will be amply satisfied with the contents of my will."

His prospective father-in-law did not dare to argue the point too long; he thankfully accepted the rich suitor as a direct gift from Heaven, and bade his daughter do the same.

To this view of the case she was quite inclined, at first; but after the first few months of their wedded life had come and gone she began to experience grave doubts as to the value of the heavenly gift. Their first difference of opinion, for instance, had not only been an unpleasant sensation, but it had somehow left a nasty taste in the mouth. John was different from what she had expected; and this new knowledge was not entirely in his favour. Indeed, rather the reverse. He had developed various unaccountable little habits, little eccentricities that worried her mind. It was, she told her father, as though watching the gradual evolution of a tadpole into a frog—and she had only wished to marry the tadpole!

Had there been anything in her own conduct on which to base such a theory she would have imagined he suspected her of some fault; but as she knew herself blameless the puzzle only increased in magnitude. From being slightly queer at the time of their marriage (her father had made a habit of invariably terming it eccentric), his behaviour slowly became still more queer as time went on. By degrees he slowly evolved himself into something yet more unreasonable, more dictatorial, and—strangest freak of all—more niggardly. But only towards his wife was this attitude of intolerance displayed. At charity's call he would freely unbutton his pockets; no beggar ever left the door as hungry as he came, and orphans were well provided for whenever they were brought to his

notice. His liberality was a byword among his acquaintances, and his weak partiality towards any child who had lost both parents was so well known as to render him the object of relentless begging on the part of every orphanage in England. Yet in the face of this liberality he grudged every penny his wife spent, and constantly remonstrated with her for what he was pleased to call extravagant expenditure on her part. And to such an extent did this peculiarity grow that soon each fresh requirement was the signal for a domestic storm.

His wife could not comprehend such meaningless conduct. Others might have imagined his public charity was an ostentatious display of a virtue he did not in reality possess; but, as she was well aware this love of giving was natural to the man and not in any way affected, the puzzle remained unsolved.

She knew very little about his early days, save the mere fact he had been extremely poor and that his first wife had died of sheer starvation; the little details of the past were a sealed book, and their secrets were locked in the breast of the man who had suffered the things of which they told. Not once did she connect this old tale with his present unsatisfactory conduct. Why, indeed, should she do so? But by degrees she caught herself wondering whether the first wife had been subjected to the same treatment as soon as the honeymoon was over—if they had had a honeymoon at all—or whether the unknown Clara had enjoyed more happiness with John Evans poor than she herself did with John Evans prosperous. Of course he had not been in a position to deny things to the other woman from sheer malice! She knew just enough of her husband's past to realise that many and many a time he had had to stare starvation out of countenance. But she asked herself whether, if the two wives had changed places, she would have fared better than she did under present circumstances. Had he always been hard on Clara? Had he visited trifling errors of judgment with unmerciful punishment? Or had his original small stock of tenderness and forbearance been exhausted before he made her (Mabel's) acquaintance? What was wrong?

Yet the explanation was not far to seek.

When John Evans married for the second time he made one great mistake: namely, he failed to take into account the abnormally tenacious memory he possessed. To some men this sort of memory is a blessing; to others it comes as a curse. It was the latter to John Evans. The second marriage revived feelings long dormant, brought back recollections of the unhappy past as nothing else

could have done ; until at length an overwhelming tide of affection for *Clara*—not Mabel—swept over his faithful heart and took complete possession of it. There was no room for anyone else : no little corner vacant where the second wife might creep in and shelter herself against the storm. No, she stood outside, alone, isolated, and exposed to the full fury of the blast ; and slowly the tempest darkened the domestic sky until no glimmer of healthy light remained.

Mabel's presence raised the poor pale ghost of bygone years ; and the spirit of the past looked terribly desolate when seen in the rich light of present wealth. That old picture—the picture of a woman lying dead—once faded and supposedly forgotten, flung itself out in renewed colouring and brilliancy. Forgotten ? Could such a thing ever be forgotten ? Fool that he had been to imagine it so deeply buried as to be incapable of resurrection ! For the love he had deemed buried for ever began to stir afresh in his heart. It put forth shy, tentative fingers ; and he did not shrink back in horror from the touch of the dead, but rather welcomed it with open arms.

From this state of mental unrest it was only a step further to regard Mabel as an interloper, an alien. She became an intruder who sat in his dead wife's chair and assumed rights that were Clara's alone. And if Clara could not take up the burden of those rights, surely no other woman must steal them from her. These thoughts crept little by little into his mind. At first he shrank from them, not daring to face the questions they involved ; but slowly, day by day, he admitted them to his hourly consideration, until they grew to be the sole things worth contemplation. In what moment of insanity had he given this person the right to usurp—yes, that was the correct term, *usurp*—the place of the honoured dead ? And as the word insanity crossed his fevered mind, a small thrill of excitement crept down his back—why, he could not imagine. But the word delighted him ; he repeated it several times over, pleased as is a small child with a new toy. Of course, that was it ! He must have been mad ! Well, he was sane again now, and able to realise the consequences of past folly ; only it appeared he was called upon to bear severe and unmerited punishment for that offence.

John Evans watched his wife narrowly from under his shaggy eyebrows. What ? She dared to eat her fill, and Clara had often known what it was to be hungry ; dared to dress in soft raiment and warm furs, while Clara had been clothed in rags and shivered with

cold ; dared to laugh, to amuse herself, while Clara, his idolised Clara, had experienced heartbreak and suffering ! The contrast between the two existences maddened him beyond endurance. The woman he adored had died in bitter poverty : hungry and ill-clad, she had slipped away from a world that had not known her worth, her loving heart. But although he was not permitted to save Clara, was he therefore to endure the flauntings of a girl who, if badly off before her marriage, at least had never come face to face with the sting of hideous poverty ? He recollected that pitiful death-bed, and contrasted it sharply with his present wife's luxurious existence. Mabel had prospered on the ruins of another life—that is how he regarded the matter.

Why could not the impossible happen, and the dead return to him ? This thought was but the prelude to yet another stage in the grim drama of the man's inner life. To obtain a moment's respite from the mental suffering he began to cheat himself with strange and fanciful beliefs, knowing all the while they were but delusions that would presently be shattered. The soft *frou-frou* of a woman's skirt passing down the passage he would tell himself was Clara's presence ; for it was all a hideous mistake, and she had never died but, instead, had lived to enjoy the prosperity of his middle age. Of course it was Clara's footfall he heard, now passing lightly overhead ; he could not possibly make a mistake in such a matter, for he would recognise her step amongst a thousand others. No other woman in the world had so dainty a tread, and. . . Hush ! she was coming downstairs again. Ah ! going out, no doubt ; and was first of all coming to the study in order to ask him to accompany her. But he must refuse her this once. There was business to do : he could not afford to idle with her, delightful and tempting as the occupation might seem. However, to compensate for her disappointment he would give her a handsome cheque, and bid her relieve the necessities of the poor in their neighbourhood. She was so pitiful, yet so wise ; she was sure to spend the money to the best advantage. Those old years of agony and struggle had not been fruitless, after all ; and Clara, once poor herself, would understand how to help those who now toiled as she once toiled, fasted as she once fasted. Those terrible days. . . Ugh ! truly, a nightmare !

Then the steps would pause outside the door, the handle would gently turn—and Mabel timidly enter the room !

The dream was over. And as the pendulum swung back from fancy to facts John Evans would undergo an instant's agony. For a moment his little world rocked about him, and, strong as he was,

he felt dizzy with pain. Yet on the morrow he would so torment himself a second time ; and the fierce shocks of realisation never deterred him from indulging his overwrought brain with the only form of relief he could find at hand to ease its anguish.

Later on he began to suspect Mabel of daring to pity Clara ! Not content with taking her place and adopting her name, the usurper must needs pity the woman she robbed ! The utter lack of humanity, of decent feeling, in the deed shocked and appalled him beyond expression. At last her true nature stood revealed in all its baseness, and he knew her for what she was worth. Women could be callous, he knew ; but this last insult to Clara overleaped every bound of civilisation.

And the little gods of fate mocked as they noted the fine mixture of fidelity and madness in the man. The blow that had not fallen those years ago was surely falling now ; it needed but a push to send John Evans over the precipice.

But he was cunning. He did not tell how he hated her. He only watched, and peered, and grudged. Week by week they drifted apart ; and whilst he hid the Great Determination from her, she remained quite unsuspecting of personal danger, although keenly alive to the discomfort of a situation she could not understand. It was a race between the awakening of her fears and the fulfilment of his terrible purpose.

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They brought him home to die. There had been an accident, they explained ; and, for the second time in his life, John Evans had played a noble part.

In this, his hour of sore need, she forgave the wretched past, the misery of her married life ; and no one could have been more tender, more assiduous in her attentions. For twenty-four hours she watched by his bedside, refusing to leave the room during the little span of life that remained to him.

Just before he died a half-instant of clouded consciousness returned to the weary brain, and he made an effort to stretch out his hand. His wife took it gently in her own and pressed it, a sign of mutual forgiveness for human shortcomings. A smile of peace stole over his face.

“Clara !” he whispered. And then he died.

GOSSIP IN THE SUSSEX OBERLAND.

TO all, we suppose, but the most superficial observer of the signs of the times it must have been patent that home scenery and home associations have of late years been witnessing a most remarkable reaction in their favour. It is gratifying to note that your thorough-going globe-trotter is not now in such a violent hurry as he once was to rush off and explore the Rhine before he had seen the Avon or the Wye. The Alpine Club can still boast, we believe, of its members, but there is less ignorance among them than formerly of our own mountains, hills, and valleys. The Grampians and the Ochills, moreover, find quite as many ardent votaries as Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn; and yet we are strongly disposed to question in all seriousness whether, as Tom Hughes said more than half a century ago, the stay-at-home rambler sees as much as he ought to see of the many gems which stud the Home Counties; whether, for example, a region so comparatively easy of access as what we have ventured to call the Sussex Oberland is even so much as known of those who love to frequent the less visited regions of their own country with eyes that see and ears that hear. Despite the fact that it is distant from the Great Babel no more than forty miles, many a lover of the picturesque would, we have no doubt, readily confess his ignorance of its whereabouts, and would probably be most agreeably surprised to find how soon he might find himself at liberty to roam at will through as wild and luxuriant a woodland district as heart could wish for, and to drink in those beauties which Nature so lavishly spreads around, if man will but be content to leave her to her own wild luxuriance.

All that is necessary for him who essays to revel in this earthly paradise is to quit the Crowborough station, on the Brighton and Tunbridge Wells branch of the South Coast line of railway. Thence, turning sharp to the right through Jarvis Brook, a pleasant stroll will conduct him to the ancient village of Rotherfield, one of those haunts of ancient peace still unsullied by Time's rude hand where the toiler

from London may really feel himself "far from the madding crowd," in a spot vying with some of the sweetest under the broad canopy of heaven for richness, fertility, and simplicity.

Seeing that our gossip will be seasoned with plenty of antiquarian lore, culled from all kinds of sources, we shall remind our pilgrim that the prospect commanded by the gentle ascent up which he trudges forms part and parcel of the wide forest which the Romans knew as Anderida, which clothed, and still, under the names of St. Leonard's, Tilgate, and Ashdown forests, continues to clothe no inconsiderable portion of the breezy downs of Sussex, a region which in Roman times, to an even greater extent than now, was emphatically one

full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground flowers in flocks.

Age after age rolled away, and nothing occurred to ruffle the harmony of the scene. The seasons in their change were allowed to pass "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," for the poetic faculty had not become expressive in man. Literature had no existence. Nor had the rude Briton any such visions like those his twentieth-century posterity enjoy, as, attired

in wolf's skin vest,
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed.

But through all those pastoral centuries and idyllic scenes three mighty genii had been slumbering, unseen, unknown, under the soft landscape. They were charcoal, steam, and iron. At length the Spirit of Progress touched them gently with her wand, and immediately they awoke to do great things. The masters of the world, who always knew a good thing when they saw it, easily recognised the value of the ore embedded in the ironstone beds which form the first ridge, the highest part of which is Crowborough, and they had established works in the neighbourhood as early as 54, in the reigns of Nero, Vespasian, and Diocletian, pottery and coins having been found among extensive cinder beds at Maresfield. In the centuries which followed the iron industry advanced by leaps and bounds. As early as the reign of Edward I. iron was smelted in St. Leonard's Forest, and the Crown subsequently acquired possession of the works.

It is remarkable to note how indelibly the iron furnaces seem to have left themselves impressed in the local nomenclature. The hammer ponds occasionally to be met with serve, in striking contrast to their modern forlorn aspect, to remind the beholder of that incessant noise which, as the learned antiquary, William Camden,

asserts in his days "night and day echoed all over the neighbourhood, when the meadows were converted into lakes and pools to turn mills, to move hammers, to work iron." Lamberhurst furnished the iron for the balustrades which surround St. Paul's Cathedral, and it was the furnaces of Buxted which cast the first English iron cannon, a fact perpetuated in a sorry but well-known local couplet running :

Master Hoggett and his man John,
They did cast the first can-*non*.

This worthy, Ralph Hoggett, or Hogge as he is sometimes styled, flourished in the reign of Bluff King Hal, and the commodious dwelling-house which he tenanted while in the flesh, appropriately designated Hog House, with a hog, his rebus or name-device, ornamenting the lintel of the door, is yet to be seen. Traces of his renowned foundry, too, exist hard by the parish church, and the local cicerone still points with pride at Howbourn to the ancient hammer post, a huge trunk of iron measuring nine and a half feet in height. It is amusing to note the contemporary dismay with which the rapid development of the Sussex iron industry was by the "unco guid," in some quarters, regarded. Wiseacres shook their heads, and false prophets like Archbishop Parker were not slow in "opining" that the "plague," as he called it, would finally "breed much grudge and desolation," an opinion, not unlike others which have been recently promulgated in the same quarter, both clergy and laity tacitly agreed by common consent to flout. Iron offered only too tempting a field for speculation, and "the landed interest" thought that they would try their luck like the rest. Hence it was that the Pelhams, the Montagues, the Sydneys, the Sackvilles, the Dacres, yea, even the Percys and the Howards, were found sinking their capital in this safe and paying concern. Thus the whole district hereabouts, by reason of its proximity to the rich Ashburnham beds of ironstone, became a veritable emporium of ironmongery, of ordnance and andirons in particular.

We may observe *en passant* that the series of Sussex andirons, which were fabricated of almost every imaginable pattern, ranges from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth. They deteriorated sadly as time went on, like most good things, but now and again in old farmhouses you will see genuine specimens of these venerable and picturesque articles of furniture retaining the position they have held for centuries. When Lower wrote, a set existed at an inn

near Crowborough, ornamented with the emblems of the smith's or farrier's occupation. Sometimes their makers embossed them with the arms of the families for whom they were cast.

In the time of Elizabeth several Sussex families had become enriched by the iron manufacture, and assumed the rank of gentry. Iron had "boomed," as our cousins across the Atlantic say, and most successfully too. But it was at the expense of the county timber. As early as 1573 a declaration was laid before the Privy Council complaining loudly of the vast consumption of oak in Sussex, among other counties. "Decay of timber" was laid at the doors of the ironmasters; and no wonder, if it be true that the furnace at Lamberhurst, for example, which, it would seem, was one of the largest in the county, consumed every year as many as 200,000 cords of wood. Still the forges continued to flourish.

During the seventeenth century the Sussex iron trade reached its greatest height, and families not a few continued to enrich themselves by the alchemy of transmuting iron into gold. But the consumption of wood was, as we have indicated, terrible, and rendered the production of iron more expensive than in those localities where coal mines lay in close proximity to the iron ore. This fact ultimately led to the decline of the industry in Sussex, which slowly but surely got rid of the ironworks, and once more regained its pastoral character. And did the airy-footed fays and elves, with whom the graceful fancy of the Bard of Avon peopled the forest and woodland, and imaged as "rejoicing to hear the solemn curfew," that they might begin their gambols and revels by the pale moonbeam on the grassy downs or in the leafy glades, trip merrily back again? It may have been so. Michael Drayton, Shakespeare's illustrious contemporary, firmly believed that the charcoal-burners had banished the presence of the fair "daughters of the weald," as he terms them, and in "Polyolbion" he pathetically asserts that the wood nymphs and sylphs, perceiving the advent of an "Iron Age" stealthily approaching,

Forsook their gloomy bowers and wandered far abroad,
Expell'd their quiet seats and places of abode.

Be that as it may have been, the huge glowing furnaces, like the inhabitants of Canaan, "by little and little" were allowed to expire, and the clank of the ponderous hammers no longer re-echoed through the forest glades. The last race of smutty-faced charcoal-burners, like Othello, perceiving "their occupation gone," turned

their attention to smuggling and kindred pursuits. Ashburnham was, we believe, one of the last places in the county where an iron-master resided, and where forges gave employment to the country folk. But it must not be forgotten that the ironstone is as abundant as ever, and that there are (or were) those who cling to the hope that, if coal should ever be discovered in any very considerable quantities in Sussex, smelting operations may be revived ; to which hope all we have to say is, *Absit omen !*

This digression has, of course, led us very far away from Rotherfield, but it should serve to heighten the contrast between the Rotherfield of the "iron" age and the Rotherfield of to-day. We are quite free to admit that Rotherfield is by no means so picturesque as some of the Sussex villages which nestle amongst lovely scenery on the grey reaches of the Downs, and cast their spell over all who visit them. But it is, happily, innocent of the irritating up-to-date "additions" which are invading so many of our "Sweet Auburns" in these delirious days of universal jerry-building, and thus gradually robbing them of that thoroughly old-world character which, in our eyes at least, constitutes their greatest charm. Such "additions" are, we think, altogether out of place among forests of oak and birch and among upland and hillside scenery. Let such spots as these be for ever sacred to the sunny homestead and to the picturesque farmhouse, with its quaint gables and its deep dark roof of Horsham tiles.

By the erudite Lower the name of Rotherfield is derived from two Anglo-Saxon words, Rotheramfold and Redrefold, due to the fact that the river Rother, the chief watershed in this part of England, takes its rise in the cellar of one of the cottages. In this peaceful retreat, in the days of the Bretwalda, lived a doughty Saxon "dux," or "chieftain," rejoicing in the name of Bertoldus. Once he fell very ill, and the local Galens had the candour to confess that nothing could be done for him. Somebody, however, suggested a trip to the monastery of St. Denys and St. Eleutherius, near Paris, which enjoyed a widespread reputation for cures and faith-healing. Thither he hied him, and, the bones of certain saints having been applied to his afflicted body, he waxed well, and returned home, to the astonishment of his kith and kin, no less than to that of his tenantry. In gratitude for so astonishing a cure it was but meet that Bertoldus should turn his thoughts to church building, and deposit the few relics which he had brought back with him under the foundations of a church which he erected in honour of St. Denys in 792.

By all accounts St. Denys must have been a marvel for his times,

for local tradition still asserts, on what authority we have never been able to discover, that

St. Denys had his head cut off ;
He did not care for that ;
He took it up, and carried it
Two miles without a hat

—a very remarkable achievement, it must be candidly confessed, even for days when saints, both male and female, were conspicuous for relieving the monotony of their fasts and vigils by experiments in animal magnetism and feats of legerdemain.

Rotherfield Church occupies an exalted position, and is consequently, as the Merry Monarch said of Harrow with its spire-crowned hill, "a visible Church." It is worthy of mention that it possesses what you will seldom see in Sussex, namely, an embattled tower surmounted by a shingled spire. Sedilia and piscina also exist in the chancel, together with a chantry, which was once owned by the Nevilles. On the walls, among other vestiges of old-time painting, concealed by whitewash, are a representation of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence and some realistic illustrations of certain points of Christian eschatology assigned to pre-Reformation times. Traces of monastic buildings have been discovered in the village, but are destitute of any very special features of interest, either for the historian or the antiquary. Nor should we forget that it used to be said, and we believe is sometimes still said, that the women of Rotherfield are taller than those of any neighbouring village, and that they are also endowed with an additional pair of ribs—a merry conceit truly.

An interesting relic of the now remote "iron age," when Rotherfield was a very different place from what it is now, has survived in the shape of an ancient manor-house locally called "Walshes," or "Welches," from the name of its first tenants. In the time of Edward III. a family named Fermor, natives of Picardy, settled in Rotherfield, and in course of time amassed wealth as ironmasters. Henry of the ilk, probably as the result of his known firm attachment to the house of Hanover, was created a baronet in the reign of George I., and expended some part of his riches in ameliorating the savagery of the people who served him. Both the Fermor school and the parish church of Crowborough were built and endowed by him, and his munificence further extended itself to private benefactions on a large scale.

It is to Crowborough, some two miles distant, that we will now, by your leave, wend our way. Pause, as you gently ascend, now and

then to look around you, and you will be amply rewarded. Say at your peril that the extensive views you command are to be surpassed in the South of England. The learned in place nomenclature assert that Crowborough signifies the place of crows, these dusky marauders having in former days tenanted in huge flocks the tall trees of the Beacon, whence they descended to peck among the sweet and wholesome pastures below ; some of which, by the way, actually furnished the flour that was utilised by Gunter in making the bride-cake of our most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, a fact of which Crowboroughians are justly proud. Until the beginning of the eighteenth century Crowborough formed an integral portion of Rotherfield, where even yet all vestry meetings are required to take place, and was but little visited by the outer world. One impediment to communication must have always existed in the condition of the roads, at any rate in the winter season. The mire must have been the plague of the whole county in Caroline and Georgian times. Every traveller cried shame upon it, as we know from only too many incidental references in the pages of contemporary literature. To us it has always been a perfect marvel how the natives contrived to get about at all ; and yet we know that they did, and when the iron industry was in its heyday the amount of vehicular traffic must have been very considerable in the transport of goods from place to place.

We are by no means prepared to say that so very much improvement has taken place in Sussex highways and byways in the two hundred years or more which have elapsed since the iron industry died out. There are difficulties with the soil ; the stone near at hand is by no means of the best suited for road-making purposes, and what would be suitable costs much to bring from a distance, and therefore in the Sussex Oberland the visitor in wet weather is under the necessity of "walking circumspectly." Hence, too, the justification of a clerical friend who cautioned us on a recent visit to the locality not to lose ourselves in the mud, of which there was, we must candidly confess, some danger.

Dr. John Burton, an antiquary of no small note in his generation, in the erudite pages of that very interesting book of his called "*Iter Surriense et Sussexiense*," declared that the mud had, by some mysterious process inoculated the rustic population of his day, and was largely responsible for the boorishness which characterised no inconsiderable portion of those he met. We will quote his *ipsissima verba*, lest we should expose ourselves to a charge of exaggeration—"armigeros incultos simplicesque patriarcharum ritu in Bucolicis

atque Georgicis unicè versatos, moribus et institutis, perinde ac operibus, rusticos ; tum disciplinæ academicæ tum urbanitatum vestrarum Londinensium prorsus rudes." We are quite sure that the "respectable" portion of society resident in the Sussex Oberland no longer merit such a character ; but we are not so sure that the "lower orders" are not characterised by much of the primitive *gaucherie*.

Put it down, if you like, to the credit of the combined influences of the mud, the hills, the bogs, and the forests, still there it is, and the rusticity which finds an inexhaustible theme for merriment in the sight of a silk hat or the stranger from London is yet rampant. Neither the Fermor charity school nor the Board school has entirely succeeded in dissipating that "fidelity to environment" of which some profess themselves so enamoured, and in former days won for their progenitors the term of "Wildishers" in other parts of the county. We do not know of any scene better fitted for an overwrought brain to rest upon than the fine prospect which is commanded on a bright clear day from the crest of Crowborough Beacon. It is that landscape to which the deft hand and facile brush of a Copley Fielding would alone be capable of doing anything like adequate justice. Taking your stand here, you are at an altitude of 796 feet above the sea-level, and on the fifth highest point in the county. Should the day be very bright and clear, you will have no need of the telescope to enable you to discern the sea at Eastbourne, some twenty miles off. Gazing south, the boundary of your horizon is formed by the range of the South-down Hills, while on the right you are overlooking Ashdown Forest in the direction of Hampshire. On the left, eastward, lies Ticehurst, in Kent, while in a north-westerly direction a portion of Surrey presents itself. It is, in short, one vast region of copse and wood embowering on sandy knolls, whence, "bosom high in tufted trees," many a village church with its shingled spire peeps out. Continuing your walk you will reach another romantic spot, known as The Warren. Here a stone slab let into the turf marks the spot where in days of yore the beacon-fires were lighted to herald the inland denizens of the approach of the invader, and to give the alarm to other counties. Vast quantities of fuel were stocked in the vicinity for immediate use, and it was here, when the Invincible Armada was sighted in 1588, that a warning blaze was kindled.

Other remarkable features of The Warren are the vast cinder-beds, indicating the extent to which the charcoal-burners in the palmy days of the iron industry plied their lucrative calling in the vicinity of this now peaceful retreat.

If you have any mind to follow the downs, we will promise you abundance of graceful, unspoilt English landscape, with Alpine perfumes and that spaciousness which is mostly associated with airy heights. There are charming glades and thickets, and how one may lose his way in a strictly limited space is a thing they will demonstrate excellently well if the Rambler will undertake to fall in with their humour. For here the land is innocent of County Councils and Bumbledom. Human arrogance does not threaten you on sign-boards with all sorts of fictitious threats of pains and penalties, and here, as you look around you, you get an excellent object-lesson in all that external manifestation of Nature which our great-grandfathers in their grandiloquent moods were wont to term "smiling," and many a pertinent illustration of what Ben Jonson meant when he said,

In small proportions, we just beauty see.

It is almost a truism to say that Nature when left to herself changes but little, though the ages roll on. True, the beauty of wildness and desolateness is broken by glimpses of cultivated fields and the smoke of unseen homesteads among the trees, but the streams still flow on as of yore, losing themselves in the woods, eddying round and round in the deep dark prison-pools of their own making, and then escaping over shallows and ledges of rolled pebbles, left dry in the summer, and on which the sunlight rests and the shadows of the beeches play, but in winter chafed by the torrent.

We very much question whether the woodland is estimated aright, or its true worth ever known, until some favourite retreat is levelled to the ground, and the thoughtless are really forced to feel the void and the irreparable sense of blankness which remain. Amid these scenes the imagination is stimulated, and he who can appreciate that subtle spirit which distinguishes some of our greatest bards—Shakespeare's peculiarly joyful gladness and deep melancholy, and that of Shelley and Keats and Wordsworth, to whom the forest was

like a dream

Or map of the whole world ; thoughts link by link
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
Of all things that at last in fear I shrink

—must haunt the Sussex Oberland.

In the long woodland aisles settles that depth of shade not to be depicted by any pencil, and that colouring which no canvas can retain, as the sunlight pierces through the green web of leaves, and flings, as it sets, a crown of gold round each tree trunk.

As you thread your way each path seems to close behind you, shutting you out with its silent doorways from all noise and turmoil, while the soft green light fills every dim recess and deepens each pillared aisle, and the grassy floor seems to be paved with the golden mosaic of the sunlight.

Here, as nowhere else, the winds which blow up from the Channel, only twenty-five miles distant, strain and torture the sinewy boughs of the oaks. Change is perpetually going on. Every shower and gleam of sunshine tints the trees with colour, from the subdued tones of April and May, through the deep green of June, to the russet-red of autumn. What wonder that such scenes have supplied a theme for some of the finest flights of the local bard ! The sighing of the wind through the pines on a boisterous morning in May would suffice to turn the most prosaic soul into something of a poet for the nonce.

Meet it was that these pastoral scenes and sylvan shades should have been selected, in the late autumn of 1885, as a last retreat for a valetudinarian whose name and fame the world will not willingly let die. Need it be said that we refer to Richard Jefferies ? As all the world now knows, he was one to whom the birds and beasts, the fields and hedgerows, revealed their choicest secrets, for whom the plant-world was inspired with consciousness, and upon whose responsive imagination the skies, the zephyrs, and the waters played as upon an Æolian harp. Unlike the prosaic waggoner, Peter Bell, to whom

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,

to him, as to the Lake Bard,

The meanest flower that blows could give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Throughout life Jefferies paid unswerving homage to Nature, and used all the resources of simple eloquence to inspire a love of her methods in the breast of that particular section of the reading public to which he specially addressed himself.

Jefferies fairly delighted in blue skies and white clouds. Gifted with the skill of an enchanter, as one eminent critic of his works has observed, he transports his readers into the midst of a green English landscape, where the swallows are skimming the cornfields and the butterflies are fluttering among the wild flowers, where the chaffinch is chirping from the expanding oak-tree leaves and the water is

sparkling in the sunshine. It is melancholy to think that Jefferies' conspicuous merits went so signally unrecognised in his lifetime. We have not the least doubt that while this recluse was seizing and reproducing with almost photographic minuteness the physical aspects of the country and the characters of the country people, just at the time when the towns seemed to have focussed upon themselves the national life, none of his neighbours, beyond perhaps the postman who brought him his daily budget of letters, were ever so much as conscious of his existence, so true it is that the world is content to live on in ignorance of its best and truest men.

To few in our generation has it been given to quicken our appreciation of external Nature, the willingness to learn from her, to put confidence in her teachings, to enable them to become the inherited possession of all men, and to form a new and wider basis for that effortless perception, with all its emotional syntheses, in which lies the secret of the poetical representation of her moods. None have ever entered deeper than he into the spirit of those inspiring lines of Clough :

Let Nature be your teacher.
Sweet is the love which Nature brings.
Our meddling intellect misshapes the hidden forms of things.
Come forth with me, and bring with you
A heart that watches and receives.

What a kindred spirit Wordsworth would have recognised in poor Richard Jefferies, had they been acquainted, and what interesting conversations they would have had in that lowly hermitage, happily still existing, called the "Downs," where he wrote several papers descriptive of the scenes around him, notably "The Hours of Spring," the last which he really penned, sickness obliging him to employ the services of an amanuensis ; "The Country Sunday," in which Rotherfield scenes and people are limned ; "My Old Village," "Swallow Time," "Buckhurst Park," "Just before Winter," "Cottage Ideas," "April Gossip," "The Time of Year," and "Mixed Days of May and December !" It was at the "Downs," too, that he composed the very pleasing verses entitled "My Chaffinch." We are quite sure that that excellent divine, the Reverend Gilbert White, as morning by morning he gazed forth from the study windows of his sequestered rectory of Selborne among the chalky downs of Hampshire, never longed for the blest advent of spring more ardently than this fervid impressionist. For him the spring was as Ormuzd in the Persian mythology, "the light- and life-bringer." In one of his prose idylls he tells us that "there never

was such a long winter as that of 1885-86, but at last, when they could wait no longer, with love strong in their little hearts, stronger than the winter, the larks sang high up against the grey cloud over the frost-bound earth," and he longed for wings that he might soar up with them. As he crept forth on his solitary midday saunters around Crowborough, he tells us, it was a joy to him to note carefully and lovingly day by day the seed-leaves on the mounds in the sheltered places that come so early, the pushing up of the young grass, the succulent dandelion, the coltsfoot on the heavy thick clods, the trodden chickweed despised at the foot of the gate-post, "so common and small, yet so dear to me." "Every blade of grass was mine," he continues; "they were all my pets, I loved them all." But his days were already numbered. Disease had got the upper hand, and he knew it. All through that keen and dreary winter of 1885-86—we well remember what it was in rural districts—his gentle spirit hovered between life and death in that lonely little cottage, and sometimes, as he tells us in "The Hours of Spring," he really doubted whether the voices of returning spring would ever again fall upon his ear. The privilege was, however, not to be denied, and it was with a joy inexpressible that the poor sufferer as he lay on his couch heard the blithesome matin of the rapturous thrush in the adjoining hedge and "the sweetbrier wind rushing over the young grass." Unhappily, the time was soon to come when it was "only through the window-pane that he could see the lark high up against the grey cloud and hear his song." "How happy," he then wrote, "the trees must be to hear the song of the birds again in the branches!" Yet in his eyes to the very last Nature was "always beautiful, everything beautiful."¹

Very little change has passed over the scene since the month of August, 1887, when the poor word-artist was laid quietly to rest in Broadwater churchyard. Men have come and gone, your "modern dwellings," your "bungalows," and your villas standing in their own park-like grounds," have sprung up like so many mushrooms on the steep ascent which leads up to Crowborough Town from Jarvis Brook, and possibly the scholars in the Fermor school may have had some "additional subjects" kindly added by "My Lords of the Committee of Council" to the misery and burden of their lives. But much remains, for Dame Nature, as one has said, is able to fashion many a generation from the same mould, and he who should attentively look for them will see and hear the same sweet "rural sights and sounds" which Jefferies loved so well and whose

¹ See Sir Walter Besant's noble *Eulogy of Richard Jefferies*. (Chatto & Windus).

mysterious influence upon mankind he has analysed with such microscopic care.

Among the rapidly perishing personal recollections of Crowborough folk are those connected with smuggling. Not that there are any denizens now living who took part in the business; but they know all about it, for long after the great war huge quantities of lace, silks, spirits, and tobacco continued to be secretly landed on the Sussex seaboard at Brighton, Worthing, Eastbourne, and other spots, borne thence inland by gangs of the most callous, desperate ruffians, who were locally known as "Owlers." One such notorious "repository" for depositing contraband merchandise was Crowborough Warren, and at least half a dozen well-known spots in the immediate vicinity, the dense heather and undergrowth offering unrivalled advantages for the concealment of tubs, barrels, chests, and casks. The isolated cottages and alehouses harboured kegs of rum and brandy beneath the hearth or in the stables and outhouses, or lonely copse adjacent. Old inhabitants of Crowborough can recall the time when, at a well-known local beerhouse, still standing, and known as the "Crow and Gate," "bottled moonshine" in smuggling parlance—that is to say, spirits of the finest quality—could always be procured for the asking. Desperate encounters between the revenue officers and the smugglers occurred on the Common and in the Warren. One local story tells how two desperadoes, known as Cripps and Ginger, fought with an exciseman whom they had encountered, and got off unscathed. A second relates how another, known as "Duke" Read, by reason of his aristocratic presence, fought hand to hand with the officers of the law, while his cowardly companions, in fear and trembling, had concealed themselves in the brushwood. And how on another occasion the same man outwitted a dozen revenue officers, who had disguised themselves and attended a local fair for the express purpose of laying the rascal by the heels.

Children and women were apprenticed to every ramification of this nefarious business, and long after the contrabandist, as legislation innocently imagined, had been "scotched" by the law, concealed stills existed in out-of-the-way corners of the neighbourhood. Within the memory of persons who are still living the lawlessness of the population was such as almost to exceed belief in these more prosaic days.

There is a tradition that when Lord Liverpool was living at Buxted Park he had occasion to attend a vestry meeting at Rotherfield. During the proceedings an animated dispute arose between him and some local blockhead. From words the pair before long

came to blows, and Lord Liverpool's amazement may be imagined at receiving from the brawny fist of his assailant a blow by which he was thrown flat on his back to the ground. Strange to say, the Earl declined to prosecute his assailant, and subsequently for some unexplained reason made him his gamekeeper. "Ignorant and heathenish" are the adjectives which Sir Henry Fermor in his last will and testament uses to designate the local peasantry in his day, and the incident to which we have referred points to the fact that they merited the same character long after his name and fame had passed into the region of ancient history. It redounds to his lasting honour that when the spiritual pastors of Rotherfield were content to live utterly regardless of the sheep who inhabited the heights of Crowborough, he should have tried with rough but genuine sympathy to fold them. Neglectful beyond measure as the country parson was at this time of the spiritual interests of his parishioners, he could always be depended upon for conniving at the operations of the "free-traders," as the smugglers were termed in the elegant euphemistic diction affected in polite circles, and was sometimes even, in his capacity of justice of the peace, called upon by a delinquent to pay for "that last tub of brandy," in order to enable him to discharge the fine levied upon him by their hard-hearted "worships" for smuggling. Local tradition asserts that some of the landed gentry had a finger in the smuggling pie, and invested the proceeds in stocks and shares.

Though the very mists seem now to be rent and dissipated by material civilisation, advancing with steam-engines and char-à-bancs, you may still meet with that mood of mind, characteristic of a peculiar stage of intellectual development, in which superstitions once terrible continue to be half believed, and to furnish an element of picturesqueness and poetry to the thinking and feeling of the people. Goethe, we all know, was in time to catch the last gleams of this popular poetry of the wonderful, as it began to disappear from the old forests of eighteenth-century Germany. The "Erl König," with his flowing white locks, which the scientists have long identified with the mists of evening, and his daughter, who has been identified with the grey willow shivering in the dusky twilight, are perfect examples of the legendary figures which once oppressed the soul with awe, but have since become not only picturesque but poetical. Sir Walter Scott, we have somewhere read, recommended that in order to make the "Erl König" and similar pieces adequately terrific they should be read by the light of a long wick candle in a solitary room about midnight. It will therefore

occasion no surprise to any to be told that the Sussex Oberland to this hour abounds in good folk. There are still in the Sussex Oberland those who believe in witchcraft and the second sight, in black and white ladies, in ghosts and fairies, once locally called "Pharisees," though their number is, of course, rapidly diminishing as the inevitable result of the establishment of Board schools and of the well-meant but only too often disastrous attempts to "elevate the masses." We remember being accompanied in one of our rambles by a great strapping, but remarkably intelligent young fellow, who in the innocence of his heart gravely related for our edification a ghost story the intrinsic improbability of which, while it struck us very forcibly during the narration, we would not for all we were worth have dared openly to controvert in the minutest detail. Mindful of that sound advice which the Rev. J. Coker Egerton,¹ rector of Burwash, who knew and understood the Sussex hinds so well, tenders to the "chiel" among them "taking notes," we listened in respectful silence, and were rewarded by hearing how "lots on 'em"—*i.e.* the country folk—had seen "it"—*i.e.* the headless spectre of some departed worthy; we almost forget whether it were that of Sir Henry Fermor or a local smuggler.

Jack o' Lantern and kindred phenomena have, we fear, much to answer for in regard to the claims to see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight; but it is really amazing to find the vitality with which superstitions of all sorts flourish in this congenial soil.

This is specially true in regard to witches, at any rate among the really bucolic section of the community. As far as we can learn, however, the witches were mostly not of the spiteful order, but addicted to footing it merrily on the greensward of the Beacon Hill when their neighbours had retired to roost, and to the customary orthodox pranks.

One or two legends we tell on the authority of Mr. Boys Firmin, who, with commendable diligence, has collected them at first hand and written them down. Know, then, that once upon a time, in the adjoining hamlet of Duddleswell, there resided an ancient dame who could at will assume the form of any beast of the field or fowl of the air in less time than it would take you to say Jack Robinson. On one occasion some local Nimrod chanced to start a hare on an adjacent farm. After an exciting chase for a few miles, it was observed that the poor hare doubled back to Duddleswell, and with the pack close at his heels made straight for Dame Garson's cottage.

¹ See his very interesting book, *Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways*, edited by the Dean of Canterbury, D.D. (Chatto & Windus).

Bounding over the garden gate, it jumped through a window, and disappeared from view just as the foremost hound grazed its back. "Ah, my boys," said a voice in sepulchral accents plainly audible to the huntsman, "you ain't got me yet." It was the voice of the witch as she exchanged the hare skin for the trappings of humankind.

Of Dame Neve, another old hag who tenanted a hovel in Crowborough and plagued her neighbours with indigestion, sleeplessness, and goodness knows how many other disorders, an equally delightful legend is current. Conceiving a grudge against a near neighbour, the nasty old woman bewitched the cream which the good housewife was vainly endeavouring to churn into butter. From early morn till noon the process was continued, but without any avail. Presently her son came in from work, and, seeing what was the matter, popped the poker in the fire, and in his mother's absence plunged it straightway into the cream. What followed we are required to believe was a hiss not unlike a suppressed scream, and soon the butter came ! Pressed hard by his mother to explain how it was that he had succeeded where she had so signally failed, the good boy preserved a discreet silence. Noon wore on, and the clodhopper, having finished his dinner, returned to work. On the road he met the witch. "Get me a poultice," she bawled ; "my leg is burnt." But as the boy could not relieve her, he told her to call at his mother's cottage for relief in the shape of lard and a bandage. Returning home in the evening, the sharp-witted yokel told the secret of the butter. "It was all Dame Neve's doing," said he ; "she had bewitched it. I met her as I went out, and was sure that she had to do with it. When she said her leg was burnt I *knew* it was the hot poker wot had done it." In a cottage which yet exists on Crowborough Common another witch and her daughter abode. It was observed that a neighbour began to sicken, and her husband, tired of consulting the village doctor and concocting herbs and simples, trudged off one fine morning to Tunbridge Wells, a few miles distant, to consult a certain wizard who had a great name in those parts as a "finder" and "smeller" of witches, and in counteracting their little playful ways. In response to the very graphic description of the evils with which his visitor's spouse was afflicted, the witch-finder desired to know whether he would be able to recognise any Crowborough witch if he saw a representation of her. "Yes," replied the yokel ; whereupon the witch-finder mixed some chemical preparation in a cup, upon which he next poured a liquid, and when the business of fizzing and hissing was over desired his visitor to inspect the sediment at the bottom. This he proceeded to do, and

presently exclaimed, "I see her ; 'tis Witch Killick. She is the one who torments my wife ;" and off went the hind, furnished with full instructions how to arrest the progress of the maladies under which his better half was labouring. At Crowborough, as elsewhere, implicit credence was placed in the vulgar delusion that no witch could die unless some person was present into which her spirit could enter and perpetuate her vice and virtues. The reader will, therefore, not be surprised to learn that in her last illness Witch Killick was very disquieted. Her daughter, into whom her spirit, in prospect of the speedy dissolution of it and the body which it plainly foresaw, earnestly desired to enter, was absent from the room. This circumstance was noticed by the neighbours, who contrived that before the old creature passed hence her daughter should be present. As a result the witch became calm and presently ceased to struggle. The report went forth that her spirit had entered the daughter, who thus became a witch, not, we will hope, of the malignant, but of the beneficent, the "bewitching" order of those who succeed in getting a handsome husband with a fortune equally handsome.

Where witches flourished it was but meet that wise men should flourish, and it is therefore gratifying to find that the witches were not allowed to monopolise the custom of Crowborough and to have it all their own way. A sharp competition was offered in the person of an astrologer, who was consulted from far and near, not only

When pewter pots did stray,
And linen slunk out of the way,

but in those affairs of the heart which, it would seem, occasion quite as much mental disquietude to the Delias and Corydons who shroud themselves in rural coverts far from the busy haunts of men as they do to the Mayfair beauty at the end of her first "season."

Astrologer Ivory—for such was his name—boasted a "genteel" *clientèle*, much like the palmists of Regent Street and Bond Street, and by adroitly adapting his charges to the rank of his visitors, and solving that most difficult of problems how to become all things to all men, amassed considerable wealth, and, as the fairy-tales say, lived happy and contented to the end of his days. Well it was for his peace of mind, perhaps, and still more for his pocket, that he did not survive to witness the extent to which the levelling tendencies of modern life and thought have penetrated Crowborough as they have elsewhere. Peace to his *manes* ! But here we must conclude, leaving much that we had intended to say unsaid, for our article is already too long. Before we do so, however, let us, for the infor-

mation of all who are not aware of it, and for all whom it may concern, proclaim the fact that Crowborough is a growing health-resort. A select few, like the servant of Elisha, have had their eyes opened to its manifold attractions. Brightonians in particular have become enamoured of its breezy heights. In such a region no season of the year can lack its charms, expected or unexpected. Like as with the sea, you can always find some compensation for what is absent, provided you look for it. Even the blackness of the approaching winter is tempered by the ruddy tints which linger in the heather and the bracken, set off by the scarlet of the turning whortleberry leaves, while the south-westerly gales make themselves half welcome by the briny whiffs which they waft up with them from the Channel. And then the skies are always with you—those insular skies of ours, perhaps jealous of their beauties, but nevertheless full of soft surprises when they condescend to display themselves. The changing marches of sunshine and storm, to say nothing of the sunsets which are to be witnessed from the Beacon crest, will teach one far better than any of your critical wiseacres in their ponderous tomes how true to Nature was the vision of Turner and of Constable. In brief, we may say that the Sussex Oberland is no resort either for those who take rank among the order *σπονδαῖος* or among those who associate enjoying themselves chiefly with the Cockney delights provided by the Brighton "Front." But to all who are fond of eschewing *le paysage intime*, and are disposed cordially to echo Cowper, when he avers that

They love the country, and none else, who seek,
For their own sake, its silence and its shade,

a sojourn there may cordially be recommended.

W. CONNOR SYDNEY.

FROM PRISON TO PRISON.

DURING the Commonwealth and Protectorate, when there was so great a clashing of men's minds in the matter of religion, and following upon the Restoration, big with promises of religious toleration never to be performed until the coming of the Prince of Orange, many folk were imprisoned in foul dungeons, oftentimes dying there, because they were not content to worship as the law demanded.

Of those who thus suffered, the Quakers were the worst off. From 1650 to 1660 there were 3,173 of them arrested and imprisoned, and in one year alone 1,000 persons were in durance at the same time ; whilst, when King Charles came to his own again, the first two and a half years of his reign, which should have chronicled the fulfilment of the promises made from Breda, saw no less than 3,068 Quakers haled to prison by his servants.

In this general persecution George Fox bore perhaps more than his share. He was ten times imprisoned, for a total period of about seven years, representing one sixth of his public life. This, however, was not lost time (any more than in the case of his contemporary, John Bunyan, who wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford Gaol), for from each of the cells Fox was thrust into proceeded epistle after epistle to his followers, and the cruel surroundings of an English prison of that date did not deter him from formulating plans for the progress and organisation of the religious society he had unwittingly called into being.

But the filth of Fox's prison cells, their openness to the weather, the diseases which made them their home, combined with the cruelties of his keepers, all left a deep mark upon the originally robust frame of the one-time shepherd lad ; so that upon his walking out of Scarborough Castle a free man the fact that his body was broken by the rigours and inhumanities of his confinements should be remembered along with the soldier's testimony to his character : "He is as stiff as a tree and as pure as a bell, for we could never move him."

George Fox's first considerable detention was in the House of Correction, and later in the gaol, at Derby, in 1650. The charge against him appears to have been blasphemy, but, from the fact that opportunities of escape were given him, it could hardly have been seriously pressed. From this prison he addressed a large number of letters to his judges and others, including the men "who used to ring the bells in the steeple-house." In these he especially emphasized his desire that judges should reconsider the plan of "putting men to death for cattle and money and small matters;" should "take heed of rewards or gifts, for they blind the eyes of the wise;" and that they should notice how hurtful a thing it was that prisoners should be so long in gaol, "showing how they learned wickedness one of another in talking of their bad deeds." In this way he used the experience so hurtful to himself to advocate reforms which the present day has not yet seen entirely carried out. (Death for robbery was not abolished until 1861.)

It cannot escape notice, in reading of this imprisonment, what a remarkable influence the Quaker exerted upon his guards. "Now the keeper of the prison, being a high professor, was greatly enraged against me, and spoke very wickedly of me; but it pleased the Lord one day to strike him so that he was . . . under great terrors of mind. And as I was walking in my chamber I heard a doleful noise; and standing still I heard him say to his wife: 'Wife, I have seen the day of judgment, and I saw George there and I was afraid of him, because I had done him so much wrong, and spoken so much against him to the ministers and professors, and to the justices, and in taverns and alehouses.' . . . After this in the evening he came up into my chamber . . . and he desired that he might lodge with me. . . . So I suffered him to lodge with me; and then he told me all his heart, and said he believed what I had said of the true faith and hope to be true."

But the most striking testimony to Fox's magnetic personality lies in the fact that when a band of soldiers was being formed in Derby for service under the Commonwealth—the Scots had now been defeated at Worcester, Cromwell's "crowning mercy"—the Commissioners would have made the Quaker captain over them, and the *soldiers* cried they would have none but him. When he refused the offer they replied that "they offered it in love and kindness to me because of my virtue; and such like flattering words they used."

After much service in the north country, Fox one day (in the year which saw the assembling of the Barebones Parliament) arrived

in the city of Carlisle, where he was handsomely received by the Baptists, who were as a rule not over-loving to the Quakers. He proceeded to the Market Cross, there to deliver a plain address against unfair dealing, in spite of the threats of the magistrates' wives that if he came thither they would pluck the hair off his head. The First Day following he went into the "steeple-house" (probably the Cathedral). There the power of the Lord was such that the people trembled and shook, and they thought the steeple-house shook. And now about the preacher a fierce storm began to rage—on the one hand the magistrates' wives and certain rude people of the city, with staves and stones, and on the other the soldiers and friendly people—so that the Governor had to send a file or two of musketeers into the building to appease the tumult. The usual warrant was issued the next day, and after examination the preacher was committed to prison, as a "blasphemer, heretic, and seducer." When the assizes came round all the talk was that the prisoner was to be hanged; and "Wilfey Lawson," the high sheriff, said he would himself guard Fox to his execution. The feeling against him and the public fear were so intense that three musketeers were set to guard the prisoner—one at his door, another at the stair-post, and a third at the street entrance. Priests and great ladies came to see the man who they said was to die. Until the trial he was put down into a dungeon amongst the moss-troopers, thieves, and murderers. "A filthy, nasty place it was, where men and women were put together in a very uncivil manner . . . and the prisoners so lousy that one woman was almost eaten to death with lice." The gaolers were both monsters of cruelty. One time, when the under-gaoler struck the prisoner, Fox broke out into song, which made him rage the more. "Then he fetched a fiddler . . . and set him to play, thinking to vex me thereby; but while he played I was moved in the everlasting power of the Lord God to sing; and my voice drowned the noise of the fiddle, and struck and confounded them . . ."

In the last days of this year (1653) Cromwell became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, but although hailed by Milton, the first of the Nonconformists, as the "father of his country," no measure of relief emanated from the new Government. It is true that in 1654 George Fox had a great discussion about religion with Cromwell, who "as I spoke would several times say it was very good and it was truth. And as I was turning to go away he caught me by the hand and with tears in his eyes said: 'Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together

we should be nearer one to the other,' adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul."

Nevertheless the very next year saw Fox again a prisoner, and this is how it came about. He and Edward Pigot were travelling in Cornwall. Fox had given out a "little paper," to be sent to the seven parishes at Land's End, and, this having come into the hands of a Major Ceely, instructions were issued that a party of horse should take the two preachers in charge. Journeying to Bodmin, they met Desborough (one of Cromwell's new major-generals). The prisoners would probably have been there and then liberated through the kind offices of a friendly captain, but they insisted on themselves speaking with the General, and it is not improbable that Fox's untrimmed reproof went a long way towards determining the great man to send the prisoners on to Launceston. Here they were tried before Lord Chief Justice Glynn, with the result that Fox was fined £13 6s. 8d., and to be put into prison pending payment. This was on January 22, 1656, and he was not liberated until September 13 of the same year.

Now, the gaoler had been a thief and was burnt both in hand and shoulder, as had been the under-gaoler; and the wives of both had been burnt in the hand. This in some measure explains the frightful treatment accorded to Fox and his companion so soon as these had decided to cease the weekly payment they had been making, of 7s. apiece for their horses, and 7s. for themselves (the horses they had sent away into the country). They were put down into Doomsdale, a place some 12 feet square, so noisome that it was commonly observed that few who went in ever came out again in health, and there suffered treatment of too barbarous and uncivilised a nature to be set down in this place. The people of the town showed their friendliness in various ways, but were discouraged by the gaoler, who actually prosecuted a girl for bringing a little meat. The prisoners issued several appeals, and at last an inquiry was ordered by the Protector. Then the local Justices took alarm, began to look into the matter, and things were for the future better ordered.

It had been told the Protector that the surest way to spread Quakerism in the west country was to keep George Fox shut up in Launceston Castle, and so it proved; for many of the town came to be convinced, and "professors" and people of all sorts and conditions made considerable journeys in order that they might converse with the prisoners. Some of these also—to wit, Judge Hagget's wife, of Bristol, and Elizabeth Trelawney, of Plymouth (a baronet's daughter)—

joined themselves to the Quakers. Nor were they without offers of help. "Thomas Lower," afterwards Fox's son-in-law, "came to visit us, and offered us money, which we refused, accepting nevertheless his love;" and about the same time, in London, Humphrey Norton went to Oliver Cromwell, and offered himself body for body to lie in Doomsdale in Fox's stead; whereat the Protector turned to his Council with the question, "Which of you would do so much for me if I were in the same condition?"

Eventually freedom came through Major-General Desborough. The cruel gaoler was himself soon after cast into the gaol, incarcerated in Doomsdale, locked in irons and beaten, being "bid by his successor to remember how he had abused those good men whom he had so wickedly, without any cause, cast into the nasty dungeon."

In the mighty September storms of 1658, the Lord Protector had passed away, his son had crossed the public stage, and now Charles II. was seated on his father's throne. Yet still the Quakers, who had never loved the Regicide, were hunted and imprisoned.

Fox was at Swarthmoor Hall in the year of the Restoration, Francis Howgill (one of the early martyrs of Quakerism) and Thomas Curtis being with him. For the fourth time Fox was arrested and was taken across the fields to Ulverston, where a guard of fifteen or sixteen men was set to watch him in the constable's house, for fear he "should go up the chimney." Thence he was led to a great water called the Carter Ford, and over the wide and dangerous sands, to Lancaster. For twenty weeks he was imprisoned in the common gaol there, part of the time in the "Dark House." Liberation came in this instance through the courage of Margaret Fell (who travelled to London on his behalf and spoke with the King), and the cowardice of Justice Foster, who refused to appear against his prisoner in London, whither the case had been removed. The indictment charged Fox with seeking to embroil the nation in blood and raise a new war, whereupon the prisoner stretched out his hands and exclaimed, "I am as innocent as a child concerning the charge, and have never learned any war postures." In describing their arrival in London George Fox says that multitudes of people were gathered together at Charing Cross to see the burning of the bowels of some of the old King's judges who had been hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Passing over a short imprisonment at Leicester in 1662 (here the gaoler would come with his quarterstaff to beat the Quakers, but was always prevented by his big mastiff), we come to another, and a longer, incarceration at Lancaster.

It was in 1663, and many northern Justices (among them being Colonel Kirkby, and Daniel Fleming of Rydal Hall) were gathered at Holker Hall to concert measures for the suppression of the Quakers. Into the midst of the lions walked the lamb, George Fox, well knowing that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. He was arrested, charged with complicity in the "Farnley Wood Plot," and, this failing, had the oath tendered to him by a Roman Catholic Justice, for whom and his co-religionists the Act was originally framed and who had himself refused the oath. On giving his word to appear at the forthcoming assizes, George Fox was allowed to return to Swarthmoor, which he left to appear at Lancaster on January 11, 1664. Many other Quakers were imprisoned in the town on a similar charge—men "who had served the King in his wars . . . and had suffered great hardships, with the loss of much blood, for him, and had always stood faithful to him from first to last, and had never received any pay for their services."

It would weary to detail the events of the three trials Fox underwent at Lancaster. During the whole of the period he was kept in close prison, Margaret Fell being also in the same building under the same charge of refusing the Oath of Allegiance.

Two things stand out in connection with this imprisonment—first, the success with which Fox pointed out errors in the successive indictments; and, secondly, the wretched condition of the cells he was put into. "Upon my complaint of the badness of my prison," he writes, "some of the Justices went up to see it; but when they came they durst hardly go in, the floor was so bad and the place so open to wind and rain. Some that came up said, 'Sure it was a jakes-house.'" Later on he was removed from this apartment, but hardly to his advantage, for in the "tower" he now occupied "the smoke of the other prisoners came up so thick that I could hardly see the candle when it burned . . . It rained in upon my bed, and many times when I went to stop out the rain in the cold winter season, my shirt was as wet as much of the rain that came in upon me . . . I was so starved in cold and rain that my body was greatly swelled." The end of the whole business was that both Fox and Margaret Fell were recorded as "premunired persons," albeit, in the latter case at least, the sentence does not appear to have been carried out.

It was now April of 1665—the year of the Plague. In London for most men the day would start with a visit to the Tower, in order to inspect the weekly "bill" of deaths, whilst the night would be

broken into by the dread tolling of the bells for deaths and burials. No doubt, frightened folk flying into the country brought the news to Lancaster, where the Justices, being of opinion that Fox's detention there was doing them harm, had just got an order to transfer him to Scarborough. The first stage of the prisoner and his guards was to Bentham. Fox was so weak that he could hardly sit his horse, and suffered much discomfort by the action of a youth, Hunter, who "would come behind and give the horse a lash with his whip, and make him skip and leap . . . then he would come and look me in the face and say, 'How do you do, Mr. Fox?' . . . The Lord cut him off soon after." At last Scarborough Castle, set on a lordly height between the north and south bays, came into sight. At first the prisoner was not unkindly treated, but he was soon put into an open room, into which the rain came, and where the fire smoked abominably. He paid 50s. to have the room set to rights, but was then transferred to a worse one, where was neither chimney nor fire hearth; the water came over the bed, and ran about the room, so that he "was fain to skim it up with a platter;" and, his clothes being perpetually wet, his body became benumbed with cold and his fingers swelled.

Many visitors—noble ladies and gentlemen, priests and common folk—came to see the prisoner, whose fame was great throughout the country, but to Friends he was, he says, as a man buried alive: when any Friend (and there were five 'Monthly Meetings' in Yorkshire by this time) came into the Castle about business, "if he but looked towards me they would rage at him." At last, the governor, Sir J. Crossland, being touched by trouble, spoke to Esquire Marsh (who had already proved himself a friend in need) about his prisoner, and an order for release, dated September, 1666, was sent down. The governor declined a present, proffered in return for the civility and kindness latterly shown by him, and afterwards, if the Mayor sent for soldiers to break up Friends' Meetings, though he might ostensibly respond, he would privately give them charge not to meddle.

This was the last imprisonment George Fox suffered, save the fourteen months of interrupted durance at Worcester, which began in the 13th year of Charles II.'s reign and ended in the 15th. On this occasion he was journeying with his wife—for he had now been married for four years to the widow of Judge Fell—from London northwards, with the intention of once more seeing his dying mother, when he was cast into Worcester Gaol for contravening the Conventicle Act. The charge, however, ultimately became the usual one

of refusal to take the Oath of Allegiance, and a sentence of pre-munire followed as a matter of course.

During his imprisonment here the gaoler's son offered to be bound for him, and many visitors found a new purpose in life as they listened to the burning words of the prisoner whom they had come, in mere curiosity, to see.

The cause of true religion has oftentimes been better served in the prison than in the pulpit. Doubtless it was so in this case. Heroic suffering stamped Fox's impassioned utterance with a new meaning, so that men who came to curse returned to bless ; his enforced detentions, whilst they embarrassed the daily progress of the Society he founded, gave opportunity for the formation of a scheme of government of far more importance to it and to England than any temporary aid could have been ; and the persecuted prisoner forgot the cruel and unjust nature of his treatment as this led him to become less dependent upon himself and raised him nearer to the Master he served.

ERNEST E. TAYLOR.

THE REIGN OF THE GIN TERROR.

THE comparatively high standard of temperance in our drinking customs which the social exigencies of the time have imposed upon the better-educated section of the community will, we may fairly hope, be eventually attained by the more reckless and less thrifty portion of the proletariat, so that the fabric of society may at least, by this one most desirable achievement, present, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, a consistent whole. Time was when it was the other way about, and "as drunk as a lord" was equitably proverbial—when, whatever example there was to follow was presented by the great majority of the industrious classes, whose well-earned and favourite beverage was "honest"—and sometimes *dishonest*—ale; for until the year 1723 the vice of gin-drinking was a prerogative of the rich,¹ and had not begun to oust the popular taste for the national beverage; and brandy and rum were equally without the reach of the masses, the former being heavily taxed as an import from France, and the latter being a protected colonial product from Jamaica. But now drunkenness had become so prevalent that, on January 19, 1726, the College of Physicians made a representation on the subject to the House of Commons through Dr. Friend, one of its Fellows and member for Launceston. Fielding computed 100,000 persons in London to be living on drink alone. Six gallons of spirits per head of the population per annum is an estimate for this period, against one gallon at present.² The smuggling of Hollands gin and Nantes brandy grew apace through the enormous duty of 20s. per gallon which was placed on those spirits. The Jekyll Gin Tax, in fact, merely transferred the traffic from the licensed retailers to the smugglers. In the harvest of 1733, farmers in several parts of Kent were obliged to offer higher wages, although the price of grain was low, and could hardly get any hands on any terms, a state of affairs which was attributed "to the great numbers who employed themselves in smuggling along the coast."³

¹ Traill's *Social England*, vol. ii. p. 136.

² Dr. Creighton's *Hist. of Epidemics in Britain*, 1894, vol. ii. p. 84.

³ *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1733, p. 492.

Immediately before the passing in 1736 of the Gin Act (George II. c. 23), the object of which was to prevent the retailing of spirituous liquors in less quantities than two gallons, there were, in the limits of Westminster, the Tower, and Finsbury divisions, exclusive of London and Southwark, no fewer than 7,044 houses and shops where Geneva was publicly sold by retail, besides what was privately sold in garrets, cellars, and back rooms.¹ The free use, by the populace, of untaxed gin led to drunkenness among them becoming a raging vice, and the public places where it was obtained became the scenes of unspeakable debaucheries. Not only were the people invited by painted advertisements to be drunk for a penny and dead drunk for twopence, but often the debauchees never left the straw beds, in the cellars alluded to, alive, to which they had been carried. Such paragraphs as these were of constant occurrence in the news-sheets of the time: "Friday, a butcher near Gray's Inn Lane, went with a watchman belonging to St. Andrew's parish, to a Geneva shop, and drank to that excess, that he dropt down dead, and the watchman went home and hang'd himself."² "On Sunday Evening, two Men drank Geneva for a Wager of a Crown at a Brandy-shop near Redcross Street, in Southwark: the Winner drank three Quarts, and walked off pretty well, but died next Morning."³

Meanwhile this "free trade" in Geneva aggravated alarmingly the already intolerable conditions under which what were known as "night cellars" in the City and West End were conducted, and owing to the urgent representations of citizens of repute several Aldermen of the City of London agreed to meet weekly, in order to suppress "several Night-Houses, Night-Cellars, and other disorderly Houses, that are lately open'd in the City, and to punish and pass away to the their proper Settlements, Rogues, idle Vagabonds, &c."⁴ "Several of the Neighbours in and near Craigs-Court, Charing-Cross, having made a Complaint, and given an Information upon Oath against a Man and his Wife for keeping a very disorderly Night-Cellar, and harbouring and entertaining of reputed Thieves, Pick-pockets, and other dissolute and wicked Persons, whereby they are frequently disturb'd in the Night-time by Noises, Outcries of Murder, &c., a warrant was granted against the Man and his Wife who keep the said Night-Cellar, by Justice Railton and six other of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Westminster. And the said

¹ J. Salmon's *Chronological Historian*, 1747, vol. ii., p. 317.

² *Grub Street Journ.*, June 12, 1735.

³ *St. James's Evening Post*, May 8, 1736.

⁴ *London Evening Post*, June 17, 1732.

Justices committed to Tothill-Fields Bridewell a Woman for keeping a disorderly Night-House in Hart-Street, Covent Garden, to the great Annoyance and Disturbance of that Neighbourhood. Several idle and disorderly Fellows and reputed Thieves and Pickpockets, who nightly infest the streets about Charing Cross, Temple Bar, and the Strand, were also by the said Justices committed to Tothill-Fields Bridewell to hard labour, several of whom were taken about One o'Clock on Saturday Morning, quarrelling in a Brandy-Shop by Mermaid-Court, near Charing-Cross, amongst whom was a noted Irish Bagpiper, and Midnight Bully."¹

The Act did not come into operation until Michaelmas. Physicians, apothecaries, surgeons, and chemists were permitted the use of spirits or other spirituous liquors in the preparation of medicines for the sick, lame, and "distemper'd" only.² The distillers in several places discontinued their trade, deeming it not worth their while to take out a licence, although they had strong hopes that at the next sitting of Parliament the Act would be either repealed or amended.³ But the more respectable portion of the newspaper press was in favour of the measure. The well-informed "St. James's Evening Post" of May 8, 1736, said: "'Tis not doubted but the late Act of Parliament, designed to restrain the excessive drinking of spirituous Liquors, will have the happy effect proposed, since it confines the retailing those pernicious Liquors solely to Persons keeping Victualling-Houses, Inns, Coffee-Houses, Ale-Houses, and Brandy-Shops, and exercise no Trade whatever. Selling any Quantity under two Gallons is deem'd retailing, and a Duty after the rate of 20s. per Gallon is payable thereon. The persons who retail must enter themselves in the Excise Office, pay

¹ *London Evening Post*, June 17, 1732.

² *St. James's Evening Post*, May 8, 1736. The "distemper'd" alluded to here were, probably, often those who were suffering from the effects of a debauch, and their application to the chemist was for "a hair of the dog that had bitten them," for the word was, at all events in the seventeenth century, generally understood to mean "intoxicated." In Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, Graccho says:

"... For the courtiers reeling,
And the Duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd,
But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing."

Thus, also, Shirley in his tragi-comedy of *The Grateful Servant*, 1655:

Clear. My lord, he's gone.

Lod. How?

Clear. Distemper'd.

Lod. Not with wine.

³ *Ibid.*, Sept. 14, 1736.

50*l.* down for a Licence, and renew it yearly, and be licensed more-over by two or more Justices. The selling Liquors on a Bulk in the Streets, on a Wheelbarrow, or Stand in the Field, and in Boats on the Water, is intirely prohibited, as is likewise the giving them away to Servants, &c., by Chandlers and other Shops, or the paying any part of Workmen's Labour in these Liquors."¹

Although the Act moderated for a brief interval the flood of intemperance, it was very far from being stayed thereby, and rose again towards the middle of the eighteenth century, which had been more or less cursed with this abuse since 1723, when the vice of gin-drinking had ceased to be a privilege of the rich, to an alarming extent. In July, 1738, it was computed that 12,000 people had been convicted on the Gin Act within less than two years, and this in London alone. Of these, nearly 5,000 had been convicted on the £100 penalty, and 3,000 had paid £11 each to excuse their being sent to Bridewell—all within the Bills of Mortality.² In the meantime many were the evasions of the law. In one instance, a mere lad is described as being committed to Bridewell by Thomas Engier, Esq., only a month after the Act took place, "for selling Gin in small Quantities in S. George's Fields, contrary to the late Statute against spirituous Liquors."³ On the other hand, many distillers forsook the trade as unprofitable, and "since the Gin Act took place, there has been a greater Demand for old Cloaths in Rag-fair, by poor People, than has been known for several years past."⁴ But "Jekyll's Gin Act," as it was called, from having been promoted by that philanthropic lawyer, afforded but a brief respite, and its provisions were promptly disregarded by the clandestine dealings of the "brandy-shops," and by sundry chemists and apothecaries, who, however, as it has been observed, were justified in selling gin medicinally, and the door was thus opened to their venality by the common people remembering that it was a remedy for both the "worms" and the "gripes." Informers against this surreptitious method of obtaining the spirit arose, and paragraphs such as the following were of frequent occurrence in the news-sheets of the time: "On Thursday Night Sarah Greffen and Hannah Wayman were committed to New Prison by Anthony Chamberlain, Esq.; on the Oaths of William Hanning, one of the Headboroughs of St. Giles's in the Fields, and Bartholomew Bird, for raising Mobs about them, by crying out that they were Informers, and rescuing out of their Custody Elizabeth Price, who was their Prisoner, Information

¹ *St. James's Evening Post*, May 8, 1736.

² Salmon, p. 347.

³ *St. James's Evening Post*, Oct. 21, 1736.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Oct. 23, 1736.

being made against her for selling Spirituous Liquors in less Quantities than two Gallons, without being duly licensed thereto by two Justices of the Peace, according to the Statute.”¹ “On Monday last, several People were tried at the Sessions at Guildhall, for insulting some Persons who had informed against the Retailers of Gin in Duke’s Place, and were found guilty, fin’d and imprisoned for the same ; and were all told that, if those who were insulted had died (as in some Cases has happened), they would all have been tried for murder.”² “On Thursday, one Sikes, belonging to the Second Regiment of Guards, went to Mr. Smith’s, a Chymist, in Broad Street, Carnaby Market, and desired to have a Cordial for the Gripes, which was accordingly prepared and delivered to him ; then he went to Justice Marget’s and informed against the said Chymist for retailing Spirituous Liquors, but he appearing and proving it was a Cordial, and not Gin, as the Informer had sworn, Mr. Smith was dismissed ; but the Informer fell into the Hands of the Mob, who pelted him, and dragg’d him thro’ several Horse-Ponds, Channels, etc., so that it’s thought he cannot recover the Treatment he met with.”³ On the 14th of October, 1736, Robert Kirkpatrick, surgeon and apothecary, in Turnmill Street, and John Thomas, chemist at Shoreditch, were fined £100 each, on informations, for retailing spirituous liquors contrary to the intent and meaning of the Act.⁴

But in spite of all this, the results were riots and a daily augmented clandestine traffic. The consumption of British spirits had been, in 1727, three and a half million gallons, and in 1735 nearly *five* and a half ; by 1742 it was *seven* million one hundred and sixty-two thousand.⁵ The influential “Daily Advertiser” of March 3, 1742, thought fit to write as follows : “It is wish’d and hoped for by all good People, that the Committees of Parish Workhouses within and about this great City, will soon apply to Parliament for such a Duty to be laid on the Still-Head, as will prevent the common and extravagant Use of Spirituous Liquors, in order to preserve the Lives and Constitutions of Men, Women, and Children, and once more to create the Use of Bread, Meat, and Beer, and all other Eatables, in order to create strength and a healthful Constitution, for the Benefit of King and Country, and which will greatly promote the landed Interest, put a stop to the daily Increase of Poor in every Parish, and be a Means to prevent more and greater Evils than Tongue can well

¹ *St. James’s Evening Post*, Nov. 24, circa 1734.

² *Ibid.*, Dec. 6, 1737.

³ *Ibid.*, Feb. 9, 1738.

⁴ *Hone’s Table Book*, p. 539.

⁵ *Traill’s Social England*, vol. ii. p. 136.

Express." In 1743 the duty was abruptly dropped to 1*d.* per gallon ; by 1751, when the maximum was reached, the consumption was 11,000,000 gallons, and the number of gin-shops within the Bills of Mortality was said to be 17,000. Of these, 1,700 were suppressed in 1750.¹

Other subterfuges consisted in supplying the "fiend with fury fraught" in a more or less disguised form. One Gordon, a punch-seller in the Strand, and one of the only three who took out the necessary 5*o**l.* licence, sold a drink which he called "Sangree" (? *sang-gris*), which was ostensibly made of strong Madeira wine. "Bob" was another fanciful name for a dram of which "Geneva" was probably an ingredient, as "Bob" was an old slang term for that spirit. The following relates to the influence of the Act upon the use of gin :

THE FALL OF BOB ; OR, THE ORACLE OF GIN.

A TRAGEDY. By TIMOTHY SCRUBB, of Rag Fair, Esq.

Say, hast thou not of Usurpation read ;
Read of a Tyrant in his Mimick Throne,
By Avarice and Cruelty entour'd,
Rule with an Iron Rod an harrass'd Land,
Oppress the Virtuous, and the nobly born ;
Raise from the Dunghills, Miscreants, whose Souls
Were form'd for Mischief, and whose innate Hate
Of what was good, made 'em fit Tools of Pow'r ?
Hast thou not read of Desolation dire,
Of solemn Murders, sanctify'd by Law ;
Of Judges, who have set their Souls to Sale,
And traffick'd in the Blood of Innocence ?
Hast thou not too, of a sham Senate read,
A sham Protector and his Standing Troops,
Which stain'd with blood the Face of Liberty,
And drove the beauteous Goddess from our Iles ?
Yet scarce such Ills deserve the name of Woe,
When with the Loss of Darling GIN compar'd.²

Drams with other names, designed with a view to evade the Act, were sold in the brandy-shops of High Holborn, St. Giles's, Tothill Street, Rosemary Lane, Shoreditch, the Mint, Kent Street, and in other parts, and were called "Tow Row," "Cuckold's Comfort," "Parliament Gin," "Make Shift," "The Last Shift," "The Ladies' Delight," "The Balk," "King Theodore of Corsica," "Cholick

¹ Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, 1868.

² *St. James's Evening Post*, October 2, 1736.

4s. 6d., in no less Quantity than two Gallons, and only for ready Money." In the year 1723, when the Mint in Southwark, which had long been a sanctuary for insolvent debtors, was suppressed, a curious procession might have been seen wending its way through the streets of the old borough to Guildford. It was, however, not of such an honourable character as the pilgrimage whose conversation delights us in the pages of Chaucer, and certainly the latter did not include "a Drawer leading an Ass loaded with Geneva, to support the Spirits of the Ladies on the Journey." "On Tuesday," says one account, "some Thousands of the Minters went out of the Land of Bondage, alias the Mint, to be cleared at the Quarter Sessions at Guildford, according to the late Act of Parliament; the Road was crowded with them, insomuch that they look'd like one of the Jewish Tribes going out of Egypt, the Cavalcade consisted of Caravans, Carts, and Waggon, besides Numbers on Horses, Asses, and on Foot; the Drawer of the two fighting Cocks was seen to lead an Ass loaded with Geneva, to support the Spirits of the Ladies upon the Journey: 'Tis said, that several Heathen Bailiffs lay in Ambuscade in Ditches upon the Road, to surprize some of them, if possible, on their March, if they should straggle from the main Body; but they proceeded with so much Order and Discipline, that they did not lose a Man upon this Expedition."¹

Pope alludes to the destructive traffic in gin in his "Epilogue to the Satires," written in 1738, and says that gin had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people before it was restrained:

Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.²

J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL.

¹ *The Weekly Journal*, July 20, 1723.

² Dialogue I. 130.

OPEN ENGLAND.

ONE of the most alluring conceptions of England in the olden time is the notion of an open and ownerless country. We vary the period of our choice according to the extent and accuracy of our historical knowledge, but nearly everybody gifted with imagination has his *Sylvan Age*. It may be in Anglo-Saxon days and an England which is a silent wilderness, with a dim overhanging mist, the face of the country covered with trees, and here and there a big mangy patch of morass, with Gurth and Wamba herding swine in the thickets. Or perhaps it is in the late and merry Middle Ages, with forest glades, and lads and lasses frolicking under the greenwood tree, a time when romance and mystery kept men's minds light and expectant, and piety contrived to live in good fellowship with a host of opposite attributes—the days of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, of Friar Tuck and Bishop Goliath. Or maybe we are fascinated by the comparison of to-day with the day before yesterday—the rapid march of the builder and the thickening of the crowd. What wonderment there is, for instance, in the reflection that a century and a half ago Regent Street was the haunt of the woodcock (shyest of birds), and the neighbourhood of Conduit Street a stretch of meadow land drained by a rill of pure water; while Lancashire, now heaving and throbbing from end to end with the strenuous movement of millions of toilers, was then as silent and empty as Galway or Kerry!

And what town dweller does not continually sigh for the freedom of the country? and who is there living in the country that has not frequently wished for the wider boundaries of the backwoods and prairie? This craving is about the most original portion of our nature, a fragment as old as the days when saffron and woad were the sartorial fashion, and caves and green boughs the latest thing in homes and habitations.

In very truth our country has, owing to its prosperity, shrunk into a small and stifling area. It is a land of boundaries. There is no getting away from the eternal and officious fence, with its

aggravating suggestion of appropriation. The public spaces which have been philanthropically provided, and over which we luxuriously parade in our leisure hours, together with all other public rights of way, numerous though they may be, only serve to indicate how dense we are in number, and how artificial we are forced to be.

No doubt the fence, as we know it, is a comparatively modern invention; as a fortification it is nearly as old as the human race. Man learned, early enough, to fence out the weather with a house and the enemy with a wall; and when he began to cultivate plants, he was forced to protect the spots cultivated against the ravages of animals. The rest remained a public right. When Pedling and Billing arrived in Britain from the Saxon shore, they settled down alongside of each other (taking care to leave a broad intervening space), and agreed a line of demarcation. They took precautions for the protection of their oats and rye, but, like Abraham and Lot, they were too amicably disposed to even contemplate a quarrel over a mere question of grazing land. By-and-by, Pedlington and Billingham were constituted parishes by the monk Theodore, the imaginary line struck by the two patriarchs being adopted as the division between the two places. Hereafter we are to understand that the principle of inter-parochial boundary must be respected, inasmuch as the Pedlings and Billings have multiplied, and their flocks and herds as well, and orderly conduct now demands that each family should keep more strictly within its own township limits. But within the "mark" there were no divisions or distinctions, save only in the arable field.

This loose and indefinite arrangement generally prevailed till long after the Conquest. William might parcel out the parishes among his favourites, he might grant the manors of Pedlington and Billingham to aliens; but the descendants of Pedling and Billing, together with their cattle, were exactly in the same position as the ground game—they lived on the land, and nothing but extermination could efface that position. What actually did occur need not be recapitulated further than to remark that manorial rights did, in course of time, become valuable through confiscations and ingenious levies upon the purses and labour of the occupiers. The main thing to remember is that for something like two hundred years after the Conquest the lord acquired hardly anything, in a legalised way, by virtue of the fence.

In the days of Robin Hood a traveller might journey across country from Berwick to Deal, and from Lincoln to the Welsh

marches, through open land, without let or hindrance. Yet such a state of things did not by any means imply that agriculture was undeveloped. England at that time supported its population wholly on home products, besides exporting a very substantial residue. English sheep were famous throughout Europe, and their wool was prized by the Flemish and Walloon weavers as the best raw material procurable. Agriculture was all but a universal occupation. Freeholder, copyholder, and cottager each had a field or a furrow somewhere, upon which he could put his foot and say, "The crop here is mine exclusively." Over and above this (and perhaps a little meadowland in the richer shires) the whole country still lay open.

It is usual to assume that the respective rights of lord and tenant were uniform and definite. So far as the reservation of rent service and payment in kind was concerned, this very likely was the case. But not so as regards common pasturage. Such was impossible; and therefore under the circumstances it was easy for an aggrandising lord or an encroaching tenant to benefit considerably at the expense of others. There appear to have been at least three methods of grazing: (1) an unrestricted freedom for lord and tenant alike to turn stock on the parish common; (2) a right for lord and tenant alike to turn on a fixed maximum of stock in proportion to the area of the enclosed lands of each—called a "stinted" pasture; (3) a "stinted" right for the tenants over the whole demesne, the lord's right being only stinted over the common close and champaign country, and not over the outwoods, moors, and heaths. For the purpose of carrying out whichever of these arrangements was in vogue, a hayward or pounder was appointed at the Court Baron, and his duty it was to watch the land and prevent aggression by occupiers of adjoining manors, or trespass or overstocking by the tenants themselves. The pounder is still in many places appointed.

The defects of all these various systems are obvious, and were no doubt painfully apparent to the political economists of the period. But how to improve upon them without curtailing the fundamental principle of the public right to the use of the land was a problem. Some of the devices of mediæval agriculturists show that the over-reaching instinct was as powerful then as it is now. Occupiers were on the alert to take advantage of each other, and the whole body were ready to squeeze the lord if an opportunity arose. One illustration of the refined cunning of the Middle Ages we cannot help referring to, because it is so delicious. The prime endeavour in those days was to secure all the dung possible for the arable

patch, and mainly on this account the ancient custom of gathering the cattle from the common, and folding them in the rickyard or homestead croft during the night, was kept up. One contemporary writer, however, points out that folded cattle usually lie throughout the night, thereby checking the action of the bowels; and so he recommends the careful farmer to gently exercise his animals round the pen in the morning before he drives them afield. A frequent subject of contention was the more dishonest trick of wealthy tenants on unrestricted pastures of turning on an overwhelming stock in spring, and then trading them off when the grass was done, to the detriment of the *bonâ-fide* all-the-year-round tenants, who were anxious for the grass to last through the season.

The grievances between lord and tenant were equally acute, and the Statute of Merton, passed in 1235 for the relief of the former, marks the first concession to the principle of the Fence. It recites that "the great men of England" had, from time to time, made such and such persons freeholders, and these persons, having a claim over the waste lands, prevented their lords from making "their profit of the residue of their manors, as of wastes, woods, and pastures." The preamble declares that the tenants had sufficient pasture, "as much as belongeth to their tenements," but, not content with that, asserted their rights over the whole commonable property within the manor. We are not aware of any record of the evidence upon which the tenants based their contention, but it would probably be on nothing less than the hitherto unqualified and ancient custom which was stated in the earlier portion of this article. On the other hand, the landowners would, no doubt, plead that the grants from the Conqueror had modified the old usage, and that the rents and services rendered to them were constructive admission of their present claims.

The difficulty of deciding in favour of the lords must have been great, and yet one is bound to admit that the existing indefinite and wasteful system of exploiting the country was equally serious. The Statute of Merton, in the rough and ready way of the period, ends the controversy by handing the whole matter over to the justices of the peace. In cases where landlord and tenants could not agree, the justices were empowered to decide what common rights were sufficient for the latter; and, subject thereto, the lord was at liberty to deal with the remainder as he thought fit.

The operation of the new Act was slow and gradual. The capital value of the best land in the thirteenth century was only from five to eight shillings per acre, and the cost of fencing—at, say, fourpence

a day per man—checked the force of the statute. Some advantage was taken of it, as is evidenced by the fact that during the next fifty years the old disagreements took a new turn, the tenants defying the awards of the justices and demolishing the fences. The Statute of Westminster (1285) enacted that if such wrongdoers were not indicted by the inhabitants of the adjoining towns, the latter were to pay for the damage done.

The period immediately subsequent to the Reformation is marked by a revival of the application of the statute. The monks, in anticipation of the coming disendowment, had for upwards of a century been granting long leases to lay agriculturists at low rents, coupled with a premium paid down. The new tenants, looking at things with a wholly commercial eye, recognised that enclosed land was worth at least twenty-five per cent. more than land held in common. The new owners were equally mercantile in their ideas, and the result was that for a time the powers of the Statute of Merton were briskly applied.

Other causes were tending towards change. As the country grew in commercial importance the craftsmen increased in number and dissociated themselves from the cultivation of the soil, and the ever-widening cleavage between agriculture and trade affected the status of both. The enclosures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, though inconsiderable by comparison with what took place afterwards, caused a feeling of popular uneasiness. The absolute vesting of common land in individuals converted land into a marketable commodity. The commercial classes were ready buyers. "Owner" and "occupier," "buyer" and "seller" were now terms in constant use, and had acquired a hard, precise, individualistic meaning. The Statute of Merton was an enclosing enactment only in a negative way. It was to a much greater extent a bulwark of protection to the yeoman against the large proprietor. The cottager, whose mean degree had hitherto excluded him from formal recognition, and whose rights had been left to the good-natured toleration of his betters, was at this critical juncture looked after and protected by common consent. In the sixteenth century some of his privileges were confirmed by statute, and the handsome stipulations made for the maintenance of his cow put the modern three-acre scheme of Mr. Chamberlain completely in the shade.

The golden prosperity of Elizabeth's reign increased the importance of the merchant class, and land was bought and sold at continually increasing prices. The founders of new families were men of new ideas. The power of the purse had enabled them to acquire an heirable interest in freeholds, which was then the main outward

sign of gentility, and King James, with a notable appreciation of the business instinct, completed their consolidation by the creation of baronetcies—for a consideration. But the prospect of their broad heaths and underwoods lying neglected and almost valueless appealed strongly to the thrifty enterprise of the new order, and in many a manor power and influence, judiciously applied, enabled the new lords to make arrangements with the lesser folk. Enclosures by mutual consent were common enough during the seventeenth century, and one of the good deeds of the Long Parliament was the disafforesting of large tracts of royal preserves in various parts of the country.

Still, the poor man's interests were not lost sight of, although somewhat interfered with. Gabriel Plattes, writing about the middle of the seventeenth century, advocates enclosure, because, he says, an acre enclosed is better than four acres in common ; but he recognises the old belief that the use of land is the birthright of all, by adding that no common should ever be enclosed without leaving a cow's grass for every cottage.

The wide research and vivid pen of Lord Macaulay have furnished an inimitable sketch of England in 1685, just a generation before the dawn of a new epoch in the history of the Fence. On the state of agriculture he says :—

“The arable land and pasture land were not supposed by the best political arithmeticians of that age to amount to much more than half the area of the kingdom. The remainder was believed to consist of moor, forest, and fen. These computations are strongly confirmed by the road books and maps of the seventeenth century. From these books and maps it is clear that many routes which now pass through an endless succession of orchards, cornfields, hayfields, and beanfields, then ran through nothing but heath, swamp, and warren. . . . At Enfield, hardly out of sight of the smoke of the capital, was a region of five-and-twenty miles in circumference, which contained only three houses and scarcely any enclosed fields.”

And in a foot-note, commenting on the “*Itinerarium Angliæ*” (1675) of John Ogilby, the cosmographer royal, he remarks :—

“In some of his maps the roads through enclosed country are marked by lines, and the roads through unenclosed country by dots. The proportion of unenclosed country, which if cultivated must have been wretchedly cultivated, seems to have been very great. From Abingdon to Gloucester, for example, a distance of forty or fifty miles, there was not a single enclosure, and scarcely one enclosure between Biggleswade and Lincoln.”

It was reserved for the landowners of the eighteenth century to

alter this state of things, and to vigorously carry to a completion the gridironing of the country. Even the most conservative were tired of the exasperating restrictions which lay upon the cultivation of the common field and the grazing of the waste land. The progress of a whole manor towards newer methods of farming was hindered by the thick-headed prejudice of perhaps a single common-holder. The time was ripe for a new mode of procedure.

To-day it is electricity and tramways which are the principal objects of private Bill legislation ; during the last century it was railways and gas. Throughout the eighteenth century the Houses of Parliament were busily engaged in passing private Enclosure Acts. The Report of the Board of Agriculture on Enclosures in 1808 shows that, from the reign of Anne to the year 1805, 2,591 such Acts had been passed for England alone, and during the next forty years the number was brought up to more than four thousand, affecting ten thousand square miles of common. Besides these private Acts, numerous arrangements were made without recourse to Parliament, of which there is no public record, and these, on a moderate computation, bring up the total area to practically one-fourth the surface of the country.

In addition to the efforts of private Bill legislation, the Governments of the eighteenth century were moving, in a general way, in the same direction. By a public statute of 1756 it is recited that, owing to the scarcity of wood, it was necessary to import foreign timber ; and it was enacted that any owner of waste woods and pastures might, with the assent of the major part of the persons having right of pasturage, make enclosures for the growth and preservation of timber and underwood. An attempt was also made in 1773 to mitigate by statute the restrictions placed upon cultivators of common fields by overruling the backward minority. This Act provides that a majority of three-fourths of the cultivators might decide as to the order and method of cultivation and management, for a fixed period not to exceed six years.

There is no doubt that allotment and enclosure were popular not only with landowners, but also among tenants and the electorate generally. But there was one great class which bitterly felt they were being deprived of their rights—these were the cottagers. Not being holders of ancient enclosed land, no share of the spoil fell to them. The immemorial custom of centuries was brushed away by the stronger side, and thousands of peasants ceased to have a direct interest in the soil. The cow which pastured on the common had to go. It was the same with the privilege of gleaning in the common

arable, now allotted in severalty. So, again, in regard to the outwoods and moorland : there had heretofore been liberty to go there in the autumn to gather firewood and cut turf. It seemed as though half the livelihood of the labourer had disappeared.

Such drastic changes bred keen discontent, but the mutterings of a class which had no weight at the hustings were disregarded by the practical folk who benefited by the new order of things. Yet the mind of the nation was aroused, if only in an academic sense, to the issues involved by the alteration of agricultural conditions. The writings of the last quarter of the eighteenth century especially are a bulky evidence that both sides were well represented in the field of controversy. It was alleged that enclosures would, by imposing hardships upon the cottager, cause the population to decrease ; that they would tend to turn much tillage into pasture, and cause the price of corn to go up ; that the country would be rendered less convenient for travelling and sport. On the other hand, it was alleged that more corn would be grown, because part of the enclosed common would be turned into arable, and the extra labour involved in cultivating it would more than make up to the labourer for his loss, and so cause the population to increase rather than diminish ; that agriculture generally would benefit, inasmuch as the old wasteful methods of tilling the common field compelled occupiers to keep more horses than were necessary, an argument supported by the assertion that an abnormal quantity of beans had always been grown. It was, nevertheless, a contest with all the odds on one side. A few persons might have had an uneasy recollection that Ket's Norfolk rebellion had, centuries before, been occasioned by a similar grievance, but the political and social environment of the eighteenth century was all against mediæval comparisons. It was admitted by both sides that enclosure had given a stimulus to intelligent husbandry. Farming, indeed, became a fad. "The farming tribe," said Young in 1772, "is now made up of all ranks, from a duke to an apprentice." It was an agricultural renaissance. The popular mind was stirred by the possibility of an England rivalling in productiveness the multi-cropped arable land of sub-tropical Europe. It is difficult to conceive this country a cabbageless, potatoless, carrotless land. Yet in the days of our great-grandfathers such was mainly the case ; what are now ordinary field crops were then as rare to the eye as the yam or pineapple are to-day. The old methods had lasted their time, and the change, though severe and unwelcome to a good many, was necessary and inevitable. The parcelling out of the English prairie had progressed well on towards completion by the com-

mencement of the nineteenth century, when the belated Act of 1801 was passed to codify the common form clauses usually inserted in private Bills.

A generation later, farming had developed into a commercial pursuit, and the farmer wore kid gloves and drank champagne. He was something of a chemist and something of an anatomist. He practised a craft or mystery—nay, it was a profession, for as there were gentlemen-apothecaries so there were gentlemen-farmers. Their land was so much stock-in-trade, bought or hired in the market, of a catalogued yardage and quality. In the meantime England had entirely ceased to be a public floor. It had become a proprietary article. The great black moor which formerly stretched from shire to shire, and was a boundless unknown to the rustic provincial, had been measured to a nicety, and apportioned between Brown, Jones, and Robinson like so much carpet or sticking-plaster. The wild animals and birds which lived in its fastnesses were now likewise vested in Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and the footpads and poachers, hobgoblins and fairies, who had made it their lurking-place, had become trespassers on the sole rights of the same gentlemen. The road which lay between two walls was the public share, and whoever deviated from its hard surface was a misdemeanant.

The hard fact of the Fence became in time a wound to public sentiment. Our economic intelligence breathes a blessing on those who made two blades of grass to grow in the place of one, and caused the wilderness to smile with an abundance of cabbage and clover; but the mere animal and untutored part of us, "licking the chops of memory," sighs for the old days when Nature held fuller sway, and heath and plain were not laced and interlaced with partition fences.

Here and there a space escaped the dividing hand, perhaps through lack of enterprise, probably in consequence of local disputes. It was left unfertilised and untended. The adjacent land was clothed in corn and greenery, while the common or green remained year after year in the same filthy raiment of gorse and ragwort and nettles. It was a Lazarus at the gate of respectability, defiling its neighbours with its crop of thistles and dandelion, and in its turn subjected to every ignoble use. But all the while the villages round about were becoming towns, and fresh towns were coming into existence. Streets took the place of fields, and the meadows and pastures were overlaid with bricks and mortar. But the bit of disreputable

common remained ; and although it grew more squalid and dirty it was blessed by the crowds of youngsters who swarmed upon it and built their play-houses among its rubbish heaps. By-and-by the municipal fathers extended their patronage to it, and enacted pains and penalties on those who should foul it with litter. Its progress in popular sympathy continued until to-day it ranks higher in estimation than the public park. Its boundaries are jealously guarded against encroachment, and its enclosure so hedged with restrictions as to make it nearly impossible for such an event to happen. It is chief among lands, the rendezvous of the countryside. Children of all ages assemble there for recreation and diversion, and golf and cricket, hockey and tip-cat, painting and botanising, lounging and sauntering, picnicking and sweethearting, are all benefited and assisted by the cosmopolitan common.

JOHN HYDE.

DR. JOHNSON'S LANDLORD.

IN Boswell's "Life of Johnson," we read, under date 1766: "I returned to London in February, and found Dr. Johnson in a good house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in which he had accommodated Miss Williams in an apartment on the ground-floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his post in the garret: his faithful Frank was still attending upon him."

To this abode Johnson had removed from his chambers in Inner Temple Lane, and it would appear that in Johnson's Court he formally commenced housekeeping for the first time since the death of his wife. When we know how severely he suffered from the shock of that great bereavement, we can feel no surprise that he should long have appeared indifferent to household arrangement. Boswell, visiting him in Inner Temple Lane on May 24, 1763, says: "It must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth."

So much had this seeming contempt for the *convenances* come to be regarded as a part of Johnson's character, that the alteration manifested in his new establishment excited general surprise. This feeling is amusingly illustrated by two passages in Boswell's "Life."

In April, 1773, Boswell records that, "to my great surprise, he asked me to dine with him on Easter Day."

"I had gratified my curiosity much in dining with Jean-Jacques Rousseau while he lived in the wilds of Neufchâtel. I had as great a curiosity to dine with Dr. Samuel Johnson in the dusky recess of a court in Fleet Street. I supposed we should scarcely have knives and forks, and only some strange, uncouth, ill-dressed dish; but I found everything in very good order."

As a dinner here was considered as a singular phenomenon, and as I was frequently interrogated on the subject, my readers may perhaps be desirous to know our bill of fare. Foote, I remember, in allusion to Francis, the negro, was willing to suppose that our repast

was *black broth*. But the fact was that we had a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding."

"On Saturday, May 13 (1775), I breakfasted with him by invitation, accompanied by Mr. Andrew Crosbie, a Scotch advocate, whom he had seen at Edinburgh, and the Hon. Colonel (now General) Stopford, brother to Lord Courtown, who was desirous of being introduced to him. His tea, and rolls and butter, and whole breakfast apparatus, were all in such decorum, and his behaviour was so courteous, that Colonel Stopford was quite surprised, and wondered at his having heard so much said of Johnson's slovenliness and roughness."

In Johnson's Court the Doctor passed ten of the most interesting years of his life; not writing much, but conversing with great vivacity, and exhibiting the prowess of the intellectual gladiator. Here he continued to hold his morning levees, attended by distinguished men of letters. It was while resident here that he had his famous audience of the King. From Johnson's Court he set forth in August, 1773, on his memorable "Journey to the Western Islands," in the course of which he humorously described himself, in answer to a Scottish laird, as "Johnson of that ilk!"

The feelings with which Boswell regarded the Doctor's removal from Johnson's Court are touchingly expressed in the following passage: "I felt a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name, but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and a happier man than when I went in, and which had often appeared to my imagination, while I trod its pavement, in the solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and piety."

To all true Johnsonians, the sometime dwellings of the great Doctor possess as much fascination as they did for Boswell. We delight to trace his footsteps throughout the metropolis, and to gaze with affectionate interest on those spots which have been rendered memorable by his sojourn; although most of the houses which sheltered him have disappeared. Even in his favourite Fleet Street, the houses in which he dwelt for a quarter of a century have all been swept away. One who now enters the labyrinthine passage still known as Johnson's Court will find no trace of the No. 7 where the Doctor lived from 1766 to 1776. Inner Temple Lane has long vanished, and the house in Bolt Court in which Johnson died was taken down in the beginning of the last century. No better instance

of "deathless fame" could be cited than the fact that the memory of the great writer clings so tenaciously to a thoroughfare in which no trace of his former habitation remains. This is indeed a "*monumentum ære perennius*."

The atmosphere of the entire quarter is, in the words of Boswell, "impregnated with the Johnsonian æther."

It happens also that the casual association of the names of certain persons, in the ordinary relations of life, with that of a great man often endows them with a fame which their own efforts could never have obtained. To be the landlord or landlady of an illustrious tenant constitutes a title to immortality. Who could forget "Goldsmith's Hostess," Mrs. Margaret Fleming?

Of Johnson's numerous landlords, the names of two only, the first and the last—Mr. Norris, the staymaker, of Exeter Street, and Mr. Allen, the printer, of Bolt Court—have been handed down. One other, whose name is remembered for certain personal reasons, has missed his best chance of immortality through being omitted from the pages of Boswell.

A long-forgotten pamphlet, printed by Henry Pace, 56 High Street, Borough, in the year of grace 1784, sets forth at length the "Will of Richard Russell, Esq., late of Bermondsey, in the County of Surrey," to which is appended a biographical sketch of the testator by Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart., M.P., one of the executors.

Mr. Richard Russell, owner of the four houses numbered 7, 8, 9, and 10, in Johnson's Court, was a wealthy member of the Corporation of Woolstaplers, which has had its head-quarters in and around Bermondsey Street for several centuries. In his "London," Mr. Charles Knight says: "In a street called Russell Street, intersecting Bermondsey Street, the large warehouses of these woolstaplers may be seen in great numbers—tiers of ware- or store-rooms, with cranes over them; waggons in the yard beneath; huge bales filled with wool, some arriving, and others departing—these are the appearances which a wool warehouse presents."

Russell Street, now perhaps more appropriately called "Tanner Street," but which bore the former appellation for more than a century, owed its name to the Mr. Russell in question. His qualities may be best characterised by two phrases greatly in vogue among his contemporaries. In his personal character Mr. Russell was an "original," and in his business capacity a "notable" man. Johnson had long abandoned essay-writing at the period of becoming this gentleman's tenant; otherwise, we can feel no doubt that the Doctor, who relished an original, would have left a character-

sketch of Mr. Russell equal to his witty presentations of Newbery, the publisher, as "Jack Whirler ; and of Colson the mathematician as 'Gelidus.'"

In Sir Joseph Mawbey's biographical sketch, which first appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November, 1784, we have a graphic picture of an eighteenth-century merchant, punctilious and exact in business, wary in his monetary transactions, building up a fortune by the steady accumulation of small gains ; a "warm" man, responsible, well-considered, public-spirited. A local magnate, dwelling in a substantial house in Bermondsey Street, with its old oak-panelling and wainscoted rooms, with his man and two maid-servants, "plenty, but no waste !" was the rule in his well-ordered establishment. A man of weight amongst his brother wool merchants, great at trade-dinners at the famed "Woolpack Tavern," he rendered them good service on occasion by discounting the bills of those "neighbours of whom he had a good opinion (and they were not a few)." For this purpose, he kept a running account of £ 10,000 at his banker's. "As an inhabitant of a large parish, and as a Commissioner of the Pavements and Sewers, he always opposed the improper expenditure of public money, and was ever ready to pay any sum on such occasions out of his own pocket, rather than put the parish or commission to the least charge. It was very much owing to him that the latter Commissioners introduced the present practice of paying for their own dinners at all the public meetings."

In all this we see nothing but those sober and sterling qualities which usually gain for men the respect of their fellow-citizens. But peculiarities of temper often obscure the lustre of virtues. Sir Joseph Mawbey tells us that Mr. Russell "had a cynical turn, which led him frequently to oppose the sentiments of others, and that rendered him in a degree unpopular."

Like Charles Lamb's "Elia," he "sowed doubtful sayings, and reaped unequivocal hatred."

"Those who knew him best," says his biographer, "were not disgusted with his character, which, though odd, blunt, and singular, was sometimes thought entertaining, and always honest."

The son of thrifty, careful, methodical parents, Richard Russell was, as Sir Joseph tells us, "bred to an economy bordering on parsimony." These worthy people had, in true eighteenth-century fashion, striven to bring up their son "in the way he should go," laying down strict rules of conduct, enforcing their lessons by those homely proverbs and quaint apophthegms in which our ancestors abounded. But their son, although fully impressed with the

necessity of industry and assiduity in business, and with a particularly keen eye to the main chance, was not content with the humdrum life which his parents and many of his neighbours were accustomed to lead.

It is true that Bermondsey was not then the extremely prosaic quarter it has since become. It still retained many features of peculiar interest. At the southern extremity of Bermondsey Street, itself one of the oldest thoroughfares in South London, were to be seen many remains of that famous abbey which had been for several centuries the "Westminster of South London."

The North Gate, resembling that of St. John at Clerkenwell, remained intact in Richard Russell's day; the West Gate still existed, but in a more ruinous condition. A large portion of the abbey walls, and of the noble mansion called Bermondsey House, in which the great Earl of Sussex died, were still to be seen, and antiquaries loved to visit the spot, and to muse amidst the scenes of departed grandeur. Richard Russell, himself a lover of antiquities, must have felt equal pride and pleasure in the associations of his native parish. But to a man of expansive temperament the society of the place would have appeared far too staid and formal. The only place where any amusement was provided for the parishioners was the Bermondsey Spa, where an enterprising artist, Mr. Keyse, attempted, with but partial success, to establish a sort of minor Vauxhall, with concerts and pyrotechnic displays; adding to its other attractions a picture gallery adorned with the productions of his pencil.

Richard Russell longed to participate in other scenes, and, therefore, "purchased a Renter's share of Drury Lane Playhouse, to gratify his love of theatrical exhibitions, which, in winter, he almost constantly attended."

Mrs. Siddons was the goddess of his idolatry, as the following extract from a letter inserted by Sir Joseph shows:

"I went to see the two last Acts of 'Venice Preserved,' in which she took her leave for the Season in Belvidera; found the House quite full; many had gone away for want of Room, but I put my head close to the Stage Box, where I very distinctly heard her; this, I think, is another Proof of her great Merit, and shows how very articulate she speaks; to be heard in such a Situation by such Ears as mine: indeed, the House was very still; all attentive to hear, only when she called forth the highest Plaudits; However, my Situation thus lasted but a few Minutes, for a Gentleman came from the back Seat of the Box, and went away, and I took his Place, and

thus saw, as well as heard, the compleatest Performance, and the best Tragedian, I think, of my Time, altho' I have not forgotten Mrs. Cibber, who was a great Favourite of Mine "

Although Russell's education had been "narrow and confined, even for a tradesman," his natural intelligence and spirit of inquiry enabled him to overcome this deficiency, and he cultivated a taste for reading, being "in particular an admirer of poetical compositions."

We know, on the authority of Goldsmith, that in those days "pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses" were polite diversions and topics of fashionable conversation; and we are also aware that pretensions to connoisseurship were then deemed as essential to the character of a man of culture as a dabbling in science and familiarity with the "ologies" are now. Mr. Richard Russell was not behind his contemporaries in this important respect. He studied antiquities, architecture, painting, sculpture, and left a valuable collection of scarce books and rare prints. He became a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and so high did his intellectual ambition soar that, at the time of his death, he was a candidate for the Fellowship of the Royal Society.

In 1782 he made his appearance as an author, publishing a tract entitled: "War with the Senses; or, Free Thoughts on Snuff-Taking: by a Friend to Female Beauty." In this, Sir Joseph Mawbey says: "He has attempted a dissuasive against the practice of taking snuff as unwholesome, slovenly, and particularly as injurious to female beauty, of which he was always a great admirer."

It is natural to suppose that Mr. Russell would have forwarded a presentation copy to his former tenant, now residing in Bolt Court, and the piquancy of the matter would have regaled Johnson as much as Jonas Hanway's famous "Essay on Tea," the use of which Hanway deprecated on the same grounds, as "injurious to female beauty."

But, conspicuous as Richard Russell had been in various ways, he was destined to make more noise in leaving the world than he had ever done whilst living. This was owing to the extraordinary provisions of his will, to which alone he owes a place in local history; being mentioned in Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey" and Thornbury and Walford's "Old and New London."

Although a native of, and lifelong resident in Bermondsey, he directed that his interment should take place in the Parish Church of St. John, Horselydown at night, that:—

"Six young Women, Spinsters, of good Character and Reputation

between the ages of Twenty-one and Thirty, be required to support my Pall, and that they be dressed in black Silk or Velvet, according to the Season of the Year, but all alike ; and that they be apparalled with silk Scarves, Favours, and Gloves, and whatever other Trophies my Executors shall think proper.

“ And I also desire that Four young Women, Spinsters, dressed in White, do wait on the Pall-Bearers, and that, when the Body shall arrive at the Church Gate, and from thence to the place where the Body shall rest during the service in the Church, they strew flowers before the Pall-Bearers.”

Mr. Russell ordered his executors to pay each of the fair pall-bearers £50, and to each maiden strewing flowers £20, these payments “not to be considered as part of the funeral expenses.”

He further desired that the sum of £2,000 should be expended on a monument, to be erected in St. John's Church ; and, in order that no dignity might be wanting to this memorial—

“The further sum of One Hundred Pounds I give to Doctor Samuel Johnson, now or late of Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London, upon condition he writes an Epitaph to be inscribed on my said Monument.”

This bequest was subsequently revoked in a codicil, the name of the “Reverend John Grose, now of Bethnal Green,” being substituted for that of Dr. Johnson. With reference to this circumstance Sir Joseph Mawbey says:—

“He was a great admirer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who had formerly been his tenant.

“So far from entertaining a wish that such Epitaph should be fulsome, he knew enough of Dr. Johnson to be convinced that he was less likely than any other man to flatter the dead or the living. That he afterwards changed the bequest in favour of the Rev. Mr. Grose might, and probably did, arise from the infirm state of Dr. Johnson's health, and from a desire of paying a testimony to the talent and ingenuity of a worthy young clergyman, who resided many years near him, and with whom he had lived on terms of great intimacy and friendship.”

Mr. Russell bequeathed the entire remainder of his fortune to charitable foundations—viz. £3,000 to the Magdalen Hospital, £3,000 to the Small-Pox Hospital, £3,000 to the Lying-in Hospital, and all the residue, after the payment of a few legacies, to the Asylum for Female Children.

The provisions of the will being made known caused a great

deal of unfavourable comment ; the people of Bermondsey were offended by the selection of the Church of St. John, Horselydown, as his last resting-place, in preference to that of his native parish ; and they were also scandalised by the omission from the will of all mention of his own relations. Local jealousies were aroused, natural feelings outraged, and strong resentment excited. Everything detrimental to the reputation of the deceased was raked up, and the expression of general indignation swelled into a chorus of censure and reprobation. The news of the approaching funeral, with all its singular ceremonies, spread far and wide, filling the light-fingered gentry and lovers of disorder with joyful anticipation. One of the clauses of the will showed that the testator had not left the probability of this out of his calculations :—

“And I desire that a proper number of people be employed to attend with lights, and to keep good order and decorum, and more especially to prevent the Pall-Bearers and their attendants, and others, from being incommoded.”

Sir Joseph Mawbey then describes the final scene :

“The funeral procession proceeded without the least obstacle or outrage till it came to the Churchyard, where, and in the Church itself, a surprising multitude of both sexes, and all ages, was assembled. The singularity of ten virgins attending the funeral of an old bachelor, as pall-bearers and strewers of flowers, and their dresses, excited the curiosity of the Town in general. A prodigious crowd was assembled, and in it, it is believed, was every pickpocket in London. These last placed themselves in the Church and Churchyard ; they let the ladies follow the corpse without much interruption, but before the mourners and attendants could get out of their coaches they closed in, prevented these latter from following immediately after the ladies, and plundered almost every well-dressed person around them. The confusion in the Church arose principally from the immense number of spectators ; and it would certainly have existed if the corpse of the most popular character had been carried for interment, in a manner equally pompous and novel.”

Mr. Richard Russell had desired, in the language of Sir Thomas Browne, to be “splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave,” but his executors took it upon them to disregard some of his injunctions. The proposed monument was never erected, and we read in “Old and New London” that “the Executors are said to have considered a payment which they made to the Rev. Mr. Peters for a painting of the patron Saint of the Church over the altar, as an equivalent compensation.”

Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart., of Botleys, Surrey, whose pamphlet we have so freely quoted, was described by Macaulay in his "Essay on Johnson," as "a foolish Member of Parliament, at whose speeches and whose pigsties the wits of Brookes's were, fifty years ago, in the habit of laughing most unmercifully."

It is always necessary to bear in mind Lord Macaulay's love of burlesque description. In Wright's "Caricature History of the Georges" allusions are made to Sir Joseph's hobbies, and in Gilray's "Ancient Concert" the baronet is exhibited, amongst other notabilities of the day, as performing in the presence of the King. But, whatever Sir Joseph's peculiarities may have been, it is impossible not to respect the loyalty with which he vindicated the memory of his deceased friend, "whose failings," he said, "have been exaggerated, and whose good qualities have been sunk in general abuse."

He attributes Russell's desire for a costly monument to his great fondness for sculpture, and with regard to the bequests to institutions says :

"These several charitable foundations were established in a particular manner, for alleviating the distresses of the most helpless and amiable part of the creation, and, as he had been a man of some gallantry in the earlier part of his life, may we not charitably suppose that he intended making retribution to the fair sex by donations in their favour most liberal and uncommon? He exerted himself much in his lifetime in the establishment of a very useful charity—the Surrey Dispensary, of which at the time of his death he was one of the patrons, and to which he has given £500 by will."

In his letter to "Sylvanus Urban," accompanying the Memoir, Sir Joseph says :

"I should ill deserve the good opinion that gentleman always entertained of me if I could suffer to pass uncontradicted the various false and exaggerated accounts of his character and conduct with which the public prints have been filled for some weeks past ; and I, therefore, transmit to you the following character, originally drawn up by me for the 'St. James's Chronicle,' in which I have inserted nothing but what I believe to be true, and that belief is founded either on my own personal knowledge or authorities I am persuaded I can rely on."

These expressions are amply justified by the candour with which the narrative is written, and which communicates the impression that Sir Joseph Mawbey was essentially a gentleman, and the reverse of a fool.

We feel that, as one of Johnson's landlords, Richard Russell

was no less deserving of mention than Norris the staymaker and Allen the printer, and it is remarkable that no allusion to him occurs in Boswell. We have no doubt lost a great deal through Boswell's absence from London at the time of Russell's death, as, from the biographer's love of sight-seeing, he would hardly have missed such a spectacle as the woolstapler's funeral. It would also be most interesting to know what were the relations between Johnson and this eccentric landlord, with whom he must have had more than business communication. From Johnson's love of monasteries we should expect that he could not have been indifferent to the ancient Abbey. We can picture him walking down Bermondsey Street in company with Russell, and passing beneath that North Gate, through which Henry the Second, with Becket in his train, had ridden, and through which Catherine of Valois and Elizabeth Woodville, Queens of England, had passed to their last resting-place.

E. T. CLARKE,

NEPTUNE'S OCEAN MAIL.

FROM the earliest period of authentic history sailors have sought a means of communication with the loved ones at home when danger threatened. A wooden watertight barrel containing a letter, or letters, was probably the first of Neptune's mail carriers across a lonely sea. In February, 1493, Christopher Columbus, in his curious caravel, was almost overcome by a savage storm not far from Madeira, and, desirous of ensuring to posterity a brief record of his discoveries, he enclosed one within a prepared barrel and sent the messenger adrift. Although the message was written on a sheet of parchment which was wrapped in a waxed cloth, and the whole embedded in a cake of wax, this famous forerunner of Neptune's mail has never been seen since. In August, 1848, Captain Bird, R.N., of H.M.S. "Investigator," despatched a cask containing a written message, which was five weeks later picked up by a whaleship and the paper forwarded to the Admiralty. In September, 1849, another whaleship found a sealed bottle drifting about at sea containing signed documents from Sir John Franklin. Unfortunately, they bore date of June 30, 1845, only a few weeks after the intrepid Arctic explorer had sailed on his last quest. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the "New York Herald," sent out the little yacht "Jeannette" by way of Behring Strait to make explorations under the gallant De Long, of the United States Navy. She, however, got fast in the grip of the relentless ice on September 7, 1879, only ten days after entering the Arctic Sea, and remained till crushed on June 12, 1881. Before abandoning the "Jeannette," Commander De Long sewed up an account of her dismal drift in a piece of black rubber, placed the package inside a barrel, and sent away the messenger. All hands reached the New Siberia Islands by the aid of boats and sledges, and thence proceeded for the Lena delta. One boat has not been heard of since; a second, in charge of Chief Engineer Melville, managed to regain civilisation; and the third, under De Long himself, after arriving at the rendezvous, lost all but two of her occupants from starvation and exposure. The barrel

messenger failed in its mission ; although, in 1884, portions of the fittings of the "Jeannette" were found near Julianshaab, Greenland, and thus indicated to Nansen a possible route for the "Fram." Admiral Markham, ever eager to acquire familiarity with Arctic navigation in his earlier years, which he afterwards turned to good account as an explorer, made an adventurous trip in the tiny "Isbjörn" to Nova Zembla in 1879. At Silver Bay he stumbled over a glass bottle half hidden on the beach by soil and small stones. Surprised at finding it carefully corked, Admiral Markham broke the seal. Inside was a strip of very dirty paper, on which was scribbled in Norwegian the following legend : "Stopped here for sport in the steamer 'Germania' to-day. Shot here four reindeer. August 9th, 1891." Three men had signed this document, fated to remain undisturbed for eight years. Andrée, who disappeared while seeking to reach the North Pole in a big balloon, is said to have taken with him metal flasks of form fitted to withstand ice pressure ; and the world has the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that one of these members of Neptune's ocean mail is reported to have been found firmly fixed in drift ice at Huravik, on the north-east coast of Iceland.

Bottles soon became regular members of Neptune's ocean mail because they are inexpensive, handy, and reliable. Moreover, seamen perceived that these bottle messengers might be utilised in determining the direction of sea surface currents ; and Neptune's ocean mail developed into a recognised institution. Of late years the United States Hydrographic Office at Washington has issued several most interesting supplements to its monthly "Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic," setting forth recent bottle drifts, together with clear and concise explanations. Mr. H. C. Russell, F.R.S., of Melbourne Observatory, has also made a detailed study of the drifts of members of Neptune's ocean mail in the Southern Ocean.

Inhabitants of the Westmanna Islands, when unable to communicate with passing vessels owing to the boisterous combination of Neptune and Æolus, endeavour to get in touch with the outside world by means of the bottle post. A letter is placed inside an empty bottle, together with a small coin or a cake of tobacco to ensure the finder's services, which is then securely sealed and thrown into the sea at the most available part of the coast. Consequent on the average drift of the sea surface these messengers generally come ashore on the coast of Iceland, often landing at or near the small town of Eyrenbakke, on the south-west of the island. In July, 1890, some passengers on the steamship "Magnetic," making a

photographic excursion from Scotland to Iceland and back, had a somewhat similar experience. When the ship was in sight of the Westmanna Islands they despatched a specially-prepared bottle containing a card and a letter. In January, 1891, this messenger was picked up by a steamer anchored at the Loffoden Islands, having drifted about nine hundred miles in six months and a half. Westmanna folk are not by any means the only lonely islanders who take advantage of Neptune's ocean mail. In June, 1895, for example, a tin canister was found on the island of Burra, west of the Shetlands, which contained four letters for Glasgow, three for Harris, and two for England, together with full postage, and a note dated St. Kilda, N.B., March 1, 1895, signed Findlay Gillies, requesting the finder to forward the letters, as they related to important business matters. The distance from St. Kilda to Shetland is three hundred miles, and the messenger was three and a half months covering the distance. On January 1, 1891, a letter for a London lady was put into a goatskin, which was closed, inflated, tarred, and thrown into the sea at St. Kilda, after the usual manner, in the hope that the messenger would soon reach the Scotch coast. For two years it floated about, and eventually was found by a fisherman on the coast of Norway. Being unable to read English, the finder kept the missive for two more years, and then, falling ill, he confessed to a priest and handed it to his care. From the priest it passed to the British Consul, thence to Edinburgh, and finally reached the lady for whom it was intended in August, 1895, just four years and a half after being sent away. On the seashore at Lower Barvas, on the west side of Lewis, in January, 1889, a tin box fastened to a float was found by the Deputy Receiver of Wreck. Upon breaking open the box four letters were discovered, addressed to different persons, and bearing the date 22nd January, 1889, St. Kilda. This member of Neptune's ocean mail must have leisurely traversed the distance at the rate of about half a mile an hour. In August, 1889, there was picked up at Deerness, Orkney, a tin vessel in the shape of a top, painted red, sealed above a common cork, and neatly got up in details. Painted in white around the upper part was the legend, "A message from God inside. Kindly open." Inside was an International Gospel card, bearing on one side the flags of twelve nations, and on the other side a text from John iii. 13 in the same languages. There was also a booklet of eight pages, entitled "He was drowned; I was saved."

On March 1, 1825, one of the old East Indiamen, the "Kent,"

caught fire while crossing the Bay of Biscay, and all on board were within measurable distance of eternity. Major McGregor, father of the well-known "Rob Roy" McGregor, with whom canoe voyages were an irresistible passion, happened to be a passenger and bethought him of Neptune's ocean mail. With the wings of the angels of death flapping ominously in close proximity the gallant Major McGregor calmly wrote the following pathetic message, placed it inside an available bottle, and sent his messenger adrift :— "The ship 'The Kent,' East Indiaman, is on fire. Elizabeth, Joanna, and myself commit our spirits into the hands of our blessed Redeemer. His grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of eternity. D. W. N. McGregor, 1st March, 1825, Bay of Biscay." Fortunately for them a little brig, the "Cambria," driven out of her course, with fifty Cornish miners on board, hove in sight just in time to rescue 547 of the passengers and crew from the burning East Indiaman. Ninety met death either by burning or by drowning. Nearly two years had elapsed, and Major McGregor had returned to his home in Scotland, when the original note was returned to him from Barbados, where it had been found on the beach by a bather on September 30, 1826. A melancholy message reached England from the ill-fated steamship "London." Her captain, John Bohun Martin, with unconquered soul, although knowing full well that he, at any rate, would never again gaze upon the white cliffs of Albion, preserved a bold front till the vessel took him down to a watery grave. Shortly before his final address to the crew, "Boys, you may say your prayers," a bottle message was despatched by a passenger who proved himself not less intrepid than the captain. In March, 1866, this messenger from the loved and lost was picked up on Brighton beach by Mr. C. D. Elliott, of Trinity College, Cambridge. It contained a torn envelope, on which was written in pencil : "January 11. On board the 'London.' We are just going down. No chance of safety. Please give this to Avonia Jones, Surrey Theatre. Gustavus Vaughan Brooke." The writer, the famous actor of the early sixties, went down with the ship while resignedly watching the boats leave, well aware that there were not sufficient boats to cope with the life-saving requirements. "Women and children first" is always the cry that appeals most forcibly to the heart of everyone to whom English is the native language. Upon the receipt of this message from the dead, Mrs. Brooke, whose stage name was Avonia Jones, recognised the handwriting as that of her husband, who had sailed in the "London" to carry out an Australian tour.

In November, 1888, a bottle messenger came ashore in Druidge Bay from a sailing ship which, by a curious coincidence, was actually posted at Lloyd's on that same day as missing. The message ran as follows: "Barque 'Cumeria,' May 9. Should this be picked up please tell all my friends that the treatment I am receiving is awful, and all the crew say we shall never reach port, the ship is making so much water. Westerley, apprentice." This vessel left the Tyne on April 30, 1888, bound for Valparaiso, and, apart from this message, no news of her has ever been received, except that she was spoken about 1,000 miles north-east of Cape Horn when forty-five days out. In 1893 a bottle messenger from a big sailing ship of Liverpool was found. The message it contained was as follows: 'Ship 'Buckingham,' 24th November, 1890. Captain killed by a coolie on 11 October at 12.30, off the Shetland Islands. Ship at present off Bermudas, forty-five days from Dundee, bound for New York. All well. If found, forward to Fred Seaborne, West Street, Newport, Pembroke, South Wales." This note eventually reached the vessel's owners, and they certified that the handwriting was that of one who was an apprentice at the time on board the "Buckingham;" the facts related were also absolutely true.

A steamship, the "Pelican," sailed on October 12, 1897, from Tacoma, Puget Sound, for Taku, China, and, nothing more having been heard of her, she was posted at Lloyd's as missing in February, 1898. Her chief officer, Mr. W. J. Patterson, felt elated at his promotion to the "Pelican;" but his wife is reported to have had a presentiment of troublous times. She therefore prevailed upon Mr. Patterson to promise her that should any serious accident occur to the vessel he would at once take advantage of Neptune's ocean mail and send her a message by bottle messenger. In June, 1899, twenty months after the "Pelican" set out to meet her fate, a bottle containing a message from Mr. Patterson was actually picked up by the American schooner "Herman" at Portage Bay, Alaska. The hasty note, written on a sheet of the Northern Pacific Steamship Company's paper, read as follows: "S.S. 'Pelican.' Lat. 50° N. Long. 175° W. The ship is sinking. We are leaving her in frail boats. Please report us. W. J. Patterson, Chief Officer." The ship's agents at Tacoma compared the handwriting of this message with that of documents signed by Mr. Patterson at their office, and found them to be identical. Diligent search was made in the vicinity of the bottle messenger's landing, but no trace, either of the steamer or of her boats, could be discovered. On February 9, 1900, however, a second bottle messenger turned up at Ukomok Island, about

five hundred miles from the position given as that where the vessel foundered. In October, 1899, Mr. R. Mattson, owner of the barque "Gessner" of Mariehamn, Captain Janson, which left Antwerp on January 26, 1899, for Sapelo, Georgia, received through the Russian Consulate, from the Board of Trade, a communication stating that on April 21 a bottle was found near Bishop Rock containing the following message: "Ship 'Gessner,' of Mariehamn, was lost in the Atlantic on 12th February, 1899. Greetings to Aaland and my betrothed. She lives in Saltvik, and we shall meet at the gate of heaven with the Redeemer. Greet my parents and sister, and we also shall meet with God in heaven. It is so hard to part, very hard. J. T. Holmberg, Second Mate." The owners were aware that a second mate named John Theodor Holmberg shipped in the "Gessner" on October 8, 1898.

Captain A. Simpson, of the Aberdeen White Star Line steamship "Moravian," trading between London and Australia, has had a varied experience with bottle messengers, extending over a long series of years. It is his practice to present every finder of a bottle messenger sent adrift by him with a copy of Froude's "Oceana;" and he has had about 200 returned, from every part of the world. A humorous letter from Captain Simpson with respect to his bottle messages appeared in 1889 in the columns of "Ally Sloper:" "Dear Ally," wrote Captain Simpson, "I herewith enclose a specimen copy of one of your watch coupons, which has been regularly forwarded to you every day at noon in an 'Unsweetened' bottle (contents extracted of course), duly sealed, with the ship's position and date. . . . These bottles, in the ordinary course of the currents, should be landed on some part of the known or unknown world. . . . You may hear any day of your coupons turning up, and when the French cut the canal, and let the waters of the Atlantic flood the Sahara, you may receive a surprise, even from Timbuctoo."

In August, 1872, if we may accept the published report as accurate, a dismasted derelict vessel, the "Glenalvon," was fallen in with by the schooner "Lancaster" in mid-Atlantic. Captain Martin, of the latter vessel, lowered a boat and boarded the stranger. Six skeletons were found about her decks, but not a scrap of food. An open Bible lay on the cabin table, face downwards, together with a revolver having two chambers loaded, and a bottle containing a scrap of paper on which was written: "Jesus, guide this to some helper. Merciful God, don't let us perish." The captain's body was found in his berth, and he had apparently been too weak to send this bottle messenger adrift. Several letters were scattered

over the captain's bed, one of which was addressed to "Dear Kate" from Martinique, and signed "Robert C. Hart." The bodies were reverently committed to the deep and the vessel left to her solitary drift. Picture for one moment the terrible trial of a shipmaster thus situated. Day after day the despairing men would have scanned the horizon for a passing sail; gradually the effects of starvation proved too powerful for the sailors; and eventually the master alone remained to watch for that help which came too late. In March, 1885, when about 200 miles from Point de Galle, the steamship "Ashton" came up with a raft, made out of bamboo cane, which bore upon it the dead body of a man and two books. One of the crew secured the books by the aid of a boat-hook, and on opening them the contents appeared to be set forth in Hindustani. Soon afterwards the finder developed choleraic symptoms, so the books were at once thrown overboard. Shortly there was published an interesting short story of the sea from the facile pen of Mr. Clark Russell based upon this curious specimen of Neptune's ocean mail. Novelists of repute have, quite naturally, turned the bottle messenger to some account when telling us of the things whereof we know they were not and could not be so. The late Sir Walter Besant, in "The Captain's Room," tells a delightful story with respect to the picking up of a bottle messenger by a country craft on her way from Calcutta to Moulmein. A slender roll of paper, tied round with a green ribbon, contained the information that the steamship "Philippine," Captain Rex Armiger, was hard and fast on a merchant-marring rock, in dire distress. Needless to relate, this message, addressed to his sweetheart, led to the repatriation of Captain Armiger, despite the fact that the geographical position indicated was at least open to doubt. Enoch Arden in the soul-stirring recital would probably have had less suffering, and Robinson Crusoe might have robbed millions of English lads of many hours' delight, had they bethought them to take advantage of Neptune's ocean mail. Even the denizens of the deep assist in this service, if all we read be true. In February, 1897, some fish-curers at Buckie, Banffshire, were surprised by the appearance of a corked lemonade bottle inside a huge codfish they had opened. A message it contained ran as follows: "Schooner 'Ulusio' foundered eighty-six miles off Dunnet Head. God help us! J. Clower, Ghent, Lerwick."

Anonymous letters occasionally pass through the post in this country, and hoaxes by bottle messengers seem to afford amusement to persons quite unmindful of the pain caused thereby to

friends and relatives of those concerned. Some years ago there was found a bottle close to the entrance of the river Mersey which gave rise to considerable anxiety. It contained a circumstantial account of the foundering of the steamship "Great Britain," with the loss of all her passengers and crew. Fortunately the "Great Britain" was spoken a few days later, and the report thereof allayed the fears of those at home. The offer of a substantial reward failed to disclose the sender of this insensate message. When H.M.S. "Atalanta" disappeared during a passage across the Atlantic a similar hoaxing bottle messenger was picked up at about the same spot. In April, 1890, a bottle reached the Cornish coast containing a message purporting to come from a New York banker who had been a passenger on the well-known Atlantic liner "Erin," which had disappeared some months previously.

Only a small percentage of the members of Neptune's ocean mail fulfil their allotted task. Barnacles gather on them, heavy seas smash them on making the land where rocks abound, and some remain unnoticed on a lonely beach remote from the busy haunts of men. Public attention having been called to Neptune's ocean mail by the work of the United States Hydrographic Office, the Deutsche Seewarte, and the Australian authorities, the future will probably indicate a larger meed of success in delivery, notwithstanding the many and various causes conspiring together to hinder the messengers. Mr. Clement Wragge, of Ben Nevis fame, when a passenger on board the sailing ship "Hesperus," between Australia and England, in 1878, despatched 150 bottle messengers. Only half a dozen were ever heard of again.

Regarded as indicators of ocean currents, the members of Neptune's ocean mail have helped to determine the general drift of the sea surface, as also the close connection between winds and currents. The Hereditary Prince of Monaco, in his yacht "L'Hirondelle," spent much time and money in attempting to determine the surface drift of the North Atlantic Ocean by the aid of ocean messengers. He employed metallic spheres, barrels, and bottles in 1885, bottles only in 1886, and glass floats in 1887. From the Prince's experiments it is concluded that the currents in the Bay of Biscay are not what earlier inquirers have led us to believe. Apparently the messengers of Neptune's ocean mail despatched by the Prince prove that the waters of the Gulf Stream extension split at Ushant. One portion proceeds up the English Channel ; while the remainder enters the Bay of Biscay, travels southward, skirting the coast of France, and finds an outlet to the westward by following the north

coast of Spain. Further experiments with bottle messengers made by Lieutenant Hautreux, French Navy, confirm this view. North of the Azores the easterly sea surface drift due to the prevailing wind and the Gulf Stream spreads out in the form of a fan, so that bottle messengers sent off anywhere in the vicinity of the Azores may come to land at any point between Cape Finisterre and Norway's North Cape. As a rule, bottle messengers in the North Atlantic travel from west to east in the higher latitudes, from north to south between the parallel of Finisterre and the Tropic of Cancer, from east to west in the tropics, and from south to north on the western side of the ocean. The Labrador current coming down inshore of the Gulf Stream, and the drift of higher latitudes from Newfoundland to Norway, frequently hinder bottle messengers from completing the whole circle of the Atlantic. A bottle from the American ship "Lady Montague," thrown overboard with a message when eight miles north-east of Ascension, on October 15, 1820, was picked up on the west coast of Guernsey on August 6, 1821. A bottle messenger from the "St. Enoch" despatched on July 30, 1893, when in 8° N., 24° W., was drifted westward past the West India Islands, and eventually found a resting-place in the Shetlands, after a journey of 7,800 miles. On July 12, 1892, while at the entrance to the Strait of Belle Isle in the steamship "Sarnia," that well-known author, Mr. J. E. Muddock, sent away an ordinary soda-water bottle containing a message. It was picked up on the coast of Norway, 485 days later, after a drift of 4,000 miles to the north-west. A bottle messenger sent off by Mr. C. McLean from Paddock Hull, Massachusetts, on September 1, 1887, was next heard of as having been found on the beach near San Fernando, Spain, on February 28, 1892. Another member of Neptune's ocean mail came ashore on August 9, 1895, at Hirtshals, Denmark, and the message was forwarded to the Customs authorities at Lerwick. It had been sent by a Shetlander, a passenger on board the steamship "Lake Ontario," when in 54° N., 46° W., on August 31, 1893, and had occupied two years in covering 2,000 miles.

Bottle messengers in the South Atlantic, setting out within five degrees of the equator, generally pass north-west of Cape St. Roque and onwards into the North Atlantic. If despatched from a more southern latitude they will usually come ashore on the east coast of South America. Still further south, on the southern side of the South Atlantic anti-cyclonic wind system, bottle messengers travel to the eastward. Mrs. A. W. Warn, wife of Captain Warn, of the sailing ship "Rimac," of Liverpool, being much interested in ocean

currents, frequently sends off bottle messengers. One despatched by Mrs. Warn on August 17, 1896, in 35° S., 152° E., with a message addressed to the United States Hydrographer at Washington, eventually arrived at its destination. It was found on May 9, 1899, on the Queensland coast, halfway between Brisbane and Maryborough; and the United States Hydrographer, in acquainting Mrs. Warn of the fact, took occasion to express his appreciation of her co-operation in the investigation of ocean currents. On June 18, 1896, the captain of the "Lord Ripon," then in 52° S., 54° W., sent off a member of Neptune's ocean mail containing a message addressed to Mr. Russell, F.R.S., of Sydney Observatory. On March 18, 1899, this messenger turned up at Cape York, in the extreme north of Australia, having been two years and nine months making a journey of 9,560 miles. Another sent off from the ship "J. H. Lubken" on February 5, 1892, in 4° S., 86° W., reached Queensland, in $15^{\circ} 44'$ S., $145^{\circ} 27'$ E., on September 30, 1894, thus affording an excellent example of the westerly drift of the sea surface caused by the easterly wind of the South Pacific area of high barometer. A bottle-drift chart issued by Mr. Russell shows that several sent away at different dates over the area comprised by lines joining Amsterdam Island, Kerguelen, and the Crozets, all reached the shore either at New Zealand or Australia. On the northern side of the South Indian Ocean, many bottles sent off between 10° S. and 20° S., from 100° E. to 80° E., came ashore on the east coast of Africa. Many other instances might be given of the successful work carried out by Neptune's ocean mail; but sufficient has been written to show that messages of this nature are both useful and interesting.

WM. ALLINGHAM.

FOLKLORE JOTTINGS.

I.—MOUSE MYTHS.

THE mouse does not play a very dignified part in modern times. He is classified as vermin, treated usually to poison more or less virulent, or to the tender mercies of various kinds of traps laid to catch him. If he has anything to pride himself upon, it is merely the fact that maidservants, and often their mistresses, regard him with a terror worthy of a larger beast; and that many persons keep cats solely for the purpose of waging war against him. But in this matter the world has departed from its ancient traditions. The position of the mouse in mythology is a very important one, and one on which the little creature might still reflect with pride. A special name of Apollo, as mentioned by Homer, was Apollo Smintheus, which means "lord of the mice;" and we often find the mouse given as the symbol of the god. Sometimes Apollo is represented with the mouse in his hand; more often the animal is at his feet. The connection apparently had its birth in Asia Minor, not in Greece; and it is practically certain that the idea had its rise in totemism. The very name Smintheus was applied to different localities, just as in Teutonic lands we find many places bearing the affix of Wolf or Raven. Ælian, speaking of Hamaxitus in the "Troad," says: "In the temple of Apollo Smintheus mice are nourished, and food is offered to them at the public expense; and white mice dwell beneath the altar." But at this very time the cultus of the mouse must have been in its decline; it was, as we see, already subordinated to anthropomorphic ideas. Apollo was now the god; the mouse had become merely his attendant. At a period far earlier the mouse itself would have been the divinity. Many of the Mosaic regulations against certain beasts as being unclean were simply an effort to combat lingering traces of totemism—that long-lived reverence for special creatures as being tribal or family ancestors. Among other unclean creeping things, the Israelites were forbidden to eat the mouse. In Babylon the mouse had been eaten cere-

monially ; but this does not quite prove that it was worshipped ; though the eating of a beast was often a feature of decaying totemism—just as cannibalism was frequently a strictly religious, and not Epicurean, process. It does not appear whether mouse worship was originally Semitic or Aryan ; possibly it was both. We certainly find it in the Aryan myths of India. Rudra, the thunder god, a kind of Hindu Apollo, was a special patron of the mouse : “Thy animal is the mouse, O Rudra !” says one of the Vedas. The shrew-mouse was worshipped in Egypt. Different stories have been invented to account for early reverence for the mouse—stories of how armies were saved by mice gnawing the bowstrings of their enemies, and similar traditions, which may have had a slight substratum of fact ; but the worship of this and other creatures whom we now contemn is far more easily explained by the totemistic theory. Speaking of the early Peruvians, Garcilasso says that there was not an animal, however vile and filthy, that they did not worship as a god. This was before the coming of the Incas, who, when they conquered the country, did not so much endeavour to do away with all the older superstitions as to embrace and pervade them with their own superior sun worship. Christianity did much the same in our own land ; in fact, it could do nothing else. Egyptian and Hellenic mythologies would have faced the same necessity. The superstitious notions, degraded as they were, formed so inherent a part of the people that they could not be eradicated by any hasty process ; it was far easier to adopt them and give them the veneer of a loftier faith. The mouse myth must have been adopted after this fashion, and made a part of religions whose general tendencies were far more philosophic. The myth did not die, but thrived, and became again vital during the Middle Ages. By some means the mouse became a symbol of the human soul. We find this idea in the legend of Bishop Hatto and his Mouse Tower on the Rhine ; but the story itself, as applied to the Bishop, is fictitious, though the Bishop himself is not. It was probably a spite against the Church that caused the tale to be attached to this and other clergymen. It is related of a Swiss nobleman that during a famine, finding the presence of numerous clamouring poor a nuisance, he invited these to gather in a great barn, to which he set fire. While the air was ringing with their cries, he exclaimed merrily, “Hear how the rats and mice are squealing !” Shortly after he was assailed by a swarm of mice ; and to escape from these he took up his residence in a castle situated in the midst of Lake Constance. Hither the mice pursued him, and rested not till they had gnawed all the flesh from his bones. It is

said that traces of his castle may still be seen in the bottom of the lake. The same tale is told in many different versions and of many different localities. In one case the rats came in behalf of St. Clement, and worked vengeance on a man who had wronged that saint ; and in this instance the doomed man had actually suspended his bed from the ceiling in order to place himself out of reach of the hungry swarms. Another saint with whom the mouse is associated is St. Gertrude, the patroness of souls when they first depart from the body ; and, suggestively enough, her symbol is a mouse. The Teutonic Holda, who performed the same office for the souls of women in Norse mythology, is also represented as leading an army of mice. It is evident that, both here and in Christian art, we have the mouse as a type of the soul. Similarly there is the story of the Piper of Hamelin and the rats that followed his piping. Mr. Baring-Gould even thinks that the saying, "rats desert a falling house" (or a sinking ship), had its origin in this old mythical connection with the soul ; and he also thinks that such tales as that of Bishop Hatto may have originated in the old pagan practice of human sacrifice. If a country were infested by mice or rats, it would have tallied with heathen notions to make a sacrifice to the rat deity. Under exactly similar circumstances we find that the Philistines "made five golden mice as an offering to the Lord." Some of those who remember the days when magic-lanterns were a novelty, recollect that a popular slide used to represent a mouse issuing from the mouth of a sleeping man, and going into it again. Whatever may have been the origin of this conception as a humorous representation for entertainment, the idea is a very ancient one. A Black Forest legend tells of a miller who lay down to sleep. During his slumber a servant noticed a mouse run out of his mouth. He drove the little creature away, but by doing so was unconsciously preventing his master's spirit from returning to his body ; the miller therefore never awaked. According to another similar legend, the mouse was probably going in search of drink ; for a Bohemian tale tells of a labourer falling asleep while his comrades went in search of a drinking-well. While he continued sleeping a white mouse ran out of his mouth, went to the spring and drank, and then returned and entered the sleeper again. A Thuringian story refers to a servant girl. While sitting with some companions she fell asleep. Presently they noticed a red mouse creep from her mouth and run out of the window. One of them immediately tried to rouse the slumbering girl, but failed to do so ; they then carried her away, probably to lay her on her bed. Before long the mouse

returned, and appeared to be seeking desperately for the girl. Not succeeding in finding her, it disappeared ; and the girl died. It is possible that some dim memories of this idea of the mouse being the soul of man or woman may be at the root of the dread of mice which we find in persons otherwise courageous enough. But the dread of the little creature has survived the reverence long paid to it. Sometimes it is retained by boys as a pet ; more often it is sacrificed to the gods of the domestic hearth. If we now seek to find a type of the soul in the animal creation, we are not likely to select the mouse.

II.—WATER-SPIRITS.

Every mythology of which we have any record has an abundant supply of tales about water-sprites, whether of the sea or of rivers and lakes. We need not go to Greece for stories of sirens and naiads ; later European mythology can give us equally interesting and less familiar instances. The mermaid has been sufficiently dealt with ; she has struck the fancy of poets and romancers to so great an extent as to have become absolutely conventional. But Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavic myths can tell us of stranger creatures still—of neckars and kelpies and Undines and wilis. Water in itself was worshipped of old time, and the imagination of man gave it inhabitants of striking and varied characteristics. Christianity found this propensity so deeply rooted that it could only give a faint Christian colour to the superstition ; the well already sacred became the holy well, the saint's well. Sacrifices were actually offered to rivers in the darker ages, and there can be no doubt that these sacrifices were sometimes human beings. The spirit of the waters, whatever its nature or its name, was supposed to lure men to destruction ; no person was accidentally drowned without it being thought that the water-sprite had dragged or lured him down. The idea lingers in the old couplet that clings to the river Dart :

River of Dart, River of Dart,
Every year thou claimest a heart ;

and other rivers have similar traditions. Sometimes the water-spirit is like the genuine mermaid ; more often she is a beautiful woman, without the unattractive fishy appendage, but with the long hair and the comb. Such as these are the Russian *rusálki*—lovely girls with garlanded hair, bathing or sunning themselves by lakeside and river. The Poles call them wilis, the Servians vilas ; and with their beauty they lure men into the deep. Sometimes they become wedded to

mortals, like the mermaid of ballad-lore, bearing children and living happily until something reminds them of their water-home, or the husband does something that compels their return. Not many of the water-sprites seek to become domesticated in this fashion ; if they have their earthly lovers, it is usually only to beguile them to their death. They allure them with beautiful singing, or with playing on wild strange instruments ; they weave rushes and sedge round the feet of bathers, so as to hold them down in the watery embrace. In Norway there is a spirit named the *fossegrim*, which lays itself out as an instructor in music ; a sacrifice of a white he-goat must be given to him. If the sacrifice is fat and pleases him, says Grimm, "the *fossegrim* clutches hold of the player's right hand, and guides it up and down till the blood starts out of the finger-tips ; then the pupil is perfect in his art, and can play so that the trees shall dance and torrents in their fall stand still." Fruit and bread used to be thrown into the river Diemel on one day yearly, because on that day the water-nix was supposed to claim its victim—like the river Dart ; and it is said that the river Saale claims a victim every Walpurgis Night. On that night people used to avoid going near the river. When the bodies of drowned men in Sweden could not be recovered, it was thought that they had been carried to the home of the sea-wife. Usually these spirits are represented as doomed to perdition, but as longing for salvation, which they are sometimes able to receive at human hands. The Norse *fossegrim* used to demand such a boon in return for teaching the fiddle. Matthew Arnold has given us one version of a tale which has survived in many different forms. A variant of the tale tells how two boys, playing by the side of a stream, saw a nix or neck with a harp in his hands. They said, "Why do you sit and play here? You know that you can never be saved." Weeping bitterly, the neck threw away his harp and disappeared in the waves. Returning to their home, the boys told their father, who was a priest, what had happened to them. The father said, "You have done wrong to this poor neck. Go back and comfort him, and tell him that he may be saved." So the boys returned to the river, and found the neck wailing on its banks. They said, "Do not cry so, poor neck ; father says that your Redeemer liveth also." With joy the neck took up his harp again, and played beautifully upon it till late into the night. Sometimes the nix was supposed to take the shape of a foal, and to tempt children to ride upon its back ; it would then plunge with them into the waves. Smaller, and perhaps more attractive, water-maidens were represented as sitting upon the leaves of water-lilies.

The sea-horse, or water-bull, is a very different creature ; in Teutonic tales it is said that he may sometimes be caught and harnessed to the plough, but he is a difficult beast to manage. Most Scottish lakes have their tradition of a water-bull. In a conversation recorded by Campbell we have the following : " My father's brother was a herd, and he was herding at the end of that loch, and he saw the water-bull coming out of the water ; he was close to him. He was an ugly beast, not much more than the size of a stirk, rough and blue-grey." In one Highland legend a water-bull saves a girl from being carried off by a rejected lover. The water-horse and kelpie are also familiar fancies in Celtic Scotland. So circumstantial were old stories of water-horses that it is said sportsmen visiting the Highlands have actually gone in chase of them. Campbell believed the myth to be a survival of some imaginary water-god. The Isle of Man has also its water-bulls and water-horses, very similar to those of Scotland. Waldron tells us that a neighbour of his, whose fields were much visited by a water-bull, gathered his men together and hunted into the water ; and Train gives similar accounts. But the genuine water-beast of superstition seems to have been able to assume any shape at will. Perhaps these beasts do not exactly come under the heading of water-sprites.

There are still surviving charms and spells against the power of water-spirits. One such is a Norwegian verse, to be quoted against the nix ; it embodies the superstition that steel is a proof against evil spirits :

Nick, nick, needle in water !
The Virgin Mary casts steel in the water :
Thou sink, I flee.

Bathers thought it a safeguard to use such charms as this. But water-sprites were sometimes kindly and ready to bestow gifts. Stories of women having been summoned to act as midwives to spiritual beings are not uncommon in folklore ; and we find in Luther's " Table Talk " a story of a midwife being fetched to attend a nix in the river Mulda. She received no injury from her descent below the water. Sometimes it is asserted that the death of the human being who is lured into the water by a nix is not due to the malevolence of that sprite ; it is merely the accident of human existence that it cannot survive below water, and the river-sprite compassionately takes the souls of drowned men to his home. In Scandinavian mythology the goddess Rân was said to receive the souls of drowned persons, drawing them to her in a net. A more curious Teutonic fancy tells of a water-spirit keeping the souls of

drowned persons "in pots turned upside down;" a peasant arrives, who tips these pots over, and the souls all escape. The strange cries that superstitious imagination sometimes hears at night are supposed to come from nixes, and they are held to foretell death by drowning. So, too, in North Cornwall weird cries are heard around the river Gannel from some spirit that haunts that desolate coast; and country-folk dreaded to pass that dreary ford when these cries could be heard—even though they were but the voices of seafowl.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

THE ISLE IN THE MORASS, AND ITS REMARKABLE TRADITIONS.

HATFIELD CHACE, not very far from Doncaster, is certainly one of the most interesting big "bits" of Yorkshire. King Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumbria, had a summer palace here; here, too, he was slain in battle by Penda and Ceadwalla. Prince Hatfield, brother to Edward the Black Prince, was born in the parish in 1336; and twenty years later Edward Balliol was having fine sport on the royal chace—the largest one in England, containing within its limits about 180,000 acres of land, water, common, fen, and morass. Endless programmes of pleasure were prepared for Henry VIII. on this royal domain. For hundreds of years kings and their nobles hunted its stags and hinds. The trapper, the viper-catcher, and the fowler found unlimited sport. Up to a comparatively recent date the bittern and the avocet frequented the Chace; among other uncommon visitors being theruff, reeve, redshank, and godwit. To-day the low bush of cotton-grass, sweet gale, sundew, andromeda, whortleberry, bracken, and ling presents a beautiful ground picture, as absorbing in its way as the breezy mountain and fell.

Three miles, as the plover flies, south-east of Hatfield Church there is an arable oasis of about sixty acres slightly raised above the marshy level of Hatfield Moor. According to a survey taken in 1607 this island of Lindholme contained "twelve trees, all oaks." At that time, and for two centuries after Cornelius Vermuyden had completed his Herculean drainage scheme, Lindholme was actually more difficult of access than the stormy Hebrides, and the marshes by which it was surrounded were less trodden than the shifting sands of Arabia. Even in the time of a great drought a dry surface of moss would not infrequently conceal a deep pit of swamp, where the adventurer, in spite of his traditional yard-long bog shoes, would immediately sink up to his waist. In the time of a great flood Lindholme was accessible by boat; when the morass was macadamised by King Frost communication with it generally

became possible on foot. Some idea of the danger lurking around these marshes will be gathered from the fact that they would rise and fall according to the pressure of the four or five rivers as they poured into the Levels, and flowed along or percolated beneath.

At one time the belt of morass which encompassed Lindholme measured fifteen miles in circumference. In a sense it was the inviolate holy island—a refuge for hermits from, it is supposed, the sixth century to the time of Vermuyden. All sorts of wild stories are circulated about a certain William de Lindholme, who does the most ridiculous and contradictory things. I have heard him claimed as a Saxon “hero,” though it is safer to make him contemporaneous with Henry VI. It is impossible to give him a character, for while local poets have whitewashed it, tradition-mongers have blackwashed it, and given us a giant hermit absolutely barren of religious feeling—a sort of Prospero or Paracelsus, endowed with powers supernatural and in league with infernal spirits. In the benighted ages, and among superstitious folk of the nineteenth century, it was supposed that evil spirits in tangible form, who could be handled, tethered, and even sold, lurked in noisome marshes and fens. If ballad be true, the devil used to lived in this world on very familiar terms with its inhabitants. Did not St. Dunstan grasp his nose with a pair of red-hot tongs? Did not Martin Luther fling an inkstand at his head? Belial vanished from the scene when the era of much writing, printing, and reading set in. I have, however, come across country folk who regard the name of William de Lindholme with superstitious dread. Unhappily for the author who would have all illustrious personages as clearly defined as a statue, De Lindholme is a trinity of persons with three different settings. I find him alluded to as a human devil by the superstitious country folk, as a good hermit by De la Pryme (the local historian), and by the hard-headed tillers of the soil as the clever son of a farmer who lived a very natural life at Lindholme with his father and mother.

Here is a tangled skein of tradition scarcely worth the trouble of trying to disentangle. The romancist makes William de Lindholme a comparatively modern man—a son of the squire of Linthwaite, in fact—loving one Leila Ventager, and losing her. World-sick and world-hating, he repairs him to a witch, and gets an introduction to the wicked spirits, who pursue him to Lindholme, where he devotes his days to works of evil. One Walter Greaves, of Haxey Hall Garth, who had set out to see his sweetheart, Jenny Scott, of Barnby Dun, lost his way on the landmarkless waste, but eventually got to Lindholme—God knows how—where he was detained by the occupant,

William. For date we are given the year 1435. William was attired in a trapper's commodities, of which the belt was worn outside and the fur next to the skin. The tunic was sewn together with the strong rind of rushes, so were his trousers, and both bound to his body with vegetable thongs. In his girdle were stuck a formidable knife, a hook, and an axe. He wore on his head a hairy cap of polecat skins, and his matted hair and beard were of great length. The romancist says that when De Lindholme's first, last, and only love was wedded to another, the happy bride and bridegroom found their way to his cell for his blessing, upon which occasion he gave both bride and groom a "stirrup-cup," which he had poisoned. On their departure he felt so utterly miserable that he drank the remainder of the poisonous potion to its dregs, after which he descended into the grave which he had previously made, and pulled a huge coffin-cover of stone down upon it. The bride and bridegroom both died that night. Suspicion being directed to the tenant of Lindholme, a hired assassin went in quest of him, but William could not be found.

To my mind this is mostly rubbish, and I cannot do better than set against it the version of Abraham de la Pryme, F.R.S., the old antiquary of Dutch extraction, who wrote a history of Hatfield, and who held the perpetual curacy of Thorne. He puts William de Lindholme before us in a very estimable light, and writes a descriptive poem of thirty lines. In the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for January, 1747, there appeared an article on Lindholme by George Stovin, J.P., of Crowle, accompanied with an engraving of the west prospect of a "stud-bound" or timber-framed cell, and the poem mentioned by De la Pryme. It seems that in 1727, about a hundred years after Vermuyden had drained the Levels, Samuel Wesley, then Rector of Epworth, and the said George Stovin, found their way to Lindholme on foot, afterwards confessing that the morass, even under improved conditions, was crossed only with serious difficulty, attended by danger. They found this stud-bound cell to have a raised space at the east end, on which stood a hewn stone altar, while below there was a cellar cut out of sand, pebbles, and alluvial deposit, showing that an arm of the sea once reached this spot. To the "twelve trees, all oaks," of 1607 had come birches, alders, willow and gorse-bushes, wild barley, oats, and peas. A well four or five yards deep was found—a well of the purest spring water, although the water of the surrounding morass was quite coffee-coloured. At the west end of the building were found a beaten piece of copper, a peck of hemp-seed, a tooth, and, beneath a flat freestone slab $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, the skull,

thigh, shin-bones, and some vertebræ of a male skeleton. We seem to have proof here afforded that Lindholme was at one time the abode of a solitary individual who, like St. Robert of Knaresborough, buried himself in the enclosure of his cell. Tradition says that William de Lindholme prepared his own sepulchre, and lay down in it when in sorrowful moods. There may, of course, be a good deal of truth in this, and it is probable that either he or some other recluse buried himself by jerking down a wood prop which supported the huge gravestone mentioned in a leaning position, thus being both his own gravedigger and sexton.

A Leeds weekly newspaper published an extraordinary romance, entitled "The Magical Dutchman," during the last three months of 1896. It dealt entirely with this part of the world, one of the supposed many recluses of Lindholme playing an important part therein. There is abundant scope for the novelist in this part of the country, but the novelist's methods are so often to be deprecated that it is dangerous to incite him to deal with local history and legend. When I was at Lindholme last year some very superstitious old folk had found shelter from the world there. The farm-bailiff could read his Bible, though not a newspaper or a letter. His equally superstitious son pioneered me all round the little estate of about sixty acres. Mr. Wright (squarson and M.P. of Lindholme !) had a hundred pheasants and a score or more of young guinea-fowl, and this young man had charge of them. The Hall—a fairly handsome farm—covers the site of the stud-bound dwelling found by Wesley and Stovin in 1727. There are numerous outbuildings. In one stuffy place a repulsive-looking character sat beside a hot fire ; him I set down as the calf-doctor. We went up some creaking stairs to a lofty granary, where my cicerone mounted a wood bin, and brought down a round basket containing the vertebræ and thigh-bones of a man of quite ordinary size. Their history is traditional, but I very much question that Wesley and Stovin would leave any part of their interesting finds behind them. The skull, which had been found at the same time, eventually reached a Manchester museum—so it is, at least, said ; but I talked with a man who averred that he had had "Billy Lindum's" skull on his own head, like a lass with her "potrimole" basket, and he represented the skull as being three-quarters of an inch thick. I asked the farm-bailiff's son, How was I to know that these were William's own bones ? when I received proof of it in these terms : "About ten years back my brother and his mate were sleeping in the garret there—yonder's the window—see ?—and having before they went to bed

one night spitefully kicked these bones out into the stableyard, a ghost of some sort came to plague 'em for it. T' news was as they had to get up there an' then an' put back Billy's bones i' their place. They were scared out'n their wits, but I can tell you they were glad to be obedient-like for once."

Another tradition says that William de Lindholme actually lived with his parents on the island, and that when they died he did not flit from the paternal roof-tree, but stayed on there as a farmer and a bachelor. One old local saying, which I have recently heard from living lips, is, "Lindholme has no sparrows." When William was a lad his father and mother went one day to Wroot feast (still held on July 11), leaving him at home to keep away sparrows from the ripening crops. How these parents got from Lindholme to Wroot across the morass legendary lore does not tell us. William found the duty imposed on him by far too tame, so he drove all the sparrows into his father's barn, and placed a heavy harrow against the door. Then off he decamped to Wroot, where he plunged headlong into the revelries that were going on. In the evening of that day William's father, on going to the barn, was astonished to find a great number of sparrows lying dead and four or five more whose feathers had become as white as snow from fright. When set at liberty they led their uncaptured companions away from Lindholme, and none (save a white bird the size of a sparrow, making its appearance not oftener than once a year) has since been seen there.

I know of no sillier story in Yorkshire than the "Lindholme has no sparrows" story. But I am not going to doubt for a moment that there is the element of truth in it. The apparent reason why Lindholme has no sparrows (and I have myself looked in vain for them there) is because they have not thought it worth their while returning so far across the broad moor to attack one single granary!

Here are no brown sparrows, but the farm-bailiff's son declares that on two different occasions he has seen a white sparrow. Anything that looks like a white sparrow is an evil omen. In 1890 he had a shot at one, and brought it down. When he went to pick it up, it took to wing, and was no more seen. One of his co-labourers who saw the deed done cried out: "Noo thoo's deean it! Ho'tin' a white bo'd oalways meean mischief." All the servants on the farm declared that bird to have been possessed of—— Well, it was somehow the devil in disguise, and its appearance portended a death or a disaster among the squire's cattle.

Two or three upright tall stones existed near Lindholme,

probably as pointers to the track leading across the morass to Wroot village. I cannot tell if they are the same stones usually alluded to as the Thumb Stone and Little Finger Stone, which are said to have been brought by William de Lindholme from a distant parish at one and the same time on his right thumb and left little finger. The tradition—a senseless thing—has been coined in order to exaggerate De Lindholme's supposed great strength. Let us give him credit for being more sensible than to waste his time and strength in “lugging” about boulders to no earthly purpose. Some say these stones were his skittles, and that he used to hurl them at the poor sparrows when they came to steal his grain. But here things do not tally. It has become the custom for writers never to go near the place they write about, and practice false economy by copying their predecessors' mistakes over and over again. Nowadays the one known stone at Lindholme, on the west side of the Hall, is not particularly big to look at, although it may be deeply imbedded. It bears some much-defaced chisel marks (?) of a “bunch o' fives.” Elsewhere we learn that this stone was hurled from Wroot (one and a half mile to the south) by the devil when William had risen against him. The second—the retaliative—stone is at Wroot. William himself landed it there from his own estate, intending to make an end of the malicious one; but, of course, without succeeding. It is said of the Wroot stone that ten horses were once brought to move it from its place, and that the horses died after the straining attempt! As a matter of fact, there are several of these stones on the borders of the moors, and, as the reader may have already suspected, they are nothing more than ice-borne erratics.

It is said by those who ought to know better that the pass across the bog from what is now Lindholme Hall to the Moor Drain (which separates the unreclaimed from the unreclaimable) was started by the devil himself, at the instigation of “Billy Lindum.” It is not only very disrespectful to pervert the charming name William de Lindholme into vulgar “Billy Lindum,” but it is a gratuitous piece of business to keep dragging in the devil when there is not the least need of him. Others, however, euphemistically substitute pixies, with their spades and shovels; and I, for one, incline to the pixies. Tradition-mongers, who have clearly not been on the spot at all, tell us on bad authority that this road from the Hall to the bridge is a limestone road, and thus, unnecessarily encumbering themselves with an inexplicable difficulty, they must account for the limestone (where there is actually nothing but sand) through the agency of some supernatural power attributed to the

pseudo-hermit. He must, they say, have brought it from a place near Doncaster, but have not the least notion how.

It seems that William the "squire," bad as he was, wanted occasionally to go to Hatfield Church, three miles away ; but getting across the morass was a fearfully parlous undertaking, and, although he attempted to make a two-mile road (the task was Herculean or Ulyssian) by bedding the morass for a foundation with tons of ling and whin, intending afterwards to fill it up with sandstone gravel, the waters, which were always insidiously meandering on beneath, swallowed it up so completely as to make the work altogether futile. Anyhow, one fair summer Sunday, after a parching drought, he set off from his stud-bound dwelling to reach Hatfield Church on mule-back, and presently began to complain bitterly to the king of the pixies (or, as some do say, to the devil, to whom he had "sold himself") that he could not have some sort of a road made for his use. That potent pixie-king, it seems, sent him on his way, assuring him that if he did not look back from his mule the road would be complete and perfect all the way across the morass by the time he returned from service. William was delighted at this prospect, and expressed his thanks. Presently he heard a great noise, as of a gang of labourers bent on accomplishing much work within a given time. And here his curiosity seems to have prevailed ; he looked to the rear. Lo ! a multitude of Liliputian pixies, vanishing into the ling with their hammers, shovels, and spades. As neither threat nor coax would bring them out again to resume their work, De Lindholme went on his way cursing, and the road remained unfinished until good, strong, sensible men cut the Moor Drain around the morass. Adieu, then, to the theory that the road is of limestone, got from nobody knows where and by nobody knows what means. It is constructed from limestone dug out of a hillock adjoining the farm-bailiff's cottage.

William, having acquired a certain trick, resolved to play it off upon one of his enemies—a godly man, who wanted to be at Thorne. De Lindholme bet the price of his soul that he could make a road as fast as his "good friend" galloped, provided that he did not turn his inquisitive head. So the godly man, well content, mounted and trotted off. When he became aware of an unearthly commotion at his rear curiosity got the better of caution ; he behaved like the misguided Lot's wife. To him it was a mere vision of flying peat, gravel, and stones, with a caco-dæmon in the midst of hundreds of little pixies in red jackets. "God speed your noble work !" he exclaimed in his enthusiasm. Whereupon the affronted pixies

immediately lifted him off his horse and bore him ten fathoms under the morass. De Lindholme, in the caco-dæmon's guise, laughed a loud laugh of derision. Persons not disposed to lend credulity to this story were pointed to an unfinished stone causeway which ran for about the length of a furlong towards Tudworth and Thorne. In all probability it was a kind of ambulatory made by some contemplative recluse, and evidences used to exist that at one time it had been planted on both sides with trees.

On the west side of Lindholme House, farther afield than the debatable boulder-stone previously mentioned, is the very well from which the Lindholme eremites, also Samuel Wesley and George Stovin, drank. Abraham de la Pryme, in his poem, describes it as four or five yards deep, and containing the clearest spring water, although the water of the surrounding morass was quite coffee-coloured. A pump is now affixed. The pheasant-keeper having carried with him from home a tumbler, enabled me to get a good draught. On the Hall's south side we trod the anchorites' tillage, where Wesley and Stovin saw barley, oats, and peas growing in Richard Howlegate's time.

HARWOOD BRIERLEY.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY YEO- MAN FARMER'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

I HAVE in my possession a couple of tattered and time-stained volumes of a commonplace book or scrap-book compiled by two—possibly by three—generations of a family of yeomen farmers in Sussex in the eighteenth century. Along with them is a thin long-quarto stitched book, in which, in singularly clear and beautiful handwriting, are written a complete copy of Matthew Prior's "Turtle and Sparrow," and—in another but equally good hand—some verses descriptive of the months, signed "Musarum Amicus," 1759, and an undated satire, entitled "Arbitrary Power, or Pride Triumphant," signed "Aminadab Meanwell." The two volumes of commonplace books are in small quarto, and were originally ruled as account books, though the ruling has faded. Their first possessor was probably a parish overseer; and he seems to have begun to use one of them for his parish memoranda, as two or three leaves have been cut out, and the leaf that now begins the book contains two entries of the removal of a pauper from the overseer's parish, first to one parish, and then to another. The former entry is dated 1716, and the latter is undated.

It is uncertain through how many hands these commonplace books passed. The manuscript entries and the printed cuttings are of various dates from the middle of the eighteenth century until a couple of decades in the nineteenth. The greater number belong to the eighteenth century. On the cover of one of the volumes is written "James —, 1760." I omit the surname. This man was born in 1717, and lived until nearly the end of the century, marrying in the forties, and begetting thirteen children. The date "1760" may, or may not, mean that the book then first came into the writer's possession. The compilation of the book was certainly begun before that date, either by James himself, or by his father, or his wife's

father. The long-quarto manuscript accompanying the volumes bears the name of "Thomas —, 1764," a son of James, born in 1751. Perhaps the entries were school exercises of the two eldest boys in the family. The parish overseer who made the pauper removal entry in 1716 may have been either James's father or his wife's father, and may also have pasted some of the earliest cuttings and written some of the earliest extracts in the books. The books came into my possession from James's youngest son, who was born in 1770, and who has written in one of them, "Joseph —, his book, given by James —, July 29, 1784. Hic nomen pono: quia librum perdere nolo."

Thus the central figure among the compilers of these documents is the James born in 1717, who married in the "forties," and brought up a large family on his own inherited farm. What kind of a man he was, and what his homestead was like, I can tolerably well imagine, partly by the aid of the commonplace books, partly by the aid of what I know of others of his class who remained yeoman farmers within my own memory, and partly from family tradition. He kept most of his family around him; but his youngest son left home early in life because he objected to "go with the waggons." The immediate survivors of men in neighbouring parishes, belonging to the same class as the old yeoman, had become when I knew them notorious throughout the district for their eccentricity. They did not change with the times. That several of them died aged celibates is due probably to the fact that their small and diminishing properties did not yield an income sufficient to enable them, in the altered conditions of life in which they found themselves, to support a family as comfortably as their fathers had done. Perhaps the fact that they clung to their few ancestral acres when most of their class had sold them to big landholders indicates that they were sturrier and more conservative in their habits and tastes than their neighbours. They preferred a celibate isolation and independence, even if pinched, to sinking down into starving small tenants or hired labourers. They left land to be sold by their heirs, and some of them left little lumps of money. Like the compilers of the commonplace books, they were shrewd and exceptionally intelligent men for their time; and their shrewdness, knowledge of letters, and eccentricity, would have made them conspicuous figures in the pages of a Goldsmith or an earlier Dickens.

The principal hero of our commonplace books, whose farm went by his name long after his children had sold it, could afford to beget a large family, and had leisure and intellect enough to

amuse himself and his sons and daughters by making manuscript excerpts from the books, particularly the poems, of the day, and by taking multitudinous cuttings from contemporary magazines and newspapers. How the magazines drifted into the obscure village in which he lived it is impossible to say. They were most probably odd numbers, otherwise the complete sets would have been preserved. The written excerpts would generally be made from borrowed books. The name of a schoolmaster belonging to an adjoining village appears at the back of one of the scraps; it would be at his school that the younger members of the family learnt to write so well, and perhaps from him also they acquired the ability to quote scraps of Latin. But most of the best written and most scholarly entries must, according to their dates, have been made by the father, before the children were old enough to make them.

The impression produced upon the mind of anyone who studies these old commonplace books is that they represent the indoor recreation of a household, the members of which eagerly appropriated and intelligently assimilated any stray literature that came in their way. News of the outer world reached them only too sparingly. The rude comforts of country life were never wanting in that home; but money was not too plentiful, and books—beyond a certain small number—had to be borrowed if seen at all. What literature they could get was, however, keenly appreciated. Numbers of the “Royal Magazine,” the “London Magazine,” the “Town and County Magazine,” and the “Universal Magazine,” often came in their way, and were pillaged wholesale, half a dozen pages being now and then inserted in the scrap-books in a batch. These pages are generally full of long poems, either selected or original. The magazine readers of that age had a keen appetite for not very brilliant verse. A few of these excerpted leaves contain songs set to music; *e.g.* “The Indolent Swain, set to music by M. Moze.” Did our yeoman household use this music only vocally, or had some member of the family a violin—they would call it a fiddle—or possibly a spinet? Voices most of them would have, and undoubtedly used them in singing glees by the fireside. The fireside of such a family would never be unpeopled; but there would also be room for neighbours, who would find such an intelligent and genial household attractive. There would be pipes and home-brewed ale, and much talk, and wit and humour—sometimes broad, and generally homely, but keen and honest.

The newspapers chiefly cut from were the “Public Advertiser”

(Woodfall's paper, in which "Junius" published his letters), the "Whitehall Evening Post," the "London Journal" (as early as 1744), the "Kentish Weekly Post," the "Canterbury Journal," and the "Lewes Journal." Some of the cuttings are from papers that cannot be identified. In the excerpts, from both magazines and newspapers, sentiment and satire are the prevailing motives. The satire is most frequently political, sometimes social, and sometimes directed against such persons as are suspected of being more sanctimonious than saintly. A tone of sturdy Franklinian independence of opinion runs through the whole of the books. But while there is no parade of church-going or of intimacy with the parson, there is nothing radically inconsistent with either. Among the excerpts are such hymns as Addison's, and many other pieces of a religious character. Mere instruction does not seem to have been aimed at so much as the gratification of sentiment and of a taste for the humorous and satirical. The age of the "useful knowledge" literature had not yet dawned. It was the period when the newspaper had recently absorbed the separate political sheet, and the modern leading article had not yet been developed out of such letters as those of "Junius," who was then enlivening the columns of Woodfall's paper.

In estimating the intellectual and moral tone of these commonplace books, it must be taken into account that the locality in which the family had lived for at least several generations was comparatively isolated. The nearest considerable town was some miles distant. Roads in the eighteenth century were notoriously bad; and Sussex roads enjoyed a special notoriety for their badness. A high-road to London ran through a populous parish not far off; but that parish was noted throughout the countryside for the satirical character of its inhabitants. It is not probable that any influence of an elevating or religious tone would filter thence into the neighbouring parishes. What culture there was was not strongly tinged with a high-toned religiosity. The family that compiled the commonplace books was, in none of its generations, a conspicuously pietistic one. What the general character of the rural clergy of that age was is well known; and it often happened that such a household as that of our yeoman farmer did more credit to the Church than the parson himself did. "An honest man's the noblest work of God" represents probably the highest spiritual level to which most of the scattered population in that district had for some time attained. That part of the country does not appear to have been much affected by the religious agitations of either the seven-

teenth or the eighteenth century. A Puritan minister was ejected from a parish church several miles away in 1672; but Puritanism made no deep impression there at that time. The Methodist revival did not penetrate those wilds until after Wesley was dead; Wesley's rounds, in fact, touched only a few places in the county, and left the district we are interested in quite uninfluenced. Thus religious indifferentism was undisturbed; and what intellectual stimulus reached the people would be of a secular character. There is, therefore, no reason to doubt that our yeoman household owed what special culture it may have possessed to its own native mental vigour, aided by the neighbourhood of a good schoolmaster, and to such few books, magazines, and newspapers as it could get hold of. It is possible that some civilising influence may have leaked out from the great house in the parish belonging to the Pelhams, in whose hands the manorial rights had been since the days of Henry IV., and a collateral branch of which family then, or certainly not long before, resided there.

One naturally looks first, in such commonplace books as these, for references to the public events of the time. How far were the dwellers in this out-of-the-way village *en rapport* with what was going on in towns and cities, in Courts and Parliaments, at home and abroad? The American difficulty is distinctly mentioned only once. It may have had more attention given to it originally, but unfortunately many of the cuttings have been lost. This one mention is in a cutting from the "Canterbury Journal," over the signature of "A Kentish Gardener," who says:

"So, Mr. Printer, our Ministry have kick'd up a dust in America; and how far it may spread, and how many may be smothered in it before it falls, no mortal can tell. If those who raised it were to be choaked by it, 'twould be a mercy to this nation and the colonies. I wonder what our Ministry think; perhaps they think men's lives are of no more value than the lives of gnats and butterflies; and, if *this* should be their idea, it is probably drawn from themselves, who are *stinging gnats* and *painted butterflies*.

". . . 'Tis those Ministerial butterflies, who feed on the fruits of public industry, that produce so many destructive *caterpillars*; they have almost devoured the verdure of this land, and say, 'It is not enough,' &c.

Wilkes figures frequently in these books. The yeoman farmer's attitude towards the people's champion was evidently a sympathetic one, though he could enjoy the fun on both sides. In some pages of a magazine (the name of which is cut off) is a narrative of Wilkes's

career, together with his address to his constituents in 1768. An engraved portrait of Wilkes originally accompanied these pages, but it has disappeared. From the "Universal Magazine" for November 1763 is cut an abstract of the Rev. Mr. Kidgell's "Narrative of a Scandalous, Obscene, and exceedingly Profane Libel, entitled 'An Essay on Woman.'" The notorious Kidgell (whom Mr. Lecky, in his "History," erroneously calls Killidge) got possession of a copy of the "Essay on Woman" from a journeyman printer, and handed it to Lord March, through whom it reached the Government. While the work was still under the consideration of the Ministers, Kidgell published his pamphlet, a large portion of which was at once copied into the "Universal Magazine."

One newspaper cutting contains an ode on the first anniversary of the fatal riot of May 10, 1768, occasioned by the imprisonment of Wilkes, and known as the "Massacre in St. George's Fields." Another, bearing the heading, "The Injured Patriot's Complaint," gives an acrostic on John Wilkes, by a "Young Lady of Quality." On the other hand, our yeoman farmer preserves several rhyming lampoons upon Wilkes's friends when they publicly refused to wear mourning for the King's sister, who died in May, 1768. Here is one :

Alas ! Friend W——s, thy state's forlorn,
No more on fate rely ;
The reason's plain, your friends won't mourn,
They cannot mourning buy.

Parson Horne (since better known as Horne-Tooke, author of "The Diversions of Purley"), when he fell out with Wilkes and his party, was the subject of many angry diatribes. We have here a long poem inscribed to him, entitled "The Progress of Apostasy ;" and when he turned from the Church to the Bar the "Whitehall Evening Post" (1773) attacked him thus :

Horne as a priest long tried in vain,
With all the wickedness of Cain,
To vanquish Wilkes and Glynn ;
But not succeeding by the Church,
He left Religion in the lurch,
That he by Law might sin, &c.

The "Public Advertiser" published the following "On the Dispute between Junius and the Rev. Mr. Horne :"

When Wilkes the battle deals around,
Horne droops aghast and bites the ground ;

Yet when a mightier hero far
Comes forth at once to close the war
The vanquish'd priest begins anew,
And, conquer'd, is a conqueror too.
The proud Goliath thus of Gath
A victim fell to David's wrath ;
While that same David after all
Shrunk trembling from the hand of Saul.

An echo of the street attack upon Lord North by Wilkes's friends in 1771 is to be heard in some "Verses written over Lord North's Door" (cut from the "Whitehall Evening Post"). Here are some of the stanzas :

O ! wretched is our fate !
What dangers do we run !
We must be wicked to be great,
And if we're just—undone.

'Tis thus our S——n keeps his word,
And makes the nation great ;
To Scotchmen he resigned the sword,
To *Tories* all the state.

Lord Holland, on the contrary, finds favour. The following lines, "On placing Lord Holland's Bust in my Library," are cut from the "Public Advertiser" (1771) :

This little tribute to his name,
On which nor wealth attends, nor fame,
Envy will spare—whilst Holland's mind
Shall taste a secret joy to find
One grateful heart among mankind.

"A Statesman's Advice to his Dependents," from the "Canterbury Journal," is in the spirit of many other scraps preserved in these books :

Whatever we think, be sure you think it too ;
And what we bid, that you must mind and do ;
What we affirm, deny, commend, or blame,
Believ'd or not, yet you must say the same ;
If we insist that the black raven's white,
You must agree, and swear that wrong is right,
In the same breath, applauding or abjure,
In Church or State, your elevation's sure.

At the general election of 1774 forty-five "free and independent" voters went in a body from the parish of Cliffe to Chichester to vote for the people's candidate. The "Lewes Journal" published a long

rhyming eulogy of these "Forty-Five Cliffites," and of course that eulogy is among our cuttings. These Cliffites are

to themselves and Freedom true,
Scorn to be led in silken strings,
The dupes of Ministers and kings.

From the "Kentish Gazette" we have "A Never-failing Remedy for the Worst of Times :"

Thee, Tyburn, supplicates my muse :—
Come, with thy cart, thy Ketch, thy noose,
And eloquent haranguing ;
And do, dear Tyburn, prithee do,
Exhibit to our longing view
One glorious scene of hanging ! &c.

The distress of the times, consequent upon the scarcity and high price of food, is referred to in many of the cuttings and manuscript excerpts. "A Song" has a number of stanzas of this character :

Ye Lords of the Court and great Dons of the City,
On the poor people's wants and distresses take pity ;
And when for the good of the nation you treat,
Contrive that the poor may have something to eat.

A manuscript excerpt from the "Canterbury Journal," bearing the signature "Agrestes," and dated Sandwich, June 10, 1780, gives the following "Moral and Judicial Causes of the present Commotions," and quotes Proverbs xiv. 34 :

Contempt of laws, both human and divine ;
Unbounded lust and Bacchus' drunken shrine ;
Unbridl'd passion, luxury and vice,
That fits for ruin, as it caused its rise ;
Hard-hearted avarice, and injustice' paw,
That gripes the helpless and defies the law ;
The pomp of pride, the spleen of lawless pow'r,
Ambition's envy and its thirst of more ;
Religion's scorn, the hate of all restraint,
The poor's oppression and their mock'd complaint—
These are the crimes that mark destruction's line,
And, unrepented, Britain, will be thine !

This is doggerel ; but the writer was in earnest. The compiler has preserved several vigorous attacks upon the excessive dram-drinking of that period. He also takes the trouble to copy out some verses on lotteries, ending thus :

In lotteries 'tis the same as 'tis in play,
The knave's the vulture, and the fool's the prey.

To mention one more cutting of a political character. There is, in prose, "A Picture of Europe for 1771, by a State-Painter." Each

State in Europe is summed up in a short paragraph. I give three specimens :

"Great Britain.—On her knees. The Cabinet Council playing at back-gammon. A Secretary of State singeing the red rose at a candle. Neptune supporting the throne with his head off."

"Ireland—Barefooted. Singing the Irish howl."

"Holland. While all the other nations of Europe are *thinking* of making money, the *Dutch* are making it with all ease and expedition possible."

In the early and middle decades of the eighteenth century inoculation was as much a bone of contention as vaccination is now ; and our yeoman farmer brings against it, as the anti-vaccinators now do against vaccination, the charge that it is profitable chiefly to those who make money by it. Twice does he himself try his skill in verse (not very successfully it must be admitted), and signs his effusions with his surname spelt backwards. He also gives a newspaper cutting (1769) in which a Mr. Sutton advertises that "Sutton House" (presumably in London) is open for inoculation, and that patients are there received "upon the general terms of twenty, ten, and five guineas, all necessities included, tea excepted."

The monumental beplastered head-dress worn by ladies at that time seems to have been as obnoxious to plain minds as the "music-hall hat" has since been to theatre-goers. The writer of some verses in the "Canterbury Journal" comes to the conclusion that

It was but the pageant of a head,
With brains worn inside out.

The literary critics of a hundred and thirty years ago were, like the critics of our day, themselves criticised. A writer in the "Lewes Journal" ventures to publish the following address "To the Modern Critics :

Critics of ancient times, we know,
Were profitable fellows ;
They made the fires of Genius glow,
And served instead of bellows.

But ye, my lustre-lacking sirs,
However ye may vapour,
What are ye but extinguishers
Of modern wit's dim taper ?

A rhyming satirist in the "London Magazine" (1768) contrasts a curate with his vicar, to the advantage of the former. The whole

effusion is copied into one of these volumes. This gives the gist of the whole. The vicar

By proxy sets a good example,
Viz., gives his curate for a sample,
And firmly binds him—by his pay—
To nothing else but fast and pray.

In culling the above specimens from these tattered old scrap-books I have aimed at showing how the early decades of George III.'s reign mirrored themselves in the mind of an intelligent and shrewd yeoman farmer living in an obscure village. That farmer was not, perhaps, an average sample of men of his class; but, though he may have been intellectually superior to the average, it may be justly assumed that among the men of his social position there were many who were like him. It is easy, in our self-gratulation over the modern spread of knowledge, to under-estimate the intelligence of the agricultural population of the eighteenth century. With fewer books and newspapers than we have to-day, they probably valued more highly what they had, and acquired a habit of thinking for themselves and an originality of character not too conspicuous among us now. They certainly possessed a sturdy independence of spirit; and, if they were comparatively helpless, they were not afraid to speak out. There was in them not a little of that which can make a "bold peasantry" their "country's pride."

These scrap-books are by no means filled solely with political satire and complaints of the evilness of the times. *Bons mots*, moral reflections, sketches of country life, abound. There are translations from Horace and Ovid, whole poems written out from authors of lasting repute (e.g. Swift's "Bubble" and Nathaniel Cotton's "Fable of the Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow"), and other pieces that do credit to the compiler's taste. Among the epigrams is one "By a Scholar of Harrow:"

To school we, lagging, one by one repair—
No crowd, no ardour, who shall first get there :
But, when school's done, what driving do we see !
Such is a Briton's love of liberty !

Naturally, there is a collection of epitaphs from neighbouring villages, copied apparently in the early seventies. The following are, perhaps, the smartest :

This life is like unto a winter's day :
Some only break their fast, and so away ;
Others stay dinner and depart full fed ;
The greatest age but sups and goes to bed.
The bitter cup that death gave me
Is passing round to come to thee.

These quotations will suffice to suggest to the reader how the old yeoman lived and thought. More than one generation—I know not how many generations—of this family have long lain under the shadow of the historical yew tree that still flourishes in the village churchyard. The parish can no longer be described as an obscure one. The nineteenth century has invaded it. Modern taste has discovered that the once quiet valley and the pleasant hills around it are picturesque. Little remains of what our old friends knew, except the church and its graveyard, some ancient cottages, some lingering but fast dying-out traditions, and these old scrap-books.

ARTHUR RANSOM.

THE WIND.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

Infancy.

I CREEP o'er the face of Earth
With footsteps tremulous and
Uncertain, as one who seeks
His way in an unknown land ;

And men and women, wearied
With labour and with distress,
Are strong again, smile once more,
At touch of my soft caress.

Boyhood.

I bound with a springing step,
Footing a gleeful measure ;
In merry mischievous trick
I take a mighty pleasure.

A plague am I, say people,
But mean it but half ; the while
They scold, they stifle a laugh—
They frown, they smother a smile.

Youth.

I sweep ahead with a stride
Of fierce tumultuous force,
Tossing aside the restraints
That would seek to bar my course,

The goodly fruits of the Earth
I, spendthrift, waste on my way,
And from its choicest flowers
I lustfully seize as prey.

Maturity.

I move along with a step
Temperate yet wondrous strong,
And with my going travels
A blessing my path along.

Mine is the labour of life :
In the regions where I blow,
Prosperous the mill-wheel grinds ;
Safe, speedy, ships come and go.

Old Age.

Gone is the glee of boyhood,
Gone is youth's passionate reign,
Gone maturity's labour ;
I am a baby again.

I creep o'er the face of Earth
With footsteps tremulous and
Uncertain, as one who seeks
His way to an unknown land.

A. ELTON PATERSON.

TABLE TALK.

POLONIUS AND HIS UNDERLINGS.

OUR dramatic censor is once more on the war-path. Startled at the outcry he caused when, in a mood of light-hearted ignorance, he suppressed *Monna Vanna*—one of the purest and most idyllic pieces of modern times—he has for a while lain low. Almost the only action traceable to him in recent times has been the prohibition extended to Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the author of *The Flood-tide*, against dealing in any fashion with the matter of regimental “ragging.” This even must not, like the previous offence, be ascribed to literary ineptitude. An action such as this springs from no meddlesomeness on the part of subordinate officials, but may be safely ascribed to arch-flunkeydom—in fact, to my lord Polonius himself. As, almost alone among functionaries, Polonius is wholly irresponsible, we shall know no more concerning the matter. In regard to the suppression, by the Reader of Plays, of *La Città Morta* of Signor Gabriele d’Annunzio, there is not much to be said. Interpreted as it has been by Signora Duse or by Madame Bernhardt, the work has been accepted without difficulty in most European capitals. I can, however, only fight the matter on general lines, and protest against the drama being subjected to any form of censure which does not apply to other forms of literature. *La Città Morta* is, in fact, a detestable play—all the more hateful since the writer has not the courage to deal boldly with the subject he chooses. There are in it virtually but four characters, and one woman is the subject and the victim of two passions—one adulterous, the other incestuous. Such a subject may well be left alone; and I cannot express regret that, for any cause whatever, it is not to be set before the London public. Signor d’Annunzio is a poet. That much is unquestionable. His imagination is, however, undisciplined; and among the things against which he revolts are accepted notions of moral cleanliness. *Quand-même*, it is to be wished that the censor, as an anachronism and an offence, would learn the lesson of self-effacement.

CONCERNING "THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED."

A CONTROVERSY in which I cannot but feel a certain interest raged mildly, to use a Hibernicism, a few weeks ago in the *Daily Mail*. This was as to the age at which port wine may best be drunk. I was astounded to find men who claimed to be experts saying that no vintage earlier than 1847 existed in London cellars. Brought up in Yorkshire in the early half of the last century, I was, so to speak, weaned on port wine. I barely escaped meeting the three-bottle men, and the fame of their heroic exploits was in every mouth. A knowledge of port wine was, however, indispensable to the youth who sought admission to "good men's feasts," and young beauty itself could talk about beeswing or bouquet, and even spill scientifically the last drops of a goblet *supernaculum*. I could personally recognize the "stink" of 1820 port when it had been decanted in a warm room and had not been tasted, and I have drunk—with no special gusto, I must own—the wines of the antepenultimate century. With my arrival in London in 1860 my opportunities of drinking old port diminished and finally disappeared, but the great wines of 1820 (the king of all), 1834, 1840, 1842, 1844, 1847, 1851 (which I laid down in my own cellar), and 1863, have all received my homage. After that year others may speak. If any of my friends possess still a bottle of 1820 I wish, for the sake of reviving old memories and testing the worth of lingering superstitions, as well as for personal delectation, he would let me assist at its disentanglement. A good many of them possess 1834 wines—but there were many 1834s, there is (or was) but one 1820.

IMMORTAL PORTS.

ONE thing may be said with confidence. A strong fine port will last virtually unimpaired for half a century. How long it will improve I cannot undertake to say: 1820 port was still in perfection in 1864, when I last tasted it. To quote an extravagant eulogy of a Tudor dramatist, written, of course, concerning something else than port:—

The very lees of such millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others.

In order to maintain its perfection, however, port wine must be bottled neither less nor more than three years after vintage. A heresy prevailed in Portugal, and extended to this country, of keeping a wine in wood for many years and making up the leakage or shrink

age by the frequent introduction of new wine. A process such as this is fatal to the character of a wine: 1834 was specially subject to the outrage, which is the cause why I say "there are many 1834s." Secure one that was bottled in 1837, and you have what Lyly the euphuist calls "nectar from Juno's dairy"—a beverage that might tempt the god Lyæus, ever young, to "dance upon the mazer's brim." The other so-called wine is responsible for the heresy concerning "tawny port," on which our novelists—the female novelists especially—dilate. Tawny port is to genuine port what the bronzing leaf of October is to the verdurous growth of May. Take it who will, a beaker of the genuine port still realizes the description of Keats—

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth.

WOMAN AGAIN AS THE DESTROYER.

A CHANGE has come over feminine fashions in headgear, and the aigret—with which, regardless of every dictate of humanity, beauty was accustomed to deck herself—is now repudiated or left to the middle-aged and the dowdy. I observe keenly these things, and I have not for six months past seen that decoration (!) on the head of any woman whom I could conscientiously credit with less than fifty years. The change that has been made, however, is in no respect an improvement, and involves no tardy recognition on the part of women of the claims of mercy or humanity. In place of the plume torn from one poor bird whose nuptial adornment and lure it was, beauty—still adhering to her bloodthirsty tastes—ornaments her hat with the corpses of from four to eight bullfinches. This proceeding, by which at the shrine of female vanity and lack of poetry and imagination the lives of the prettiest inmates of our groves are sacrificed, leaves but one further step to be taken. I commend to these bird-slaughterers that they should take to wearing the corpses of redbreasts. It is true that, moved by some quaint and unexpected influence of sentiment, the schoolboy, perhaps the most destructive of creatures, will spare the robin. Compared to woman when bent on sexual conquest, and engaged in what Mr. Bernard Shaw regards as her congenial task of tracking the male of her own species, the boy is, however, a merciful and a soulful being.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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THE GHETTO PEDAGOGUE.

By ENOCH SCRIBE.

HE is a mild-tempered gentleman of studious looks, and is still too young to be called middle-aged. He wears a suit of conventional cut, with a morning coat and a bowler, except on the Sabbath, when he sports the orthodox frock-coat and silk hat ; but his Russian origin is not disguised by this assumption of an Englishman's dress. His slight black beard is untrimmed ; his necktie is awry ; and the bottom button of his waistcoat has never yet been introduced to its hole, not because of his girth, for that is slim, but owing to an habitual indifference to smartness of attire bred of a philosophic mood. He is generally wrapt in thought and walks with a measured gait, his gaze directed to a point above the distant horizon ; a heavenly outlook that often imperils his personal safety, for the stumbling-blocks at his feet remain unseen until they are felt. The usual object of his cogitations is the precise English rendering of a Hebrew word or phrase, met in the course of his daily lessons, and his features present a most pathetic spectacle until he has arrived at a satisfactory solution of his philological puzzle. The only other matter that can equally plunge his mind into the depths of perplexity, is the anxiety lest some lucrative pupil should leave his humble seminary, or lest some hesitating patron should finally resolve to entrust his offspring to a rival tutor.

Mendel Hirsch is one of the intellectual luminaries of his district, and is always sure of being "called up" to the reading of the law on the Sabbath, when the warden, aided by his trusty scout,

the beadle, cannot espy anybody else in the Synagogue likely to respond with a rich votive offering. "If we cannot have *gelt* (money) let us at least have Torah (learning)," soliloquises the disposer of ceremonial privileges, and he whispers to the "master of cantillation"—"Mendelé the Melammed."

"Arise, Reb Mendel ben Ezra!" cries the cantillator, and then Torah meets Torah.

Mendel feels that he is the cynosure of all eyes, and that his deportment before the sacred scroll will affect his earthly fortune. Gathering a handful of his silken *talis* (praying shawl) he touches the first word of the section allotted to him and transfers the hallowed square inch to his lips. Then, fervently gripping the handles of the scroll, he recites the blessing with clear and careful enunciation and with strict conformity to the laws of *milel* and *mitra*. This adherence to the principles of accentuation he deems a distinction, which ennobles him above all the other members of the community that have an official connection with the Hebrew language, such as the pastor, the precentor, and especially the snuffy, grey-bearded *Rebbe*, who is ignorant of English and teaches entirely by means of Yiddish. Moreover, these individuals, when uttering the benediction, close their eyes and shake and sway their bodies vehemently, while he shows his intellectual superiority by remaining rigid during the ceremony. Before leaving the reading-desk Mendel shakes hands with the warden and exchanges compliments with him, and then, descending from the *daïs*, he walks round to the pew of dignity, to pay a similar tribute to other officers of the Synagogue. He will tell you that he is an unrelenting foe to all convention, but the omission of a handshake may cost him five shillings a week (his fee for tuition at the treasurer's house), and with all his loyalty to principle, he prefers to sacrifice its interests rather than his own capital. In this world, he argues, the maintenance of an ideal is possible only for the millionaire and the hermit. But he is merely a humble creature who has to earn his living, and he must therefore regard the practical affairs of life from the same material standpoint as his less philosophic brethren.

He objects to being called "Mendelé the Melammed." In the first place, Mendelé bespeaks a patronising familiarity, which he indignantly scorns. And, secondly, the designation Melammed places him in the same category as the narrow-minded, grizzled pietist who has only Yiddish for his medium of instruction, and who, in his opinion, is radically opposed to the spirit of the age. He calls himself a teacher, pure and simple, who has a scientific

grasp of the Hebrew language and imparts a knowledge of it to the young idea in Anglo-Jewry by the sole practicable channel—the vernacular. The Rebbe, he complains, even brings his profession into disrepute, for his English coreligionists do not discriminate between the two classes and lump them both together in their comprehensive indictment, that they foster ignorance and superstition by translating an unknown language into an unintelligible jargon. Mendel, in the depth of his heart, does not agree that Yiddish is a jargon, for he knows its historic origins and has a deep affection for its literature, and the poets and novelists who delighted his youth have a perennial charm for him even in his manhood. “Gordon, Abramowitsch, Perez, Linetzki !” he exclaims, his eyes gleaming with enthusiasm ; “yes, they are men of enlightenment, and their works are in literary Yiddish. But the gibberish of the Rebbe—is that also of some value? Besides, even if it were not so coarse and debased, what then? We are in England now and have to teach the boys in a language that they can understand.”

There was a time when Mendel was unable to express himself so clearly, and when, indeed, he would not venture to utter a single word in English, lest his mispronunciation should make him a mockery unto his hearers. That was when he first arrived in this country, twelve years ago. Since then he has made amends for his early reticence, for he has acquired considerable ease in speaking and possesses a rich and varied vocabulary. Indeed, it must be confessed, although his pride may thus be hurt, that he loves to hear himself speak, and he is wont to expatiate on any subject that may be broached with the most exhaustive thoroughness. A conversation with him generally lapses, after the first ten minutes, into a monologue which he can maintain with unflagging energy for a full hour, stopping only for a nod of assent or a monosyllabic query or to light a fresh cigarette, when he rushes on again with renewed impetus along his argumentative track. In sooth, he has much to say, for his reading has been wide, ranging from the Talmud and its innumerable offshoots and general Jewish literature to the great writers of Russia, France, and Germany. The exact extent and depth of his knowledge will always remain a mystery, even to the Savant, who is one of the few whom Mendel avoids ; but he never fails to impress by his readiness to criticise any work of European importance, whether in the realm of history, philosophy, theology, or *belles-lettres*, especially if it has the slightest bearing on what present-day publicists style the Jewish Question. To this problem he has devoted years of study, and, as he is a native of the land which

gave birth to it, he considers himself capable of taking a wide and philosophic view of the question, and delivering a profound and perfect solution.

When Mendel first began to teach, he had perforce to use Yiddish, but he at once applied himself assiduously to gain a working knowledge of English, which he had already studied at home grammatically in a Russian manual. He proceeded to learn the translation of the Hebrew Bible from a second-hand copy of the authorised version, which he made his pocket companion and devoured at every meal. He found the enterprise rather wearisome at first; but there are limits to the Biblical vocabulary, and before long he was able to translate the original text with a close approximation to the English rendering. So long as he suffered from linguistic limitations he thrived in his calling, for his ignorance of the vernacular, which the fanatics among his brethren stigmatised as *goyish* or heathenish, was a guarantee of unimpeachable piety. But as soon as he announced that he intended teaching in English, his fortunes were shorn of their aureate glory. His private academy, which had hitherto been as a garden for the cultivation of righteous doctrine, was suddenly transformed into a hotbed of heresy in the minds of his patrons, and many of them resolved to remove their budding scions ere they were blighted by the air of corruption. In vain did Mendel remonstrate and point out the futility of teaching the children in a language in which they did not think, if they thought at all, and which they would have no occasion to use in after-life. The fathers were obdurate. "No!" they declared, "thou wilt not seduce our boys from the path of faith. *Ach*, how can one give to understand the Torah in *goyish*?" They laughed him away.

Mendel saw the benches in his school grow barer each week. His pocket gradually became lighter and almost threatened to become vacant; but he had only his own mouth to provide for in those days, and the consciousness of a just cause softens and sweetens the hardest crust. But he did not rest content with the consolation of philosophy. He tapped a higher stratum of society, and found precious ore in thick layers. He interviewed half-a-dozen pillars of the Synagogue, men who prided themselves on their English speeches at committee meetings, and who were blessed with sons, with the result that his benches were filled once more, and his school-room again resounded with juvenile clamour. The first few weeks of instruction in the new medium were rather distressing, as his errors of pronunciation tickled his disciples, and the lesson was often interrupted until the misunderstanding was cleared up. But

the pupils soon became familiar with their master's accent, and Mendel, observing with joyous heart that they were quick to catch his meaning, felt that his conquest of the English language was almost complete. Henceforth he avoided speaking the Jewish-German dialect except with his landlady, who averred that her dishes by any other name than their original Yiddish would not taste as sweet. He repudiated the designation of Melammed, with its suggestion of obsolete method, musty piety, craven cringing, intellectual darkness, and numberless other evils, and he winced whenever that title was bestowed upon him. Just as bitterly was he opposed to calling his school a *Cheder*, with all the hideous associations of the hallowed hovel where he had received his own early education in a Russian townlet, grime and mildew, stuffiness and gloom, and the space as cramped as the ideas that filled it. He desired to be known in future as Mr. Mendel Hirsch, teacher of Hebrew, and he had cards printed to that effect. He had shed his Ghetto skin, so he declared.

The curriculum of Mr. Hirsch's academy is comprehensive and graduated, mounting by various stages from the alphabet to the Mishna. At first he took the beginners' class himself, but when the seekers of learning increased he engaged a youth of studious proclivities to relieve him of this task and initiate innocent infants of five into the mysteries of Hebrew reading. For the Jewish child is introduced to the historic language of his people at the same age when he is first taken to an elementary school, with the result that his wits, applied simultaneously to the acquisition of two alphabetic systems, are prematurely sharpened. Mendel himself—for we must ever return to our first love even in names—personally conducts the rest of the course. As soon as a child can read faultlessly, a consummation that is quickened by incidental practice in praying three times a day, he is taught the opening chapters of Genesis, and his mind makes fitful gropings after the beginning of all things. The translation of the Pentateuch portion by portion, according to the ritual division of the synagogue, is slowly proceeded with and attended by constant revision, and when the moment is considered ripe the budding scholar is introduced to the charmed circle of Rashi. This is a promotion which he eagerly looks forward to, for to read the curious rabbinical script of the mediæval commentator betokens a superiority, on the strength of which he can lord it over his less advanced fellow-pupils. Besides, his father will never rest content until he has reached that intellectual summit, as in his opinion *Chumesh* (Pentateuch) without Rashi is as tasteless as meat without salt. Indeed, that fond parent attaches the value of an

inspired utterance to the writings of the eleventh-century Rabbi of Troyes, Solomon ben Isaac, an assessment that impels the reflection that, like gold and silver and other precious things, the law, too, must be weighed by a Troy standard. Progress in this branch of education is rather slow, as the script is void of vowels, but though pointless, the commentary is full of wisdom, and on the Sabbath the father examines how much of this the young hopeful has assimilated.

Mendel's mind is of a grammatical cast, and he loves to plant Hebrew roots in the tender noddles of his scholars. This is another respect in which he shows his pre-eminence, for the notions of the average Rebbe about the seven conjugations are as dim as those of the savage about the Seven Wise Men. When the pupil has traversed the five books of Moses, he crosses the Jordan with Joshua and enters the Promised Land of the books of the Prophets. His journey through this region is smooth and pleasant, as long as it is peopled with kings and battles and enlivened by romantic adventures; but when once the cataracts of Isaiah's eloquence are reached, his heart grows heavy and his way becomes slow and laborious. Once a week, however, he can give vent to more joyous feelings and sing like a lark, when he takes his turn with the rest of the boys in cantillating the *Sedra* or the current portion of the Pentateuch, trying to outvie them in lustiness of utterance and elaborateness of musical flourish. And then follows the specified section from the Prophets, sung to a slower and sweeter and quainter air, redolent of Oriental climes, with more trills and quavers and bursts of crescendo and alternate snatches of pianissimo and fortissimo, in which Mendel's voice, too, is fain to mingle and swell the sacred melody. These harmonious concerts, blithely proclaiming the cheerful aspect of religion, are varied, however, by periodical lessons that reveal its graver side, when Mendel distributes copies of an abridged version of the *Shulchan Aruch*, a sixteenth-century compendium of ritual law and custom appertaining to daily life, and shows his pupils the way in which they should go. Mendel himself does not rigidly conform to the precepts of this authority, and he foresees that the innocent souls before him will be still more lax in the days to come. But the parents insist that the subject should be taught, and he teaches it, salving his conscience with the thought that no expression of personal opinion is necessary or ever called for, as the mediæval manual raises no doubts and bases its prescriptions on the assumed acceptance of universal Jewry. It is only the highest class who are thus favoured with an insight into this wondrous multiplicity of religious laws, which attend the

Jew like a faithful guard from the moment he opens his eyes in the morning till the moment he closes them again in sleep at night, following him diligently throughout the day, and day after day, from prayer to meal and meal to work, and then to prayer and meal and work again, in a constant cycle, varying in their function as the Sabbath approaches, with its serene and tranquil blessing of repose, or when fast or feast demands a more exacting or more exalting obligation ; accompanying him through joy and sorrow, in throng and solitude, home and Synagogue, and never leaving him until his Maker proclaims his release and summons him hence. Some of the boys have a practical interest in this lesson, for they will soon be completing their thirteenth year, when they graduate in life as *Bar-Mitzvah* (Son of the Commandment) and are henceforth entitled to be punished for their own sins, to the relief of their care-laden fathers. For a month before that eventful day they must don phylacteries at their morning prayers, and continue to do so ever after, and the digest gives a complete set of detailed instructions, how to bind them on arm and head, what to do should the sacred case move or the leather straps burst, how to place them in their bag when done with, and numberless other directions. In this same class, too, Hebrew writing is taught, both the square and cursive styles, and exercises are done in elementary composition. Although many of Mendel's boys are sharp and studious, and generally remain with him until they are about fourteen, very few of them attain the ultimate goal of his curriculum and enter the portals of the Mishna. But if he has even one pupil with whom he can read the first chapter of the first tractate of the first order of that stupendous and multifarious code, he is content.

Mendel's school consists of a large and airy room, furnished with several desks and benches, a blackboard and easel, and a tier of shelves laden with well-worn books of various descriptions. Above the mantelpiece hangs a card of monumental proportions, displaying in bold square letters the names of the singing accents with their signs, and on the walls there are reading cards for beginners and a tablet simplifying the vowel-system, to all of which Mendel points with pride as his own handiwork. There are also some faded prints of departed scholars in Israel, who seem to look down upon the scene from their mural height with profound approval. Mendel's own desk, in which he keeps his register, chalk, and other odds and ends, besides the indispensable ferule, is a simple affair with a sloping top ; it is unaccompanied by any chair, for he always stands when teaching. He also uses the adjoining apartment, his sitting-room,

for the advanced class, which is rather small, as he is more at ease here, and a change of atmosphere after a few hours in the hot school-room with its flaming gases is a welcome boon.

The first scholars to arrive are chubby mites of five summers, who run home from the elementary school for a hurried tea, and then cheerfully wend their way to their Hebrew lesson, like miniature students travelling from one place of learning to another. The others begin to assemble shortly after in groups of two and three, and by six o'clock the house of Mendel Hirsch is like a hive humming with a swarm of voices, giving forth snatches of sacred lore to the unwitting passer-by in the street. Not until the hour of eight has struck, and often not till later, is there any sign of the diminution of this studious hubbub, and when it has finally ceased Mendel has to betake himself to certain well-to-do families to give instruction in more costly doses to less earnest pupils.

Mendel, as may have been guessed, though no allusion has been made to the fact, is married, and he has three children. He had no yearning for the connubial state, but it was thrust upon him by the machinations of a matrimonial agent in league with his cantankerous landlady, who had no sympathy with his edifying vocation and objected to the shrieking—as she called it—of his *Cheder* of rascals. Her own four scapegraces—diamonds of children, in her estimation—he received at half-price, a reduction which weighed with her for some time before she at last agreed with her conscience to let her lodger depart. Besides, a bachelor in the Ghetto is an object of scorn and ridicule and light esteem, and though Mendel was utterly indifferent to that opinion and regarded himself as intellectually emancipated, yet he was dependent on the goodwill of his brethren, which could not always be retained if he continued mateless. So he married a maiden of honourable pedigree, the granddaughter of a famous Rabbi in Western Russia and author of many commentaries, who brought him a stock of homely virtues and counsel with her modest dowry, and he has never repented the step. Their courting, for want of time and space (for Mendel was busy in the evening, and no convenient drawing-room lay at their disposal), was postponed until after their marriage, and then the bridegroom taught his beloved bride the elements of English grammar, with the ever active verb *to love*.

Mendel has a great deal of leisure during the day, which he often employs in literary efforts. These are of a very humble nature, and are not directed to the acquisition of renown. He is an exceedingly painstaking writer, and his first great production, a speech

to be delivered by a favourite pupil on his *Bar-Mitzvah*, occupied him several weeks, and was then submitted to a friend with a college training to be corrected and given a final polish. Since then he has made considerable improvement, as he practises assiduously, modelling his style on that of Macaulay, whose essays are one of his chiefest delights. The discerning critic may perhaps trace the influence of the distinguished historian in some of Mendel's recent epistles to the Jewish press on the neglect of religious education in Anglo-Jewry. By far his most important achievement is a lecture on "The Scientific Study of Hebrew among the Jews," which he delivered before a local society of young men who met for the study of Jewish history and literature. The Rev. Leon Sapperstone, B.A., who occupied the chair, eulogised the address as a masterpiece of erudition, and a report of the proceedings, which duly appeared in the following number of the "Jewish Record," forms one of Mendel's most treasured possessions. Mendel is also a fluent versifier in Hebrew, and was one of the contributors to the late lamented "Hashofar." Of his remarkable impromptu powers in Hebrew oratory it would be impossible to give an adequate conception, for they baffle description. He has held vast audiences spell-bound by the wondrous rapidity of his eloquence and his learned allusions, and the ease with which he renders any modern notion in the language of the prophets can hardly be surpassed even by the Savant.

Mendel is of a sociable and affable disposition, and is a welcome guest at every house; though, since his marriage, his visits to others have become rather few, and are generally made in the interests of his profession. He is much sought after at *Bar-Mitzvah* breakfast-parties, where his speeches are listened to with rapt attention and greeted at their close with deafening applause. Over his popularity there used to hover a dark cloud of suspicion that his orthodoxy was not altogether unblemished, by reason of his rare appearances in the Synagogue and his fondness for philosophical discussion. That cloud has happily now been dispelled, as the causes for its gathering have almost ceased. Mendel still loves, and will always love, to indulge in metaphysical speculation, but he now confines his heretical discourse to the privacy of his hearth. On a Friday night, when the younger members of the family have gone to bed, he will entertain you with many an interesting theory concerning the world and man, and many an entrancing conversation on the persecutions of his people and the ultimate destinies of Israel, so that time will seem to fly and you feel in the presence of a modern magician.

His library is not extensive, but it gives sufficient indication of his studious tastes and of his breadth of mind. A mediæval ethical treatise is a neighbour of Stuart Mill's "Logic," Shakespeare's works are supported by the "Shulchan Aruch," Maimonides' "Guide to the Perplexed" rubs covers with a volume on the Higher Criticism, and Darwin and Draper keep company with a Hebrew translation of Graetz's "History of the Jews" and Abramowitsch's historical poem of "Judel" in Yiddish. Then there are grammars and dictionaries galore, jostling against Heine and Voltaire, and near by are a mouldy volume of sermons, Whistor's "Josephus," and half-a-dozen back numbers of the "Fortnightly Review." These books do not lie idle on their shelves, but are in constant use, for Mendel is an avid reader; and as you survey their character and contemplate the man himself, you muse and reflect that his talents soar above the level of his vocation, and that, like an embodiment of his people's fate, his restless soul beats against its cramping cage, and would hence and away to some halcyon realm of eternal bliss.

A REMARKABLE LITERARY DECEPTION.

WHILE engaged some time since in turning over the contents of a chest of old family books which had lain untouched in an ancient Rutlandshire country house for two generations, the writer came upon a stout old tome whose title-page had a sufficiently fascinating look to induce him to set the discovery on one side for later inspection. "Interesting Letters of Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli)" ran the inscription, over a medallion portrait of the Pontiff and the date 1777. The familiar letters of a Pope to his private friends are a kind of reading that is not often to be met with, and the writer felt that all the dusty toils of overhauling the chest had been well repaid by the gain of such a curiosity. The letters were found to number over two hundred, and the first cursory examination of them was enough to show that they were compositions of genuine literary charm and interest, and not merely the dry professional communications of a theologian. A fuller reading fulfilled all the anticipations of the love at first sight. The letters are addressed to all classes of people—from monks to society ladies and Protestant clergymen—and seem, in their liberality of sentiment, their cheerfulness and vivacity of temperament, and their high tone of culture, to breathe the spirit rather of a scholarly and urbane English bishop of the period than of a Pontifex Maximus. Not having been aware that any collection of the letters of the greatest and most interesting of modern Popes was extant, the writer had immediate recourse to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," with the object of learning, if possible, something about the estimation in which they had been held. The statement was there found—disappointingly brief, but sufficient to make the volume prized more highly—that "Ganganelli's correspondence is much admired for its elegance and urbanity."

A preface to the volume by the editor, a certain M. Caraccioli, gives an account of the manner in which he acquired its contents, and a communication from Ganganelli himself, acknowledging their authenticity, but modestly declaring their unworthiness of the honour

of publication. M. Caraccioli also mentions that some people had questioned the genuineness of the volume ; though, he adds lightly, this was only natural, seeing that it was a posthumous work, and that "prejudice, party spirit, or personal interest generally leads people to contradict and deny what they are ignorant of." But this general statement, following as it does Clement's letter, is such as to leave no impression on the mind of a reader that there is anything suspicious about the book. If any suspicion had been aroused in the present writer, the statement in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" would certainly have removed it. For the brief space of a few weeks he cherished fondly the belief that he was the possessor of a genuine volume of Pontifical authorship, until one day, possessed by a great literary curiosity to know something about the M. Caraccioli to whom the world seemed to be indebted for the letters, after looking in vain through several English biographical works, he resorted to the great mid-nineteenth-century "*Biographie Universelle*" of Dr. Huefer. To his no small surprise and disappointment he found it there stated, under the head "Caraccioli," that the much-prized letters were the work of that writer himself. Further examination of French biographical dictionaries has proved since that the letters were never accepted by critics on the Continent as genuine, and have always been regarded as the ingenious forgeries of their pretended editor. There has apparently never been any set exposure or plain circumstantial proof of their spuriousness—at least, a wide examination of works of reference of all dates has discovered no allusion to any. In a notice of Caraccioli in the great "*Biographie Universelle*" of 1813 it is stated that, though Caraccioli protested to the last that he was only the translator of the letters from the Italian, they were universally regarded as spurious, and all other accounts of Caraccioli give the same testimony. No modern proof of their authenticity, on which the statement in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" might be supposed to have been based, seems ever to have been advanced ; and the writer in that work, having probably, like the present writer, discovered a copy of Caraccioli's plausible productions, without having his suspicions aroused by the preface, or his curiosity by the name of the supposed editor, may be enjoying imaginary literary communings with the mind of Clement to this day.

A little critical study of the letters themselves by anyone who has had his suspicions aroused must dispose him, in the absence of the least proof of their genuineness, to accept the common view regarding them. Less than half of them are addressed to definite named individuals, the others being inscribed only with the initial

letters of the supposed recipients or with vague general addresses such as "To a Monk of the Franciscan Order" or "To an English Lord." Further, it is noteworthy that as the dates of the letters come nearer to 1775, the year of their publication, when most of the persons addressed, if the letters had been genuine, would certainly have been living, the definite names almost entirely disappear in favour of the general descriptions. One naturally infers that the breaking-off of the correspondence with the people named was occasioned by their deaths, and a strong suspicion arises that none but people dead when the letters were published are addressed openly by name—which, of course, is what one would expect in case of a literary fraud. A search through the fifty volumes of the "*Biographie Universelle*"—the richest storehouse of obscure eighteenth-century biography—strikingly confirms this suspicion. Of the forty people addressed by name twelve were distinguished enough to have gained notice in that work. All these were, in fact, dead before the year of publication. Caraccioli in his preface alleges that he copied a large number of the letters—those addressed to two Italian prelates who were his friends—at Florence in the year 1762 from the originals shown him by the recipients themselves. It is this section of the correspondence, he tells us, that the Pope confessed to having written in a letter addressed to him personally. The letter is quoted as follows :—

SIR,—The letters which have been communicated to you at Florence were written in haste, and by no means deserve the honour you are inclined to confer on them by a publication. I most earnestly beg of you therefore not to give them to the public. What I have written can have no other merit than candour and truth. I am not the less obliged to you, and shall always acknowledge the affection you have shown for me. I shall seek every opportunity of testifying my gratitude and proving to you with what esteem I declare myself

Your sincere humble servant,

L. CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

In a supplement containing a number of Clement's speeches made in secret consistories, which may or may not be genuine, there are a few letters to Louis XV. and the Princess Marie Louise of France. Louis, it is significant, died in 1775, and Marie Louise retired into the seclusion of a Carmelite nunnery several years before the appearance of the letters. Every circumstance, in fact, that can now be known regarding the appearance of the correspondence

seems so to fall in with the hypothesis that the compositions were the work of M. Caraccioli himself that conviction of their spuriousness follows almost inevitably.

Louis Antoine Caraccioli was born at Paris in 1721. He belonged to a noble family of Neapolitan origin, and enjoyed the title of Marquis. There is not the least *à priori* improbability, arising from the personality of the man himself, of his having been the author of the letters, for his character, the nature of his talents, and his career all point to the easy possibility of it. After receiving his first education at Mans he entered, in 1739, the Congregation of the Oratory, though not apparently with the object of taking orders. He seems to have had just such a restless, unfixed temperament as his more famous contemporary, Bernardin St. Pierre, whose early career—and, indeed, whole general character—his own resembles closely. On leaving the Oratory he travelled all over Western Europe, going first to Italy, where a lively disposition and brilliant conversational power gained him the acquaintance of Benedict XIV., Clement XIII., Cardinal Ganganelli (the future Pope), and a number of other Cardinals. Leaving Italy, he travelled into Germany and Poland, where, like St. Pierre, he became for a time settled, obtaining the tutorship of the children of Prince Rewski, general-in-chief of the army. At the same time he entered the Polish army himself, and through the Prince's influence secured the commission of a colonel. His military career, however, like St. Pierre's, was not of long duration. On the occurrence of the Polish Revolution in 1768 he lost his rank and his appointment, and returned to Paris with the object of living by literature. He very soon acquired literary reputation and success. His pen was extraordinarily prolific, producing work after work in rapid succession on almost every kind of subject—metaphysical treatises, biographies (long and short), *lettres récréatives*, highly sentimental stories, and several volumes of "Conversations avec soi-même," a kind of moral essays of similar general character to Johnson's "Rambler" and "Idler," which proved astonishingly popular. Over forty books have been enumerated of his authorship, including long "Lives" of Joseph II. of Germany and of Pope Ganganelli. In his later years he suffered severely from the French Revolution, though for a time he enjoyed a pension from the Convention. He died in great poverty at the beginning of the nineteenth century, leaving, it is said, only eighty francs behind him.

The Life of Clement appeared in 1774, and the letters followed as a kind of supplement. While at the Court of Benedict XIV. and Clement XIII., and in frequent intercourse with Ganganelli,

Caraccioli must, of course, have become well acquainted with the future Pope's character and private friendships. It has been generally asserted that he is very successful in making the letters agree with the Pope's temperament and general sentiments. He seems, in fact, to have concentrated all his abilities on the work of making his fabrications plausible. His previous writings—composed, most of them, in the haste necessitated by poverty—had been very unequal, and none of them worthy of his real literary powers. All his best thought and feeling went to make the matter of his letters, and all his literary craftsmanship was exerted on their style. The result was that their superiority to everything else he had written was so marked that those who favoured their genuineness pointed triumphantly to this fact as a strong argument towards that conclusion. Naturally several of the letters deal with the agitation for the abolition of the Jesuits, the great action for the accomplishment of which the pontificate of Ganganelli will ever be chiefly famous. It was the common belief, at the time Caraccioli wrote, that Ganganelli was elected Pope only through his having entered into a private agreement to abolish the order with the Cardinals representing the Catholic sovereigns. Caraccioli, in conformity with this general persuasion of the Pope's hostility to the Jesuits even before the official examination into the charges against them, takes care to represent him as favouring the demands of the Catholic sovereigns during his cardinalate, and even then advocating the sacrifice of the society for the sake of expediency and the peace of the Church. No doubt the letters did a great deal to strengthen this popular belief, which seems to rest on no evidence whatever, though it has been encouraged by the Jesuits themselves.

But while there is no doubt that Pope Clement was a man of exceptional liberality and modernness of spirit for a Roman Cardinal who had been most of his life a monk, one cannot help doubting whether Caraccioli, in his efforts to produce a literary work of far higher distinction than any of his own acknowledged writings, has not made the tone of urbanity, liberality, and culture a little too pronounced in his fabrications. And the feeling becomes only stronger after reading such an undoubted Clementine work as the Bull for the Jubilee of 1770. He represents Clement as being a scorner of the scholastic theology, a man who regards Protestants with the same brotherly feeling and warm esteem that a Broad English Churchman might feel towards a Lutheran or Congregationalist—and, in short, as a type of divine for examples of which one would go to the cultured circles of eighteenth-century Paris rather

than to Rome. It is hard to think that Ganganeli, educated in a monastery and surrounded all his life by monks and ecclesiastics, was imbued with quite so much of the spirit of the Abbés of the Parisian salons. But though this fine tone of culture possibly lessens the merit of the letters as fabrications, it makes them a real and valuable contribution to literature. In fact, few collections of letters, genuine or apocryphal, make pleasanter reading, easy and graceful as they are in style; natural, vivacious, and unfailingly good-humoured in sentiment; and everywhere expressing a fine taste in literature, “une philosophie douce et une morale tolérante.” Those that deal with religion breathe the spirit of the refined and enlightened piety of a Fénelon, and are quite without any unpleasant traces of cant such as one would find in the work of a vulgar and purely mercenary-minded concoctor of a distinguished churchman’s letters, or any kind of harshness, superstition, or fanaticism. The following example will give an indication of the general character of the correspondence:—

To the Prelate Cerati.

MY LORD,—I have just now been to see your good old friend M. Bottari, and found him, as usual, immersed in the deepest and most interesting studies. He passed from that to a picturesque conversation which delighted me excessively; for he does not speak, but paints. He is sententious and figurative, and never fails perfectly to characterise the books and people he describes. We had a good deal of discourse about the Roman antiquities and the variety of our libraries, which, though not all of equal excellence, form an admirable collection. Two well-informed Englishmen shared in our conversation, and spoke so as to demand attention. They are a people who travel to advantage, profiting by whatever they see. They are said to take the substance of things, while the French are content with the surface. But I leave you to decide whether, for commerce with mankind, it is better to be superficial and agreeable, or profound and gloomy. Cardinal Bentivoglio said that “we should see an Englishman when we want to think, and a Frenchman when we want to converse.” I open my cell to both one and the other with the greatest pleasure, confessing to you always that the French vivacity has something very attractive to me. One loves to meet his own likeness, and you know that I am neither slow nor silent.

You should have received the book which Father Massoleni of the Oratory sent you. You will find it both interesting and well executed. Methinks I see you plunged into this work, without being

able to tear yourself from it. The retired man has real pleasures which surpass all the joys of the world. But, hush ! that is a secret of the studious which should not be divulged.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, November 13, 1753.

It is said that the appearance of the correspondence in English created great astonishment in this country, where the idea of a Pope was, of course, that of a narrow and prejudiced man some centuries behind and opposed to contemporary thought and feeling. A volume of letters not less polished and cultured than those of Gray was regarded, coming from such a source, as a triumph for the modern spirit indeed. Moreover, the letters made it appear that the Pope entertained a special fondness for the heretical English people and the English genius, "profound and gloomy" as he regarded them, and blithe and vivacious as was his own disposition. How cheerful this was painted may be shown by such a passage as the following, supposed to have been written by Ganganelli to a Roman prelate when he was filling, of all positions, that of an official of the Holy Inquisition :—

When you come to see me I will show you my reflections upon a case in which you are interested. There are of all kinds in the Holy Office—some to make us laugh, and others to make us cry ; but don't be afraid, I shall not read of the melancholy kind to you. The great art in being well with society is to serve everyone according to their taste. Gaiety is the true medicine for the studious ; the mind and heart should be dilated when it has been contracted by obstinate toil. Blossoming is as necessary to the human mind as to trees, to make it recover its verdure and flourish ; but there are people, like rose-trees without flowers, who present nothing to your view but bark and prickles. When I meet such I do not speak a word, but pass by as quick as I possibly can, for fear of being stung. Gaiety retards old age. There is always a reviving freshness which accompanies gaiety, instead of the pale wrinkles that are the produce of cares. Benedict XIV. would not enjoy such good health if he were not always gay. He lays down his pen to give utterance to some *bons mots*, and resumes it without ever being fatigued. You are in the right to graft the Italian gaiety upon the French—it is the way to live to a hundred. That you may do so I sincerely wish ; for I am, more than I can tell,

My Lord,

Your most humble, &c.

The author of this recipe for long life, though he did not reach the age of a hundred, did actually, in spite of all the anxieties and hardships of his chequered career, overpass the limit of fourscore. Clement, whose general disposition Caraccioli no doubt here correctly represents, reached only sixty-nine; but his last illness was of so mysterious and terrible a character that there has always been a strong suspicion that he died by poison—a sacrifice to the resentment of the order he had abolished.

Whether Caraccioli's motive in publishing his compositions as Clement XIV.'s was of a mercenary kind, or only a perverse desire to accomplish a brilliant deception, it is now too late to discover. In any case, it may be said to his credit that he voluntarily resigned a certain advance of literary reputation by not putting his name to the work and entitling it "*Imaginary Letters*," for he must have been conscious of the high merit of his fabrications after all the labour he had spent upon them. He was not—like the author of the Rowley poems, for instance—an unknown author who feared that his productions would not attract attention or gain him fame unless he attributed them to some more distinguished person than himself. He was already an extremely popular author and a man of note in French society when he composed the letters. As such a man would probably have made as much by publishing the letters as his own, or spending the same pains on another work of a different character as by a deception, the second of the motives mentioned seems more likely to have determined his conduct. Perhaps, if this was so, he reasoned to himself that it was not an illegitimate proceeding to purchase the gratification of mere personal vanity at the cost of a heavy weight of the "*solid pudding*" of increased literary estimation.

He certainly had the pleasure of seeing the success of his plot. But if, as is possible, he thought that his literary fame was strong enough to live without the help of the work he renounced he was completely deluded. Whatever little share of that "*brief after-life in others' breath*" so much coveted by authors has fallen to him is entirely the result of the discovery of the real connection between his mind and the letters.

J. M. ATTENBOROUGH.

ROSSINI AS HUMORIST.

ROSSINI was the Charles Lamb of music. The good stories told of him would fill a volume, and I wonder that no writer has thought of bringing them together under one cover. Suppose we make a modest beginning now.

And first let me describe the composer as he appeared to some of his friends. Madame Arditì, the wife of the veteran conductor, lately deceased, says he was "the queerest-looking old thing" she ever saw: "such a quaint, ungainly figure; such sharp, piercing eyes; such a vivacious, quick manner with it all." Usually he was clad in a very shabby loose shooting-jacket, and wore a conspicuously ill-fitting and ugly coloured wig. The wig was a great feature. Signor Arditì had once rendered him a slight service, and calling on him one afternoon, Rossini was effusive in his reiterated thanks. He seemed anxious to prove his gratitude in a material manner, and glancing round the room he caught sight of his wigs. "I am sorry, Arditì," he exclaimed, "that I cannot give you an actual proof of my gratitude, but if you would like to possess one of my wigs, you can take any colour that you fancy would suit you." Of course Arditì never wore a wig: that was the joke.

Rossini was something of an epicure, and several of the stories connected with his name have more or less bearing on the pleasures of the table. He had a fastidious palate, and declared that he could cook rice better than anyone he knew. "Maestro," said someone to him, "do you remember that famous dinner given you in Milan, when they served a gigantic macaroni pie? Well, I was seated next you." "Indeed!" replied Rossini; "I remember the macaroni perfectly, but I fail to recognise you." On another occasion, at a dinner in Paris at which he was observed to remain silent and absorbed, a banker who was on any but friendly terms with him passed savouries—a favourite dish of Rossini's—to the lady on his right, saying, "I have already eaten as many of these savouries as Samson slew Philistines." "Yes, and with the same weapon," dryly retorted Rossini. It is only right to say, however, that Rossini

must have borrowed this witticism. In the once popular "Elegant Extracts" one may read it in the following form :

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay."
"I vow," said Roger, "so you do,
And with the selfsame weapon too."

Of course Rossini was not always in what may be called epicurean form. Adolphe Crémieux gave a sumptuous breakfast party in honour of Meyerbeer, to which entertainment he invited the leading musical critics and composers of that day assembled in the French capital. Amongst Crémieux's guests was Rossini, who occupied a place of honour next to the wife of his host, but refused, one after another, all the dainties offered to him in succession. Madame Crémieux noticed his unwavering abstinence with equal surprise and regret, and presently asked him whether he was unwell, as he appeared to have suddenly lost an appetite which, as she understood, was usually no less vigorous than lively. "That is true, my dear madame," replied Rossini, "but I rarely eat breakfast, nor can I depart from that rule to-day, although should anything go wrong with to-morrow night's representation Meyerbeer will believe to the day of his death that my refusal to partake of this feast brought him bad luck. The position I now occupy at your table reminds me of an odd experience that befell me some years ago in a provincial town of Italy. A performance of the 'Barber' was being given in my special honour in the local theatre. While the overture was in full swing I noticed a huge trumpet in the orchestra, manifestly blown with remarkable force and continuity by a member of the band ; but not a sound in the least akin to the tones invariably produced by that instrument could I hear. At the close of the performance I interviewed the conductor, and asked him to explain the purpose of the noiseless trumpet, which, I confessed, was an unusual orchestral addition. He answered : 'Maestro, in this town there is not a living soul who can play the trumpet ; therefore I specially engaged an artist to hold one up to his lips, binding him by an oath not to blow into it, for it looks well to have a trumpet in an operatic orchestra.' Madame, I am like that man with the trumpet. I may not eat, but I look well at your breakfast-table." And so he did, no doubt, being nearly as fat as Falstaff himself.

Rossini was often given to characteristic remarks and sharp criticisms concerning other composers. He spoke his mind freely about everybody, and never cared whether he gave offence or not.

Still, what he said was mostly taken as a good joke, especially by those who knew him. The Maestro seldom went to the opera or to any place of amusement, but he could not resist the temptation of hearing one of Wagner's works. It was "*Tannhäuser*." Afterwards, when asked to give his opinion of the opera, he said: "It is too important and too elaborate a work to be judged after a single hearing, but so far as I am concerned I shall not give it a second." Rossini, indeed, had a sad contempt for the hero of Bayreuth. Somebody once handed him a score of one of Wagner's latest productions, and presently remarked that he was holding the music upside down. "Well," replied Rossini, "I have already read it the other way, and am trying this, as I really can make nothing of it." I have just mentioned Meyerbeer. Rossini, meeting him one day, replied, in answer to an inquiry on the subject, that his days were nearly numbered, as he must soon succumb to an alarming catalogue of maladies, which he glibly unfolded to the ready ear of Meyerbeer and to the utter astonishment of a friend Rossini had with him at the time. After Meyerbeer's departure the friend remonstrated with Rossini for his levity and mendaciousness. "Well," replied Rossini, "it is every good man's duty to contribute to the peace and comfort of his fellow-man, and you know nothing would delight Meyerbeer more, or afford him more fully this peace and comfort, than to hear of my early decease." Of Auber, the eminent French composer, he had no exalted opinion. "You know what pretty dance tunes he has always written," was his remark to a friend one day; the fact being, of course, that Auber never wrote any dance tunes.

With amateur composers and mediocre musicians generally he had no patience whatever. Some of his best stories are told in connection with this class. A few days after Meyerbeer's death a young admirer of his called upon the composer of "*William Tell*" with an elegy which he had written in honour of his idol. "Well," said Rossini, after hearing the composition played over, "if you really want my honest opinion, I think it would have been better if you had died and Meyerbeer had written the elegy." A budding composer once accompanied the manuscript of his latest composition with a Stilton, hoping, of course, to have a letter praising the work. The letter came, but all it said was: "Thanks! I like the cheese very much." Not a word about the manuscript!

Prince Poniatowski, the composer of the popular "*Yeoman's Wedding Song*," had written two operas, and wanted very much to have Rossini's opinion as to which of the two he should choose for

production in public. Rossini fought shy of the matter for a long time, but Poniatowski's importunity at length prevailed. Highly elated at having gained his point, he accompanied Rossini home. The composer settled himself in his easy chair with his feet on another, and placed a huge bandana handkerchief over his eyes. Poniatowski took his seat at the piano and worked away lustily for an hour or so. When, almost exhausted and bathed in perspiration, he was about to commence his second opera, Rossini awoke from a doze into which he had fallen, and touched him lightly on the shoulder so as to arrest his progress. "Now, my friend, I can advise you," he said sleepily; "have the other one performed." A kindred joke was tried on Liszt. The latter had just played one of his so-called "symphonic poems" to Rossini. "I prefer the other," said Rossini laconically. Liszt naturally inquired which "other." "The chaos in Haydn's 'Creation'" was the withering reply.

Rossini's witticisms, indeed, bubbled forth at all times and under all circumstances. On one occasion a gentleman called upon him to enlist his aid in procuring for him an engagement at the Opera. He was a drummer, and had taken the precaution to bring his instrument. Rossini said he would hear him "play," and it was decided that he should show off in the overture to "Semiramide." Now, the very first bar of the overture contains a *tremolo* for the drum, and when this had been performed the player remarked: "Now I have a rest of seventy-eight bars; these of course I will skip." This was too good a chance to be lost. "Oh, no," said the composer; "by all means count the seventy-eight bars; I particularly wish to hear those." This story reminds me of the answer given by an admirer of the German school of music to the question, "What points of comparison can be found between Rossini and Napoleon?" "None," was the reply, "except it be that in the noise which they made in Europe they were both fond of employing the drum."

Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on February 29, in leap year, he had of course a birthday only once in four years, and when he was seventy-two he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday! The late Sir Arthur Sullivan made his acquaintance in Paris. One morning when Sullivan called to see him he found him trying over a small piece of music just as he entered. "What is that?" asked Sullivan. "It's my dog's birthday," he replied very seriously, "and I write a little piece for him every year." All his life he had a dread of the number thirteen, as well as of Fridays. He never would invite more than twelve guests to dinner, and when once he had fourteen

he made sure of an "understudy" who would, at a moment's notice, have been ready to come should one guest have missed. And, though this was a double superstition, he died on Friday, November 13.

Of miscellaneous anecdotes there are quite a number. When Rossini was once rehearsing one of his operas in a small theatre in Italy, he noticed that the horn was always out of tune. "Who is that playing the horn in such an unholy way?" he demanded. "It is I," said a tremulous voice. "Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his father! Like Ruskin, Rossini was opposed to railways. When these were instituted he had registered a vow that he would never adopt a means of locomotion so little suggestive of art and so entirely at variance with nature. In this connection a good story is told by Mr. Kuhe, the well-known Brighton musician. About the middle of the sixties Mr. Kuhe took his family to Kissingen. One day, to the surprise of the promenaders, a huge travelling carriage was seen approaching, heavily laden with luggage. This marvellous equipage contained a very stout old gentleman with a remarkably fine head, by whose side was an elderly lady, while the coachman's seat was shared by a *valet de chambre*. In those days, road travelling being already considered an eccentric mode of progression, much speculation was aroused as to the identity of the occupants. The old gentleman proved to be none other than Rossini, the immortal composer of "The Barber of Seville" and "William Tell."

Rossini was a prodigious snuffer. And thereby hangs another tale. During a pause at one of the rehearsals of "William Tell" he crossed the stage up to a spot from which he could speak to Mr. Brod, the celebrated oboe-player, professor of the Paris Conservatoire, whom he addressed with, "Mr. Brod, have you your snuff-box with you?" "Yes, Maestro." "Then give me a pinch." The pinch duly taken, he continued: "Mr. Brod, in the introduction to such and such an air there occurs an F which you play sharp; I should prefer it natural, if you please. With regard to the F sharp, *ne vous en tourmentez pas; nous trouverons moyen de la placer ailleurs.*" When this anecdote was related to Berlioz, he jumped up from his chair, exclaiming, "*C'est foudroyant d'esprit.*" There are many stories connected with "William Tell." It was always too long, and even in Paris soon after its production the management began to perform only one act at a time. "I hope you won't be annoyed," said the manager one morning to Rossini, "but to-night we propose to perform the second act." "What, the whole of it?" asked Rossini in

reply. Like a good many other operas, "William Tell" has from time to time suffered from the fear of continental sovereigns to place before the public anything which may glorify revolution. At Berlin, for example, in 1830, the King Frederick-William III. would not allow the opera to be represented until the scene had been changed to the Tyrol. William Tell then became the Tyrolean patriot, Andreas Hofer, who led the resistance to the armies of Bonaparte; Walter was converted into Josef Spechbacher, and Gessler became the wicked Luzziol, Marshal of France. Monarchs are not quite so particular nowadays.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE LOVE OF LAMIA.

“ If I should stay,”

Said Lamia, “ here, upon this floor of clay,
And pain my steps upon these flow’rs too rough,
What canst thou say or do of charm enough
To dull the nice remembrance of my home?
Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
That finer spirits cannot breathe below
In human skies and live.”

THE poem known as “Lamia” belongs to the second period of Keats’s career. Into the brief quarter of a century which formed the span of his earthly lot was crowded material enough for the threescore years and ten of an ordinary life. Some critics have spoken of him in pitying tones as having failed in his endeavours; but when we remember that before the age of twenty-five he had qualified himself for the medical profession, passed through all the fret and fever of a passionate love, and made a brave fight with weakness and disease, we can only wonder at the richness and the extent of his poetic legacy.

But the splendour of his poems, and the marvellous advance shown in the second period of a career which might well have seemed too brief to be marked by any development at all, are not the most interesting considerations in the study of Keats. There is one thought, one wonder, which surpasses every other, and which will never cease to arouse the interest of scholars. How was it that this young poet, totally ignorant of Greece and the Greek language, should have turned to Greek legends and ideas as to a natural element?

To write of a country without having seen it is a feat which has been accomplished by many, to write of a people without having mixed with them is also a frequent achievement; but the wonder in Keats’s case is not that he should have written of Greece, but that he should have written as with “the nice remembrance of my home”; not that Greek subjects and Greek characters should crowd

his poems, but that his poems should reproduce the atmosphere of Greek life.

What was there in his parentage, his education, or his surroundings to account for this phenomenon?

His parentage is well known: his father began life as an ostler, his mother was the daughter of a livery-stable keeper; honest, intelligent, energetic people both of them, apparently, but hardly likely to have the power of "opening magic casements" out of a hard and commonplace life. His education was better than might have been expected, and his friendship with the son of his school-master, Charles Cowden Clarke, had a lasting effect upon him; but at fifteen he was taken from school and apprenticed to a surgeon.

As for his surroundings, his childhood was spent in the City Road, and as soon as he left school he studied medicine for four years at Edmonton; the joy of ripening powers and congenial friendships which marked his return to London was all too brief, and the remaining years of his life were tortured by continual struggle and unrest of heart and brain, until the foreign travel of which he had so often dreamed carried him to his last resting-place.

Where, then, shall we find the solution of the problem? It lies in the fact that Keats was himself a Greek.

Plato tells us in his "Republic" that men are born, some with golden, some with silver, and some with iron or copper souls, and that as the children do not always follow their parents, a golden-souled son born of a copper-souled father is to be raised among the rulers. In the same way, the nationality of men is not always determined by the particular race from which they spring: a wild gipsy spirit is sometimes born from parentage of the dullest respectability; the most insular solidarity may produce a nature characterised by French gaiety and grace; the self-contained energy of a Western stock may throw off a product characterised by all the outworn languor of the East.

Keats deserved the sneer of Blackwood in so far that, to all outward seeming, he was a cockney born and bred; but yet he was no more a Londoner than

Fair Hermes, crown'd with feathers, fluttering light.

He went through the medical course at Guy's Hospital and passed the licentiate examination of Apothecaries' Hall; but he was no more a sober English citizen than was his own Endymion, rapt by an immortal love from all possibility of earthly content.

But though Keats was thus born a Greek, his Greek soul must have pined and died of starvation if it had not received some sustenance. It needed support and development, an atmosphere in which it might unfold itself, a light and a music that should woo it into song. Where was this atmosphere, this sustenance, to be found? He had never set his foot on classic soil; but Browning tells us how

The inland hatched sea-creature hunts
The sea's breast out,

and Keats, though an alien and an exile, was destined to find his own way home.

In 1815, his friend Cowden Clarke, who had already kindled his latent love of poetry with Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," did him the inestimable service of introducing him to Chapman's translation of Homer. The effect was sudden and complete. Apollo's "realms of gold" had long been familiar to him, but one kingdom had been for him, until now, an undiscovered country:

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

But it was not from books alone that Keats was to draw his inspiration. Every reader of "*Childe Harold*" remembers the burning lines in which Byron condemns Lord Elgin's "violation" of the treasures of Athena.

Who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas lingered loth to flee,
The latest relic of her ancient reign;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush, Caledonia, such thy son could be!
England, I joy he was no child of thine—
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant brine.
Cold is the heart, fair Greece, that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;

Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
 By British hands, which it had best behoved
 To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
 Curs'd be the hour when from their isle they roved,
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
 And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorr'd.

But, however keenly we may share Byron's indignation, it is scarcely possible to maintain it, or at any rate to maintain it unmodified, when we think of the Elgin marbles in connection with Keats. Their glory and their wonder brought, he tells us, a dizzy pain about his heart: to him they were not inanimate stones; they were friends pulsating with the same life that burned in his own breast, and he hailed them as a man carried away from his native land in his youth would hail the sight of his fellow-countrymen. They were to him a key with which to unlock the mysterious cravings of his soul, the interpretation of those hopes and ideas which had perplexed his mind from his earliest boyhood. The "unheard music" that breathed from those sculptured pipes and lyres had for him all the sweetness of songs learned and loved at a mother's knee; the trees, the towns,

The forest branches and the trodden weed,·

all were dear to him, dear and familiar as scenes of childhood long lost, and with joy revisited.

Edgar Allan Poe's "Song to Helen" shows us something of the same inspiration, though not drawn from the same source.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicean barks of yore,
 That gently o'er a perfum'd sea
 The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece,
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand;
 Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
 Are holy-land!

This lyric is exquisitely beautiful, and when we remember that Poe was only fourteen when it was written, its beauty is nothing short of marvellous. But Poe did not fulfil his early promise, whereas Keats developed surely and steadily throughout his brief career, while his unswerving devotion to Beauty gave a continuity to work that might otherwise have been fragmentary and discursive.

Most of our great poets have dedicated themselves to some special object of worship and wonder. "The soul—nothing else is worth study!" was Browning's cry; "Nature, that never did betray the heart that loved her!" was Wordsworth's; Freedom was the guiding star of Shelley; Truth was the pearl of great price to Milton; but Keats was the devotee of Beauty. "I have loved the principle of Beauty in all things," he wrote shortly before his death; and in one of his letters he says: "With a great poet the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or, rather, obliterates all other considerations." This idea runs through the whole of his poetry, from the celebrated first line of "Endymion,"

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,

to the summing up of his philosophy in the "Ode to a Grecian Urn":

Beauty is Truth; Truth, Beauty; this is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

But this devotion to Beauty must not be taken to imply, as it has been by some critics, that Keats had no moral sense. Beauty, or *Harmony*, was the Greek idea of goodness and virtue; and to Keats, as to the typical Greek, Love, Truth, Liberty, and the Divine Nature itself all appeared under this guise, and wore this radiant form.

A criticism which is better justified is that which avers that the poet's love of Beauty was not characterised by the self-restraint, the sense of fitness and proportion, which is to be found in the finest Greek writers. It is quite true that Keats loved to revel in images of perfect forms, of glowing graces and glorious riches; he lingers over his descriptions as though he loved the very taste of the words upon his tongue; he heaps up the treasures of his fancy, not careful, like Eve, to bring

Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,

but flinging all his fair fruits before us at once with prodigal liberality.

Take, for instance, the description of Neptune's palace in "Endymion."

"Behold, behold, the palace of his pride !
 God Neptune's palaces ! " With noise increased
 They shouldered on towards that brightening east.
 At every onward step proud domes arose
 In prospect, diamond gleams and golden glows
 Of amber 'gainst their faces levelling,
 Joyous, and many as the leaves in Spring.
 Still onward, still the splendour gradual swell'd.
 Rich opal domes were seen, on high upheld
 By jasper pillars, letting through their shafts
 A blush of coral. Copious wonder-draughts
 Each gazer drank ; and deeper drank more near :
 For what poor mortals fragment up, as mere
 As marble was there lavish, to the vast
 Of one fair palace, that far, far surpass'd
 Even for common bulk, those olden three,
 Memphis, and Babylon, and Nineveh.

Or the varied visions that meet Endymion's eye in his fairy journey :

On he hies
 Through caves, and palaces of mottled ore,
 Gold dome and crystal wall and turquoise floor,
 Black polished porticoes of awful shade,
 And, at the last, a diamond balustrade,
 Leading afar past wild magnificence,
 Spiral through ruggedest loopholes, and thence
 Stretching across a void, then guiding o'er
 Enormous chasms, where, all foam and roar,
 Streams subterranean tease their granite beds ;
 Then heightened just above the silvery heads
 Of a thousand fountains so that he could dash
 The waters with his spear ; but at the splash,
 Done heedlessly, those spouting columns rose
 Sudden a poplar's height, and 'gan to inclose
 His diamond path with fretwork streaming round
 Alike, and dazzling cool, and with a sound,
 Haply, like dolphin tumults, when sweet shells
 Welcome the float of Thetis.

There are many passages such as these, not only in the early but also in the later poems, and there is much in them that is open to criticism. The chief defect of the celebrated "Quarterly Review" article was not that it accused Keats of faults, but that it did not accuse him of the right faults: superabundant images, fancies doomed to decay by their own ripeness, phrases overloaded with glowing colours, marred the perfection of his art, and might well have been castigated. But these faults are the faults of youth, and they prove no more than that the poet's young brain was seething with

images and ideas ; he himself was fully conscious of them, and was not slow to apply his mind to their correction. "There is but one way for me," he writes to his friend Reynolds ; "the road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it, and for that end purpose retiring for some years."

To contrast "Endymion" with "Hyperion" or "Lamia" is to realise how much Keats had already accomplished in the short time given to him. The opening lines of "Hyperion" have all the severity and reticence of the true classical spirit.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair ;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

It is evident, therefore, that the later poems, and not the more widely read "Endymion," should be taken as illustrative of Keats's genius ; but, fine as the fragment of "Hyperion" undoubtedly is, there is one imperative reason which points to "Lamia" as the key wherewith to unlock the secrets of his life and work.

No just estimate of Keats can be formed without giving full consideration to the love which glorified, but at the same time consumed, his life. Whether Fanny Brawne was worthy of the passionate devotion which he lavished upon her is a question that has often been debated. The general verdict seems to be that she was a beautiful but commonplace girl, attracted by the warmth of the poet's heart, but incapable of understanding the rare quality of his mind.

An answer to this accusation has been made by Miss Perrins, the daughter of Miss Brawne's great friend, who, writing to the editor of the "Literary World," after the appearance of an article by Miss Tynan on "Keats's Heroines," in which Miss Brawne is spoken of as commonplace, says : "You remark that this is hard on Fanny. It is more than hard ; it is not true. Miss Brawne was my mother's great friend, and I knew her well up to the time I was

almost fifteen, when she left England. She was a very striking, dignified woman; fair, very pale, with bright dark eyes and light brown hair; very clever and most brilliant in society. I remember my mother saying she was a most lovely girl, but that she lost all her beautiful colour in an illness she had after her engagement with Keats was broken off—"that mad boy Keats," they spoke of him then. I hope you will forgive my troubling you with this letter; but there are so few who knew her, and I did not like to hear her so described."

Keats, there can be little doubt, was a wild and wearing lover, but we must remember that he himself makes no accusations against Fanny Brawne. It was no want of appreciation on her part, no cold and slighting treatment, that drove him

Into the depths of torment and despair.

If his health had been good and his finances in a satisfactory state, so that he could have married her and settled down in a home of his own, he might have said with Tennyson, "The peace of God came into my life when I stood with her before the altar." The cause of his distraction is not far to seek: the ravages of disease had already affected him in body and mind, his work was beginning to be an effort to him, his prospects were gloomy, and the more he loved the more agonising was the conviction that he should never be united with the object of his adoration.

In these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the subject of "*Lamia*" should appeal strongly to his imagination. The *Lamia*, or woman-serpent, is a familiar figure in Greek mythology, and a belief in her powers of fascination over the sons of men was widely spread:

Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft, sweet woman!

The details of the particular story selected by Keats appear to have been taken from Burton, who in his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" quotes the "*De Vita Apollonii*" of Philostratus. This life was written about two hundred years after the death of Apollonius, at the request of the Empress Julia, her husband Severus having regarded the philosopher with great veneration. The so-called "*Life*" is of a very mythical character; but this much is certainly true, that Apollonius was a man of much wisdom and great reputation, who had many pupils under his care. Among these is said to have been a young man of the name of Menippus Lycius, who,

“going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth,” met with a Lamia, or serpent in the disguise of a beautiful woman, who made fair promises to him, and so beguiled him of his discretion that he agreed to marry her, and made a great wedding feast, to which among other guests came his master Apollonius. The philosopher, undazzled by her beauty or by the richness of her dwelling, looked steadily upon her and discovered her to be a Lamia, and the things by which she was surrounded mere illusions. The woman-serpent, seeing her true nature unmasked in his eyes, wept and entreated his mercy; but Apollonius denouncing her sternly, she and all that she had vanished away and left the unhappy lover disconsolate.

Such is the story which Keats has embodied in this poem, and as we read it we cannot but think of that fierce, strange passion which was destined to destroy the frail fabric of his life. The serpent was glorious in her fatal fascination :

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion spotted, golden, green, and blue ;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock and all crimson barr'd ;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breath'd,
Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seemed at once some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar.

The sight of the serpent in her woman's form conquers Lycius instantly and entirely :

Soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
And still the cup was full—while he, afraid
Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid
Due adoration, thus began to adore ;
Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chain so sure :
Leave thee alone ! Look back ! Ah ! Goddess, see
Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee !
For pity do not this sad heart belie—
Even as thou vanishest so I shall die.

In similar accents Keats, in his own person, tells Fanny Brawne that he had written himself her vassal immediately he saw her ; and in a later letter he says : “You have absorb'd me. I have a sensation at the present moment as though I were dissolving—I should be exquisitely miserable without the hope of soon seeing

you. I should be afraid to separate myself far from you. You have ravished me away by a power I cannot resist ; and yet I could resist till I saw you, and even since I have seen you I have endeavoured often 'to reason against the reasons of my love.' I can do that no more—the pain would be too great. My love is selfish. I cannot breathe without you."

The longing to forge the link of absolute union, a longing which Browning in his "Two in the Campagna" tells us can never be fulfilled by any human hearts, is expressed by Keats both in his own voice and in the voice of Lycius. To Fanny Brawne he cries :

Yourself—your soul—in pity give me all,
Withhold no atom's atom or I die,
Or living on, perhaps, your wretched thrall,
Forget, in the mist of idle misery,
Life's purposes—the palate of the mind
Losing its gust—and my ambition blind.

So Lycius entreats his love :

My silver planet, both of eve and morn !
Why will you plead yourself so sad forlorn,
While I am striving how to fill my heart
With deeper crimson and a double smart ?
How to entangle, trammel up, and snare
Your soul in mine and labyrinth you there,
Like the sweet scent in an unbudded rose.

Surrounded by a gay and dazzling throng, Lycius was still absorbed in his beloved one, so that he

Scarce saw in all the room another face,

a description which reminds us of the letter written shortly afterwards to Fanny Brawne : "Upon my soul, I can think of nothing else. . . . I cannot exist without you. I am forgetful of everything but seeing you again—my life seems to stop there—I see no further. You have absorbed me."

But love such as this, enthralling and fascinating as it may be, brings its own suffering in its train, and the allegory of *Lamia* was to be only too well borne out in the life of the poet. Heart-struck and lost, Lycius was condemned to watch the gradual fading of the fair being whom he loved :

"*Lamia* !" he shriek'd ; and nothing but the shriek
With its sad echo did the silence break.
"Begone, foul dream !" he cried, gazing again
In the bride's face, where now no azure vein

Wandered on fair-spaced temples ; no soft bloom
Misted the cheek ; no passion to illumine
The deep-recessed vision :—all was blight ;
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly white.

Even so vanished Keats's bright dreams of the future. The love which had seized upon him with such resistless force was never to find its earthly close, and as the prospect gradually faded his anguish became wellnigh intolerable. To his friend Brown he writes : " The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me—I can bear to die ; I cannot bear to leave her. O God ! God ! God ! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her for a moment. This was the case when I was in England ; I cannot recollect without shuddering the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. I am afraid to write to her ; to receive a letter from her, to see her handwriting would break my heart : through the whole of my illness this fever has never ceased wearing me out." And again : " The thought of leaving her is beyond everything horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me. I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing."

It may perhaps be straining the allegory too far to say that in the part played by Apollonius some allusion may be traced to the warnings of Keats's friends. Yet it is certain that they felt the gravest anxiety when they learnt the state of his feelings, not so much from any distrust of Miss Brawne as from a natural doubt whether his frail being could stand the intense strain of such an absorbing passion. Dilke's comment is well known : " It is quite a settled thing between John Keats and Miss Brawne. God help them ! It's a bad thing for them. The mother says she cannot prevent it, and her only hope is it will go off. He don't like anyone to look at her or speak to her."

Keats was dear to his friends, both for his own sake and for the sake of his splendid genius, and it was not to be wondered at that they regretted seeing him fall under the sway of this basilisk affection, even as Apollonius mourned at the sight of his favourite pupil in the power of the Lamia :

From every ill
Of life have I preserved thee to this day,
And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey ?

Apollonius in his zeal rescued Lycius, but he rescued him with a death-stroke :

The sophist's eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
Keen, cruel, perçant, stinging : she, as well
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
Motioned him to be silent ; vainly so,
He look'd and look'd again a level—No !
“ A serpent ! ” echoed he ; no sooner said,
Than with a frightful scream she vanished ;
And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
As were his limbs of life, from that same night.
On the high couch he lay ! his friends came round—
Supported him—no pulse or breath they found,
And in its marriage robe the heavy body wound.

In the same way, the separation of Keats from the woman he loved was a blow that hastened his end. He forced himself to consent to the journey to Italy, knowing that it was his only chance of life, but knowing also that it was a certain road to death. “ I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains,” he writes to his friend Brown, “ and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline are great separators, but death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind I may say the bitterness of death is passed. I think, for my sake, you would be a friend to Miss Brawne when I am dead. You think she has many faults, but for my sake think she has not one.”

These pathetic words of the dying poet should surely screen the memory of the one he loved from blame. It is doubtless true that she did not appreciate him at his full worth, but he valued her love the more because it was given to him as a man and not as a poet. “ I have met some women,” he exclaims indignantly, “ who, I really think, would like to be married to a poem and given away by a novel.”

The fault did not lie in her, but in himself. As the whole of life's music and mystery was for him summed up in the song of the nightingale, so that principle of Beauty which he had so long followed and worshipped was to him embodied in the person of Fanny Brawne. His love for her was not the natural and ordinary love of a man for the woman of his choice ; it was a desperate attempt to grasp the immeasurable, to fathom the unfathomable, to wed the finite with the infinite, and compass the whole scale of existence in

one frail individuality. It was little wonder that such an attempt ended in disappointment and disaster !

If Keats had possessed that desideratum of the ancients—a sound mind in a sound body—he might have come somewhat nearer to achievement, but in that case he would never have aspired. It was the wild strain of genius in his nature, and the latent seeds of disease in his constitution, which together gave birth to the craving passion of his heart and brain. He lived and loved “not wisely, but too well,” flinging recklessly all that he had into the fire, so that the flames burnt up ever brighter and brighter, until, exhausted by their own intensity, they sank into darkness and death. His love was to him a veritable Lamia, and, devoutly as he worshipped, he yet rebelled against the charm that bound him :

What can I do to drive away
Remembrance from my eyes ? for they have seen
Aye, but an hour ago, my brilliant Queen !
Touch has a memory. O say, love, say,
What I can do to kill it and be free
In my old liberty ?
How shall I do
To get anew
Those moulted feathers and so mount once more
Above, above
The reach of fluttering Love,
And make him cower lowly while I soar ?

The divine essence of Beauty is not to be grasped by mortal men ; earth's flowers are too rough, its floor of clay too poor and cold, to dull the “ nice remembrance of celestial joys.” Those who have heard

Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea

must bear the penalty of finding little sweetness in mortal music.

With such a nature as his, no other fate was possible for Keats than that which overtook him ; and yet, if he had had a nature less delicately strung, he would not have been the poet of our wonder and our love.

Finer spirits cannot breathe below
In human skies and live.

But though his life was consumed it was not wasted. All that he had he gave ungrudgingly, unhesitatingly, and two rewards he won in his brief life that the longest span has still left some men

lacking—a woman's love and an undying fame ! Why should we weep for Adonais?

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure ; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

VALENTINE GREATRAKS, ESQ.

*THE FAMOUS "TOUCH DOCTOR" OF
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY*

IN these days of faith-healing, Christian science, treatment by massage, and other methods of procuring relief from pain and ill-health, it is rather curious to turn back to the cures stated to have been effected by a most estimable gentleman who lived in the days of Charles II., and who had the distinction of being presented to that monarch from the renown he obtained by the marvellous gift he possessed of stroking persons with his hand and thereby curing them of various disorders. Mr. Greatraks lived in an age of no greater credulity than the present, and he had to contend, moreover, with the reputation obtained by several false professors of similar powers; but while he did not succeed in every case that he operated on, there seems, from the evidence shown, no reason to doubt that he did produce in numerous instances an improvement in the patient and a complete recovery from many serious ailments. The Greatraks family owned property near Matlock, in Derbyshire, where a district was called by their name, which is spelt in a variety of ways, the mode adopted in the present instance being that used by Valentine Greatraks in legal documents seen by the writer. The subject of the present brief memoir was born on February 14 (a date that accounts for his Christian name) in the year 1628; his parents were living at their seat known as Affane, in the co. Waterford. They were persons of good position and means in Ireland, and their son Valentine throughout his life was regarded as a most worthy gentleman, and enjoyed the advantages of easy circumstances. The troublous days of the Rebellion of 1641 caused Valentine Greatraks, when a boy, to be sent to his uncle in England to be educated, his mother, who was a daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Justice of the King's Bench, having, when left a widow, placed him in his earlier years at the school at Lismore. He later fought in the civil wars on the side of the Parliament, and returned subsequently to Affane, took up the

duties of a magistrate in his county, and was made a Clerk of the Peace at the Restoration. It will thus be seen that a quiet country gentleman, happy in his surroundings and social circle, had no temptation to change his lot unless for some strong reason. However, in the story of his life, written by himself, he gives an account with great emphasis of what made him impose on himself a strange and laborious task. "About 1662," he says, "I had an impulse or strange persuasion in my own mind (of which I am not able to give a rational account to another) which did very frequently suggest to me that there was bestowed on me the gift of curing 'The King's Evil.'" He succeeded so well, it is stated, in his attempt that soon after he felt himself "compelled" to cure other diseases, and before long his residence was besieged by crowds of people from all parts of Ireland, and many from England, for the purpose of being "stroaked." The process adopted by Mr. Greatraks was to stroke or touch the part affected and where most pain was felt, and gradually work down to the hands or feet, when it is related in many instances the patient would experience instant relief, and would sometimes utter a loud cry on obtaining it. In the year 1666 Mr. Greatraks was invited to undertake a journey to England by Lord Conway, Secretary to the King, for the purpose of trying his power for the benefit of Lady Conway, who suffered greatly from headache; and although his efforts in this instance were not successful, it brought his name into more public notice, and even created a wish on the part of Charles II. to see a man who claimed to possess the gift of healing. Mr. Greatraks went to London, took lodgings in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and stayed some months in the metropolis. During this time he received a large number of persons afflicted with various disorders, and a great many cures were certified to by some of the most eminent physicians and clergymen of the day, among whom may be mentioned Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, Sir John Godolphin, the Hon. Robert Boyle, and many others of note and renown. In Ireland Mr. Greatraks had met with unbelievers in his power, and the Bishop of Lismore had been asked to interdict his practices as "savouring of necromancy"; but in London he not only had to contend with doubters more numerous, but was a source of amusement to the gay courtiers of Charles II., and was turned into ridicule by the witty St. Evremond. However, he quietly held his way, and wrote a long "Defence," in which he gave a full account of his life and doings and the cures he had accomplished. He dedicated this "letter" to Mr. Boyle, who was a distinguished physicist, was one of the original members of the Royal Society, and

a son of the Earl of Cork. As Mr. Greatraks never took any fee or reward from the persons he cured, there could be no question as to the honesty of his motives and belief, and there have remained several records from disinterested people testifying that he gave up leisure and personal comfort in his efforts to alleviate the sufferings of mankind so far as lay in his power. Writing in May 1666, he mentions that "the King's doctors (for the confirmation of their Majesties' belief) sent three out of the hospital to me on crutches, and blessed be God they all went home well, to the admiration of all people, as well as the doctors." A man named Anthony Nicholson, who had spent more than a hundred pounds on medical advice without avail, became cured under Mr. Greatraks's treatment, and the "stroaker's" renown had spread to such an extent that when returning to Ireland he was asked to stop at Worcester, and was there handsomely entertained, the expense being defrayed by the citizens, many of whom professed to have found relief from their ailments.

In several of the newspapers of the time, and in diaries and letters of the period, there are references made to Mr. Greatraks and his humane work, and some eye-witnesses give accounts of the crowds who flocked after him, whether at his own house or in Dublin, Clonmel, or other places, where cures were carried out in the presence of worthy ladies and gentlemen, who had no possible objection in reporting facts other than what they had seen. The "Touch Doctor," as he was called, is described as "a proper large man, very pleasant in conversation. His hand was large, heavy, and soft, and an aroma of sweet flowers came from it," while Evelyn mentions that "he had a remarkable countenance, which denotes something extraordinary." Valentine Greatraks made many lasting friendships during his sojourn in England, and kept up a constant correspondence with many notable personages in London, one of the most remarkable being Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, whose death in connection with the Titus Oates conspiracy became and remains one of the mysteries of the reign of Charles II. A number of these letters written to "the stroaker," as he was affectionately termed, are still extant, and bear full testimony to the esteem and respect he inspired and retained, while the accounts they contain of important events happening at the time, and the allusions made to prominent persons, make them very interesting reading. Mr. Greatraks would appear to have led a quiet happy life when residing on his estate known as Affane in the county of Waterford; and as he was able in the Court of Claims to prove his rights to certain lands forfeited

during the Rebellion, he had ample means, and was free to devote his time and strange miraculous power to the good of his fellow-men, which he appears to have done most willingly. He married, first, Ruth, daughter of Sir William Godolphin, Knight, who was brother to the perhaps better known Sir John Godolphin, Judge of the Admiralty in the Commonwealth, and, later, Judge-Advocate in the reign of the King. He had two sons and one daughter. This lady died in 1675, and some years after Mr. Greatraks married the widow of Mr. Rotherham, of Camolin, county Wexford, to whom, when in November 1683 he passed away, he left, among many other gifts of money and goods, taking good care of all who belonged to or had served him, "ten broad pieces of gold and the tankard which she brought with her."

A. PETER.

SCOTCH LOCH FISHING.

THE theory of holiday-making is very different before and after a man's fortieth year. Before that time a holiday means prodigal expenditure of energy, hard riding, walking fast, flying on bicycles as far as is possible during cessation of work to the ends of the earth. After that age, rest, easeful pastimes, outdoor pursuits which minimise fatigue, are dear to a man. In particular, gardening should be mentioned. Golf is an example of all that recreation implies to a sexagenarian. It means moderate exercise, fine and cheerful converse with like-minded golf maniacs. It offers a man that moderate amount of chance and friendly emulation which sweetens the best-loved amusements of life. A garden is never so delightful as when a man passes his half-century or (according to the Dean of Rochester's joke) is himself an octo-geranium. There is even a subtle wisdom in lying upon one's back upon the shingle, soothed by its gentle murmur, thinking upon nothing and throwing pebbles into the waves :

Tum somni dulces densæque in montibus umbræ.

As a general rule, all amusements suited to the elderly should contain a fair spice of activity swallowed up in an ocean of rest, even of indolence ; a man's working days have more or less passed away. His physical powers demand abundance of quiet. The much-desired "forty winks" of age is not an indulgence so much as a necessity.

Scotch loch fishing may be mentioned as an excellent amusement for the elderly. It is an excuse for permitting a man to lie fallow and absorb sunshine, while at the same time, if he chooses, he may trifle with the oars or his rod and line. A man can take wife and family with him if he likes fishing with ladies (only if he wishes to catch fish, should he be ruled by us, he will not do so), and a constant succession of beautiful scenery passes before his eyes as the gillie rows on in a monotonous and sleep-provoking manner. No tax is thus levied upon an elderly man's energies, whether mental or bodily. Above all, let no man be so unwise as to suffer business

letters and a whole crop of cares to be sent northward after him. This is absolutely to defeat the beneficent work of the goddess Vacuna.

How many and charming are the lochs which rise before the mind's eye of the man who loves Caledonia stern and wild ! Each of them, to his fancy, possesses characteristics of its own. Assynt displays its bare banks running up to a mighty company of mountains, whereof Suilven towers in apparent majesty, even overtopping Ben More himself. Tummel, perhaps the most strictly beautiful of all the lochs of Central Scotland ; Ericht, dour and dark-looking, but in whose vast depths lurk monsters if only they can be caught ; Shin, with excellent trout and water enough to satisfy the most eager sportsman ; such are some of the leading characteristics of a few Northern lochs, all more or less noted for the sport that they yield. Shiel is another lengthy and prolific loch, set in a rich *entourage* of mountains. Others might easily be named, but the above selection comprises beauty as well as fish, for it may be presumed that a loch which enchants the eye with incomparable landscape possesses one of the first requisites for a pleasant holiday.

It is true that these lochs will each take at the least two days to reach them from any of the Midland districts, but, to our mind, a swift and comfortable railway journey forms the initial part of a holiday. It must be remembered, however, that two days' continuous travel in swift trains shakes up an elderly man's system a good deal, and had better be avoided if possible. At any rate, in Perthshire and the Lowlands good fishing and plenty of lochs will be found, but, after all, there is nothing like the clear air and keen northern breezes of Sutherland, if a man can afford two days, or, better still, three, in which to reach it. A day or two, it may be suggested, can be spent very pleasantly on the way to the North at Perth or Edinburgh. If for nothing else, they can be set apart for purchasing rods and flies, of which no true fisherman ever has enough.

For those who do not yet know Sutherland no book gives a more charming account of this lovely shire than "A Season in Sutherland" (by T. E. Edwards Moss : Macmillan, 1888), while "Wanderings by the Lochs and Streams of Assynt" (Hicks, James, 1855), if the first book to treat the angling of the district, is still useful to the fisherman. St. John wrote specially of deer-stalking in Sutherland, and, like all his works, this is now a rare and valuable treatise. Naturally Mr. Lyall's book on Scotch fishing and shooting will be in every sportsman's hands. If a general treatise on Scotch fishing be required, no more excellent manual can

be recommended than J. Colquhoun's "The Moor and the Loch" (Blackwood, 1880).

Shiel, a sea-loch in Argyllshire, is, we have suggested, another delightful district in which to settle. Access is easily obtained up this long loch, shut in by dark rocks and tracts of fir-trees running up on either side to deer-forests. At its edge are shallows tenanted by mimic forests and the pale water-violet (*Hottonia palustris*) and depths which might hold salmon and *ferox* of huge proportions and fabulous strength. In autumn plenty of sea-trout run up the river Shiel. From Bonnie Prince Charlie's monument in Glenfinnan, at one end of the loch, to Castle Thiorin at the other, are numerous places of interest to the geologist and the artist as well as the dreamer. The loch itself is rather a late one, which renders it a boon to men who cannot take their holiday in June. This is, however, to our mind, the month of months for a holiday. If it has a disadvantage, it is that you wish for a second holiday before the summer ends.

When the locality for a holiday is once settled, the most important point afterwards is to find a good gillie. Three or four lounge round every fishing inn during the season. They have left the sheep on the hills, or it may be the plough-tail, and, although always exceedingly civil and obliging, most of these are not born fishermen. They cannot quickly (if at all) hit out the expedient which the moment so often demands in angling. Manage to find the true angler, the particular Donald or Stuart who is the sharpest of the little company. It is generally an easy matter to find out the true sportsman and naturalist from an interview, where you lounge with him looking from the bridge and smoking many cigarettes, or, better still, you recognise him from the experience of a previous season. When a gillie once knows a pleasant considerate master, he will be very anxious to show sport. He will watch his master's moods, remain silent when his "gentleman" is thinking, and is not afraid of talking, at the proper time, to amuse his master. Occasionally he will tell a legend or two which are often well worth gathering up in the notebook when he is not looking. If you must put up with the ordinary gillie, let him carry coat and lunch and fishing things, but be sure that you take and keep command. It does not answer to let him row you about where he thinks good.

As for the part which ought to be most carefully fished in every loch, it is not the open loch (which is probably of great depth and does not therefore furnish many bottom baits to trout), but the line where the gravelly or rocky edge breaks down suddenly into the depths. There the fish invariably lie on the look-out for food

Another hint to be borne in mind is that all gillies and landlords hold as the first article of their piscatorial creed "that no fush ever rises in the loch till 9 A.M. and never rises after 7 P.M. 'Tis no manner of use, sir ; the fush'll no be feeding after 7." Of course gillies like a comfortable breakfast and supper, and these hours best suit the landlady's notions of meals. Even when the loch is dimpled over with rises in summer evenings the gillies vow "they are only playing, sir ; they're no rising to fly whateffer." Almost all boatmen, it should be remembered, will launch out into deep water unless they have a sensible, determined master.

As for equipment, this largely depends on a man's fancies. For fly-fishing some use a ten-foot single-handed rod, others prefer a long double-handed one. The great requisite in all a loch-fisher's tackle is extreme strength. Few incidents are more provoking than to troll a whole day without a single "rugg" and in the evening to strike a good fish (which may be a large salmon), and then to be at once broken because the line had been put away damp when last used a year or two ago. Regard not expense, therefore, in providing yourself with all running tackle of the best. The landing-net must also be large and strong. A gaff is a useful addition. Several "angels" and "phantoms" will also be needed. These should not be too small. Many think that these artificial lures do more execution than live or natural baits. It is not always easy to procure the latter, and "guddling" for them wastes a good deal of valuable time in the best part of the day. The fisherman will require two trolling rods, with tackle for each, and his favourite fly-rod. Let him take North plenty of big loch flies of gaudy colouring, especially "wasps" and "Zulus." Trout in Scotch lochs are peculiarly fond of yellow flies.

Should the holiday-maker set his heart on catching a *ferox*, let him first provide himself with a never-failing stock of patience, together with a well-filled purse. To troll for these creatures often proves a tedious undertaking ; by good hap a "run" being obtained once in two days or thereabouts and perhaps being lost in a couple of minutes after all. No fish is so "dour," so suspicious, or for its size so strong. The most cunning angler cannot understand its strange moods. It is apparently, too, the most suspicious of fish, and on a day which seems the perfection of a fishing day, with soft grey showers and warm temperature, it is often impossible to obtain a touch. We have known a *ferox*-fanatic rowed about on the same loch for a fortnight day after day by two gillies and the results were most disappointing. Again, we remember a perfect duffer at trawling who caught a 13 lb. *ferox* as soon as he had taken his place in the

boat on Loch Rannoch, perhaps the best Scotch loch for this kind of fish, and in consequence the loch in which they are most shy. There is a great amount of luck in taking *ferox*. There are no special rules for this kind of fishing except that of course the line must always be kept taut, the end of the rod up (in order that its strength may tell upon the fish), and the quarry must be prevented at any cost from running under the boat. In a great sheet of water, remember, there is no need to hurry. It is better to spend an extra quarter of an hour on the capture of a good fish than run the risk of losing it through impatience.

In late autumn pike will often yield excellent sport in Scotch lochs, and in such great reservoirs of water their presence often accounts for very large trout being taken. The small ones are killed off by the pike. Consequently, he is not an enemy to his kind who should introduce pike into such lochs, as a man would be were he to place pike in the Test or Monnow. On a cold bright day pike frequently take an "angel," never caring how battered it is, and a man may catch several heavy fish during the day. A pike-gag will be found very useful when the fish is inside the boat, and it is merciful to have a "priest" on board to put the pike out of its agonies. In some sea-lochs it is quite possible that a salmon may be taken while nominally trolling for pike. Indeed, the apparent chance which is connected with loch-fishing, together with the rest, the sunshine, and the fine mountain air, adds a strong influence to the rejuvenating of the holiday-maker. When a "phantom" or "angel" or strong tackle is first committed to an unknown loch the interest is extreme, and everything that the angler hooks (save the "Kingdom of Scotland") forms a pleasant excitement.

The fisherman will frequently approach some beautiful valley running down the hill into the loch as the gillie rows ahead slowly past

Nature, with her plants and weeds and flowers
And silent overgrowings ;

and he speedily finds here a quiet corrie, fringed with firs and lit up with purple heather, in which to land for lunch and a quiet half-hour. The gillie meanwhile secures his boat with the painter and quickly secludes himself among the whins and tufts of bog myrtle, smoking his pipe almost before he has finished his sandwiches. His master then botanises, looks for oyster-catcher's nests, or follows up his particular hobby. After luncheon he will find that the fish do not rise eagerly until the sun begins to sink over the hills, so he need not hurry over his philosophic meditations. Oftentimes the

gillie will take him to a neighbouring waterfall, to a "veetrified fort," or perhaps to some old ruin with traditions clinging to it as thick as the moss and wild roses which mantle it. These little visits form a welcome change to limbs stiffened by the boat.

During the afternoon Donald will assuredly turn the conversation from the great fishermen with whom he has worked to some gable of a farmstead, or perhaps a dull square house dimly seen on a distant mountain. A tragic story connected with these is never forgotten, and so long as his master nods and says "yes" and "indeed" at the right time, it proceeds to an interminable length.

"Ye'll be minding Mr. Robertson, sir, of Auldroony, him as was out wi' the King in India? Weel, sir, he used to live up in those woods and he was jist an *awfu* person. Many is the day he would fush here on the Sawbaths, while the leddies maybe would drive down, a' silk and fal-lals, to Moffat. He married Kennedy's sister frae Pitlochry, and Miss Kennedy and anither half-sister lived wi' them. They say that every night a muckle black hoond wi' eyes as big as red saucers ran round the house wi' terrible howlings. One night Miss Jane Kennedy ventured out and never came back. So oot gangs Mr. Robertson, and then Miss Kennedy, the half-sister I was talking of, and Mrs. Robertson and aiblins the butler went after them, but they say the dog then ceased barking and they never, none of them, ever came back or was seen again, but there was a gey and strong smell of sulphur. Ye'll mind it, sir, in the papers? They said the dog led them to the Deil's Landing on the loch out yonder, and they flitted off in a lightning flash. The minister doubted it was for fushing on the Sawbath, and, douce mon that he is, he once spake to Miss Jane, who appeared as a purple bogle on Auld Hallowe'en," &c.

"Havers" of this kind become amusing at such a time and such a situation, and form no inconsiderable portion of the charm attached to the long lazy afternoon.

These recitals are often broken by the pebble leaping off one of the lines trolled from the stern. Up leaps the angler also, and, it may be hoped, kills the coveted fish, a *ferox*. And then evening draws on apace,

And faintly from the faint eternal blue
(That dim sweet harebell odour) comes the star
Which evening wears.

The wavelets on the loch subside and girls' voices from the terrace below the big house opposite invite the fisherman to see

three or four ladies, hatless in the lustrous evening, enter a shallop and push off from the gilded railings. Then one charms the impressionable gillie till he stops rowing and murmurs, "Aye, that's bonny !" by breaking out in a rich mellow voice before the listening mountains :

Mistress Jean, she was making the elder-flower wine,
And what brings the laird at sic a like time?
She put off her apron and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons and gaed awa down.

Perhaps the fisherman himself is not altogether insensible to the musical voice.

But here is the landing-stage (not the Deil's !), and master and gillie leap to the grassy margin, pull the boat up a little way from the water and go up to the inn with a fair bag of fish and a great stock of contented enjoyment. After dinner comes a stroll in the gorgeous twilight, and then sleep remorselessly claims its victim even from the latest novel. Such are some of the quiet joys which loch fishing possesses for its votaries. When such simple pleasures are at hand, why seek Italy or Cairo among a motley crowd provided with coupons for every sight, while every hour of each day is mapped out for a man, lectures and sermons being thrown in? These are doubtless good in their place, but to our mind a holiday, if it means anything, means rest and the bow relaxed. We always look with awe upon the highly conscientious clergy who spend great part of their long vacation in the schools at Oxford and Cambridge, but always carefully avoid going there ourselves.

It is worth while adding a few words on the capture of *ferox* written by that excellent angler, Mr. J. Colquhoun, to the "Field" paper in 1880. He deemed Loch Rannoch by far the best loch in which to take this fish, but the *ferox* has of late years, he says, been rendered lamentably shy by being pricked and harassed with spoons and other artificial baits. Loch Awe is another excellent loch for the predatory *ferox*. The largest he has known caught in it since his early fishing days was a little over 21 lbs. in weight. On Loch Rannoch during the same time he remembered one of 23 lbs., one of 22 lbs., and a third of about 20 lbs. "Although *feroxes* from 3 to 6 lbs. are sometimes hooked with a trout fly," he continues, "I never knew a large one so taken, and the only verified heavy *ferox* landed with fly was caught in the second pool of the river Awe with a large salmon fly. It proved a beauty of 17 lbs." Anglers will see by these words of one well skilled in piscatorial

matters how small would be their chance of capturing a good *ferox* with a fly. The "Cardinal Fly," a crimson monstrosity, is, however, recommended for Loch Laggan. We never raised a *ferox* with it. Others may have more luck. One more hint—when the angler has covered himself with glory by taking a *ferox* which is anything above a dozen pounds, let him not be so misguided as to attempt to eat it. It ought to be stuffed, and, like Mr. Briggs's salmon, put in a glass case to stand in his hall above his "favourite spotted hunter."

PELAGIUS

*“SWEET LASS OF RICHMOND
HILL.”*

A SONG WITH A HISTORY.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids' surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will ;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill !

Ye zephyrs fair that fan the air
And wanton through the grove,
Oh, whisper to my charming fair,
I'd die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own !
Oh, may her choice be fixed on me !
Mine's fixed on her alone.

This lass so neat, with smile so sweet,
Has won my right good will ;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill !

THE history of this charming ballad, “The Lass of Richmond Hill”—of the fair lady in whose praise it was written, of the authorship of the well-known verses, and of the romantic circumstances surrounding them—has lately formed an attractive subject of controversy. In spite, however, of all controversial questions connected with the song having been long time settled, the heresy that “the Lass” was associated with Richmond, *Surrey*, has again been revived by one of our leading comic journals; and recently we read the following in a well-known London evening daily paper :

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"MYSTERY OF AN OLD BALLAD.

"Who was 'the Lass of Richmond Hill'? Theodore Hook's father set the ballad to music, and the great English tenor, Incledon, was the first to sing it in Vauxhall Gardens in 1789. Leigh Hunt insisted that the original Lass of Richmond Hill was Lady Sarah Lennox. The Rev. Thomas Maurice maintained she was Miss Cropp. Sir Joseph Barrington was positive that Mrs. Janson was intended, and Lord Stourton, on the strength of the lines, 'I'd crowns resign to call her mine,' argued that she could have been no other than Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom George IV. morganatically married."

It is apparent, therefore, that the individuality of the fair original, and that of the author of the words of the song, are to the world in general wrapped about with some of the cerements of the old controversy.

The fact of there being two Richmonds in the field of conjecture is responsible for some of the imaginings which have been allowed to run riot. The song and the subject of it have been associated with the loves of the Georges; and, in addition to the suggestion referred to above connecting it with Mrs. Fitzherbert, it was also suggested that the heroine was none other than the mysterious Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quakeress who, under the ægis, it is said, of George III., then Prince of Wales, so suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

Fair as may have been both Lady Sarah Lennox and the young Quakeress, the objects of this princely admiration, they could have been no fairer than the real object of the song—the charming Frances I'Anson, of Hill House, Richmond, Yorkshire, daughter of the rich attorney of Bedford Row, Bloomsbury, and who also owned the above residence at Richmond, in the county of broad acres.

That she was "very fair among women" we have it on the testimony of those who knew her in her youth and beauty, and her lover, the author of the words of the song, although not of princely rank, was a man who made a name in his day.

Leonard MacNally, the Irish barrister, was her devoted admirer, and had written almost innumerable songs for Vauxhall, besides a comic opera entitled "Robin Hood," which is said to have made a great hit at Covent Garden, and figured the year after with Burke, Gibbon, Burns, and Sheridan, in a sort of "men of the time" volume.

No less well known and distinguished in his day was James Hook, the composer of the song, and father of the celebrated Theodore Hook, and also grandfather of Walter Farquhar Hook, the late Dean of Chichester and for many years Vicar of Leeds, and author of the "*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*."

James Hook was musical director for nearly fifty years at Vauxhall Gardens (1773-1820), then in the last days of its glory. It is said that during that time he wrote the music for no less than one hundred and forty dramatic pieces, and composed over two thousand songs. Of these, how few survive !

The "*Lass of Richmond Hill*" is one of these, and of the song, and of the author and composer, we cannot do better than quote the words of one who has written on the subject, and whose criticism is, we think, fair and perspicuous.

After quoting from Tom Moore's diary, "Lord Holland much amused at my saying how much I used to look up to this Leonard MacN.," after a brilliant dinner at Holland House, our author (as yet unpublished) goes on to say :

"When a boy who 'lisp'd in numbers,' Moore had envied MacNally the authorship of some of his songs. As in the case of greater men—Fielding and Smollett for instance—MacNally's verses were inferior to his really admirable prose, but the best of them were smooth and sprightly. '*The Lass of Richmond Hill*,' though the sole surviving offspring of a prolific muse, scarcely does full justice to a genuine lyrical talent, despite the special inspiration which we may presume to have occasioned the well-known verses. They are not devoid, however, of the characteristic energy and mellifluousness of the author's effusions, and their sentiment, still pleasing, and unusually natural for a time when even Vauxhall expressed itself in terms of tinsel classicism, must have contributed to the original popularity of the song. But it is undoubtedly to the familiar air alone that the ballad owes its preservation for more than a century. In Hook's bright and lucid melody the words are enshrined like a fly in amber.

"For the most part they (Hook's songs) were merely songs of a Vauxhall season, perhaps a Vauxhall night ; but two at least of the two thousand have achieved a household immortality. Even these are a remarkable example of the flexibility of the composer's talent. '*Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town*' is a brilliant invention, irresistibly Scotch in its character, as '*The Lass of Richmond Hill*' is English."

So much for the authorship and composition of the song. Let

us now turn again to the fair object of Leonard MacNally's love and admiration.

Frances I'Anson was born at Leyburn in Wensleydale, and lived at Hill House, Richmond, in the county of York, the residence of her father—a fine old mansion, described as “quaintly picturesque, with formal gardens and broad terraces, and standing high over the town.”

Her father, William I'Anson, was also born (1741) at Leyburn. Educated at Richmond Grammar School, he was destined for the law, and gained the love and esteem of Miss Hutchinson, the only daughter of Ralph Hutchinson of the old mansion. It is said that she had many suitors ; but William I'Anson was the favoured one, and to him she gave her hand, and they were married at Barnard Castle in 1761, the bridegroom having just attained his twentieth year. Miss Hutchinson was a considerable heiress for a county town, and at the time of their marriage it is recorded in Sylvanus Urban's notices in the “Gentleman's Magazine” of that date that Miss Hutchinson brought her husband £10,000. As the mother of the “Lass” Miss Hutchinson individually has a special interest to us, and the possession of such a fortune no doubt had its influence in inducing her father, William I'Anson, when quite a young man, and a few years, indeed, after the marriage, to remove from Richmond, retaining Hill House at the same time as a country residence, and he became, in the words of the “Gentleman's Magazine,” “for many years an eminent attorney in the Court of King's Bench,” and when he died at Bedford Row, Bloomsbury, he had become wealthy and had the estates of Cotgrove, Notts, and several in Yorkshire, including his property at Hill House, Richmond.

Regarding the history of the family of the Richmondshire I'Ansons, we are indebted for the following to one of the family, William Andrew I'Anson, Esq., F.R.C.S., &c., of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Denton Hall, Northumberland, who is directly descended from the “eminent attorney” of Bedford Row, and who has the additional distinction of being great-nephew of the “Lass.” We quote from the MSS. which he has kindly placed in our hands.

“The family of the Richmondshire I'Ansons is traced to Tudor times. The peculiar form of the name is remarkable among English patronymics, and lends support to a suggestion that it derives from *French Flanders*. At any rate, there was a John I'Anson, captain in the King's navy, in the days of its first semi-organised existence, when the ‘Great Harry’ rode the seas. The captain's son, James I'Anson, lived in Richmondshire in the first half of the sixteenth century,

but the generations next succeeding were merchants in London, with the English passion for land. Bryan I'Anson, born in 1587, achieved both social and territorial position, for he held broad manors in Buckinghamshire, and married Ann Lee, of Beaconsfield, grand-niece of Sir Henry Lee, knight. The heir of this marriage was Sir Bryan I'Anson, one of the knights whom James I. may be said to have *debited* with the accolade. Of the knight's three sons, Sir Henry was a fellow of All Souls' in 1681. . . . A second, Sir Bryan I'Anson, became a merchant in Cadiz, and married Donna Beatrix Rico—facts which enable us to understand how very much of a real type was the Castilianised Englishman satirised in the 'Don Diego,' otherwise Sir John Formal, of Wycherley's comedy, 'The Gentleman's Dancing-Master.' . . . The third brother, William I'Anson, reverted to Yorkshire, and married a sister of Sir Marmaduke Wyville of Constable Burton."

"A son of this marriage lived at Leyburn, and here another William I'Anson was born about the troublous times of the Whig Revolution of 1688. He married Frances Burnard of Doncaster, and had a large family, of which the eldest son was the father of the veritable 'Lass of Richmond Hill.'"

The Bryan I'Anson above mentioned who married Ann Lee of Beaconsfield, in addition to his purchase of the manors of Bassetsbury in Bucks, became owner of those of Southys and Ashby Legers in Northamptonshire; was fined for Sheriff and Alderman of London, and became High Sheriff of the county of Bucks. He had five sons and five daughters of whom the names are recorded, besides others who died young or unmarried. His third son, Bryan (father of the Cadiz merchant, not the brother, as stated incorrectly in the above record), after being knighted by King James I., had a warrant for baronet from King Charles I. during the Civil War, and after the battle of Worcester, which was fought September 3, 1651, Charles, his son, escaped to France after sundry adventures at Boscobel and elsewhere, sailing from Brighthelmstone, October 15, 1651, and "thereby hangs a tale." Soon after his arrival in Paris Charles II. wrote a letter to Sir Bryan, in the following terms :

"Sir Brian I'Anson,—The marques you have always given of your affection and fidelity to the Crown since the beginning of These Troubles, gives mee entire Confidence of the continuance of the same in the future : of w^{ch} I have likewise bin assured by your Sonne Dr. I'Anson, who is a person y^t I esteem very well of. I write this to let you know soe much and to assure you y^t whatsoever marques of favor

have bin conferred by my Father upon your selfe or your sonne, either in point of honor or advantage, shall bee made good to you by mee as soon as it shall please God to restore me to the power of doing it, and that you shall farther find upon all occasions that I am truly

Y^r Assured Friend

CHARLES R."

"S^r Brian I'Anson,

"From Paris, December 28, 1651."

A copy of a draft of a baronet's patent to Sir Bryan was lately found among the papers of the Earl of Huntingdon, which is too long to give here in detail, but sets forth: "To all to whom these presents may come or concerne, greeting :

'Whereas the Kinge, our late Royal Father of blessed Memory, hath been graciously pleased, in consideration of several good and acceptable Services performed with him by our Trusty and well-beloved S^r Bryan I'Anson K^{nt} to grant him a Special Warrant . . . for the expediting unto him His Majesty's Letters Patent for the dignity of a Baronet, which by reason of the late trouble have not been passed. . . . Know therefore that We, taking into serious consideration his said many long, constant, and faithful services do by these presents give, grant, confer and confirm unto him the said S^r Bryan I'Anson K^{nt} of Ashby Ledger in the Com. of Northa . . . the said title and dignity of Baronet of our Kingdom of England ; . . . and our will and pleasure is that this our present grant under our Royal Signature and Privy Seal have in all things the same power, force and virtue as our Letters Patent under the Great Seale of England to the effect until they be expedited to him, which for want of convenience are not passed at this present time. . . .

"Given at the Louvre in Paris the 6th day of May, 1652, in the 4th yeare of our Reigne."

It has been mentioned that Henry, son of the above Sir Bryan, was a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxon, and he was also a Doctor of Civil Law ; and it adds to this episode in the family history to quote a letter written by his son, Sir Thomas I'Anson, addressed to Sir William Dugdale, and dated May 3rd, 1683, which is preserved in the family archives. He wrote thus quaintly :

"Sir,—I have been in Warwickshire, where I have been informed that you are often pleased to reap up the Ashes of my Ancestors (viz^t) my grandfather S^r Bryan I'Anson and my Father S^r Harry (who were persons of Honor and Qualitie & served their Kinge and

Country with great loyaltie & integritie to their utter ruine they both beinge banished with their Kinge from the beginnunge of y^e late troubles until his Maj^{ties} happy restoration) and never left their Prince y^e whole time of banishment suffering themselves to be turned out of all & imbracing their misfortunes and miseries wth joyful hartes cause twas to serve their Kinge—Now, Sir, tis well known my grandfather sacrificed £4,000 P. ann. wholly for his Maj^{ties} (whom God preserve) he bringing the Kinge at one time £10,000 in ready money to Oxon & on. Regiment of Horse all raised and paid out of his own Estate; and many other signall s^rvices to longe to mencon here, for w^{ch} s^d s^rvices his Maj^{ties} at Oxon gave him a warrant for a Barr^t w^{ch} had passed immediately then had it not been for y^e said troubles . . . in short there is never a Bar^t in England has soe much to show for being a Bar^t as myselfe. . . . My request to you is that for the future you would stand my friend rather than my enemie seeing I never deserved otherwise, but will upon all occasions show that I am truly

"Your most humble Servant

"perpetually to command

"T. I'ANSON."

The above record may appear to be a long digression from the personal history of Frances I'Anson of Richmond Hill, but it is intended that, as an introduction to her collaterals, it should show the kind of stock from which she came.

Born on October 17, 1766, the only daughter of William, the wealthy attorney, as recounted previously, she has been described as indeed very beautiful, a tall and graceful blonde, with brown hair, blue eyes, and an exquisite complexion.

In the marriage register of St. George's, Hanover Square, for the year of grace 1787 there is the following entry :

"Jan. 16. Leonard MacNally and
Frances I'Anson."

The father of Leonard MacNally was a Catholic, who acquired considerable built property, but was denounced under the Penal Laws as a Papist, and stripped of it. The ancestors of MacNally possessed the castle and lands of Rahobeth, as is stated on the tombstone at Donnybrook.

The boy was brought up a Protestant, and of his mother, Mrs. MacNally, O'Kiefe wrote as "one of the finest persons of a woman I ever saw; tall, full, and majestic. Leonard himself was

much undersized, but had a handsome, expressive countenance and fine sparkling dark eyes. . . . Though under middle stature, he was of powerful frame, had a fine countenance, and his keen black eye sparkled with humour and courage."

In spite of his undoubted genius and other attractive qualifications, tradition has it that when he laid siege to the heart of Miss Frances I'Anson at Bedford Row the paternal influence was used against the match. Sir Joshua Barrington says that the fair lady had herself some turn for versification, and if so she would be probably the more susceptible to the attractive qualities of her lover.

It was under these circumstances that Frances I'Anson was rusticated for a space at Hill House, which by this time had come into the family by the death of Ralph Hutchinson, Mrs. I'Anson's father. It was thither that Leonard MacNally addressed his last appeal, and where, one morning in the autumn of 1786, Miss I'Anson received a copy of the now famous verses which preface this story.

The father, we are told, still refused his consent; but Sir Joshua Barrington records that "*she could not resist this, and returned his flames,*" and we know that the happy pair were eventually married on January 16, 1787, at St. George's, Hanover Square, and, we may assume, with the sanction of the parents of the bride.

After their marriage they remained some years in London, and he became a politician of some importance and dramatist of distinction, and in 1789 James Hook, as we have already related, set "*The Lass of Richmond Hill*" to music which has been described as "*As blithe and clear as a blackbird's song,*" and "*Incleidon, the incomparable ballad singer, was singing it to enthusiastic Vauxhall crowds in London at the time when the mob was storming the Bastille in Paris.*"

It is not known positively when the MacNallys left London for Dublin, but we learn that their two daughters, Frances and Elizabeth, were born in England, and we have it on record that Leonard MacNally was back in Dublin before 1792, at which time he was an ardent advocate of religious equality and political reform. He was an original member of the United Irish Society, which was by no means a rebellious organisation, and the test which the new member would be required to take before admission would be as follows:

"I, Leonard MacNally, in the presence of God, do pledge myself to my country that I will use my abilities and influence in the attainment of an adequate representation of the Irish Nation in Parliament, and as a means of absolute and immediate attainment

of this chief good of Ireland I will endeavour as much as in me lies in my ability to forward a brotherhood of affection, an identity of interests, a communion of rights, and a union of power among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, without which every reform in Parliament must be partial, not national, inadequate to the wants, delusive to the wishes, and insufficient for the freedom and happiness of this country."

This remarkable declaration of the members of the United Irish Society indicates the quality of MacNally's political conscience, and we find him engaged as one of the counsel for the celebrated Napper Tandy, in his action for false imprisonment against Lord Westmorland, and in November of the same year he published some rebellious verses in the "Northern Star," the organ of the United Irishmen, and it was in vindication of that body that he invited Sir Joshua Barrington to meet him at nine paces in Phoenix Park.

Sir Joshua's own account of this celebrated duel is recorded in inimitable style in his "Recollections." He records that his ball appeared to have hit the buckle of MacNally's suspenders (*vulgariter* "gallows"), and that his second inhumanly exclaimed: "By —, Mac, you are the only rogue I ever knew was saved by the gallows!" Sir Joshua says of himself: "On returning home I found I had not got off quite so well as I had thought. The skirt of my coat was perforated on both sides, and a scratch just enough to break the skin had taken place on both my thighs!"

After this MacNally became almost a popular idol, holding a brief with Curran for the defence of nearly every great State trial, and was regarded, it is said, "as second only to Curran himself in his fearless patriotism and forensic eloquence." At this time his house in Dominic Street, Dublin, was a scene of lavish hospitality.

A letter of his is preserved, addressed to his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Ralph P'Anson, at that time of H.M.S. "Vesuvius," and sometime in the Russian Navy, in which he says:

"Your promotion gives one infinite satisfaction, and I doubt not but your spirit and conduct will ultimately raise you to the first line of your profession, and that we may yet salute you Admiral. . . . The prospect you hold out of visiting us here I shall continually look to with most anxious hope, and your sister and I have very often indeed wished for your society. . . . You will meet a kind reception and every attention within our power to render Ireland agreeable . . . and when we get you amongst us, if your heart be disengaged, if no 'black-eyed Susan' has laid hold of your affec-

tions, who knows, I say, how we might send you home a Benedict, coupled to an Hibernian ten thousand pounder ! . . .

"Your sister is, I hope, in good health and spirits. She is much admired, and, what is still more pleasing to me, is much respected. My relations love her most sincerely, and if they did not, I should hate them from my heart. Seven years have now nearly elapsed since our marriage, and though we have experienced some severe rubs, I can say for her, as I can sincerely say for myself, there has not been a moment of repentance."

The notice of the death of Mrs. MacNally, "The Lass of Richmond Hill," appears in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of October 1795.

After 1800 MacNally received a regular pension from the Government of £300 a year, and was also paid the sum of £2,500 for his compilation, "The Irish Justice of the Peace."

"The end of this strange career came at last" (to quote from the writer to whom we have already referred), "and was in keeping with this man's extraordinary double-mindedness." He had been brought up a Protestant and always professed that religion.

On February 13, 1820, Father Smith, of Townsend Street Chapel, was summoned in haste to "The Councillor's" house, and was met by Mrs. MacNally, a daughter of the Reverend Robert Edgeworth, whom her husband had taken to wife in 1800, about five years after the death of his first wife. She told the priest that MacNally was now asleep and must not be disturbed ; but her own son (by MacNally) came downstairs and roughly bade his mother let Father Smith enter. "When the priest came to the bedside," says the narrative, "the sick man craved to be received into the Catholic Church. The last solemn rites were administered, and within an hour thereafter Leonard MacNally was dead." Thus ended solemnly, and almost dramatically, a chequered but brilliant career, and he was buried in Donnybrook churchyard, near to the grave of Doctor Madden, the historian of the United Irishmen. Of him it has been written :

"MacNally must be allowed by his harshest censor to have had the quality of valour, which goes for something to the better side of a man's account, however deeply he may stand the devil's debtor on the other side. His remarkable courage, his effusive conviviality, his profound dissimulation, were equally genuine elements of the same extraordinary character. Judgment upon this man is not to be stencilled out in the staring black and white of the crude moralist. It demands the large canvas, the subtle brush, the full palette."

The references in the foregoing to MacNally's "extraordinary double-mindedness" and "profound dissimulation" were doubtless prompted by the supposition that he had been in receipt from the Government of occasional remittances as an "informer" until he was regularly pensioned.

In conclusion, it remains only to make short reference to the other members of the family of William I'Anson, the "wealthy attorney of Bedford Row, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, Solicitor of the Court of King's Bench," of which Frances, his only daughter, was the youngest member.

He died at his residence, Cotgrove Place, in the parish of Cotgrove, co. Nottingham, on October 26, 1800, and was buried at Cotgrove. His eldest son, William, a brother of the Lass, was attorney-at-law of the Court of King's Bench and Common Pleas at Westminster, and councillor-at-law for the State of Rhode Island, U.S.A. It is also on record that he was at one time ensign in the Westminster Regiment of Middlesex Militia. He was the author of "The Stranger in America," "Edward Fitz Yorke," and other works, and died March 13, 1819, and was buried at St. Mary's, Islington. He married Maria, daughter of Thomas Walker of London, and of Wishaw Hall, co. Warwick, who soon after the death of her first husband took to herself a second in the person of Mr. Ridley Surtees.

The only son of William I'Anson of Islington was the late William Andrew I'Anson, of Arthur's Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, M.R.C.S. England and L.S.A., who died April 4, 1872, and whose second and younger son, William Andrew I'Anson, of Westgate Hill House and of Denton Hall, co. Northumberland, M.R.C.S. England and L.R.C.P. Edinburgh, continues his late father's professional practice in the metropolis of the north at the present day, his elder brother, Thomas I'Anson, M.R.C.S., of Westgate Hill House, having died in 1881, leaving a son (William Andrew "the Third," born 1867), besides a younger son, Thomas Charles, and three daughters, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of George Young, Esquire, of Boldon House, co. Durham.

Amongst the collateral branches of this North-country family it may be a matter of interest to the general reader to mention the I'Ansons of Malton, whose training stables there are so well known to the patrons of the Turf, more particularly as one member, the late William I'Anson, distinguished himself as a winner of the Derby, which stables could not be in better hands to-day than in those of Miles and Robert I'Anson. The "collaterals" include also the

I'Ansons of Darlington, descended likewise from the Captain R.N. of the time of "Bluff King Hall," who came to Darlington about the year 1700, and are descended from John I'Anson of Leyburn, co. York, who married Anne Hudson, daughter of Arthur Hudson of Helme in Kildwick, co. York. The late Charles I'Anson, who was Mayor of Darlington and senior partner in the firm of Charles I'Anson, Son, & Company, engineers and railway plant manufacturers, and who died in 1884, was great-great-grandson of the John above named, his immediate progenitors having established and carried on the manufacture of linen goods on the banks of the river Skerne until the establishment of railways introduced a competition with other localities, which was the doom of that industry at Darlington.

Although the Darlington branch, of which the writer of this notice is one, were most of them members of the Society of Friends, this was not universally the case, as one of them was a Congregationalist, and was responsible largely for the first Independent chapel built in Union Street, Darlington.

It may be interesting also to the general reader to know that Hill House, Richmond, passed into the hands of Sir Ralph Milbanke, whose daughter, Lady Byron, was also celebrated by a more famous poet than Leonard MacNally. The house is, we believe now the property of the Earl of Zetland.

J. COVENTRY I'ANSON.

· *CLIFFORD HARRISON.*

THE retirement of Mr. Clifford Harrison from public life foreshadowed the sorrowful fate which has lately overtaken a brilliant personality. The public—especially that section of it which frequented the Steinway Hall recitals with undimmed enthusiasm year by year—knew itself deprived of an altogether unique experience, a thing never to be replaced. For no work was ever more intimately expressive of a dominant individuality. At every point it was vitalised by the peculiar genius of the man. If it was subtle, his thought transcended the utterance; if a light or familiar theme acquired a new significance, his dramatic sense was in part responsible for the interpretation, which was in its turn completed by his consummate musical gift. It was the union of these characteristics that gave its unique character to his work: other reciters there will doubtless be of equal force and insight; followers, perhaps, and imitators of his own peculiar artistry; but among them all, there shall scarcely be found another in whom the gifts of the mystic, artist, and musician blend in so remarkable a degree. It was the perfect naturalness—inevitableness, one might almost call it—of his personality that struck me when I first made his acquaintance seven years ago. Whether upon the platform of Steinway Hall, or in his own house, or out of doors, he was essentially the same. In ordinary conversation, each well-known and dramatic habit of speech revealed itself. It could hardly be called mannerism, for it was free from any hint of artificiality; but it did in a measure render him distinct and unusual, a result to which his perfect unembarrassed courtesy contributed in an age when beautiful manners are rare.

Conversation with him, especially when in argument it touched debateable ground, was in the highest degree stimulating. At such times, the habitual reserve that fenced about the sanctuary of his inner life and thought was apt to break away a little; and occasionally he would "score a point" with an eager, almost boyish, impetuosity. But at no time were the severities of limitation and restraint abandoned. His satire, for all its keenness, was seldom

cruel ; a sense of proportion and the wise sanity of a great intelligence moderated all his words. Everything about him bore the impress of discipline and control.

On occasion, however, a certain quaint and gracious humour would clothe the simplest action with a charm of its own. One afternoon, a gift of flowers was brought to him in his London home. He was particularly fond of flowers, and especially of the "wild growths" among them. In taking them from their basket, he detected a little ant running aimlessly in and out of the foliage ; and guarding the insect with one hand, he said softly : "Here is a person come up from the country. What should be done for it, do you think ?"

And it was not until after mature deliberation that the most suitable resting-place—outside in a pot on the verandah—was finally found.

But it was pre-eminently his attitude towards the eternal problems of religion and philosophy that made all intercourse with Clifford Harrison so fruitful. "Behold, the dreamer cometh," was no doubt the spoken and unspoken thought of the many to whom his mysticism did not appeal. But a careful comparison of his attitude with that of the more extreme votaries of what he called "emancipated spiritual thought" brought into conspicuous relief the admirable balance—the intellectual "sophrosyne" so characteristic of his mind and character. He was too delicate a humorist ever to run into extremes ; and although he rejected all claims to scholarship, his wide cultivation kept him in touch with all that is most valuable in the ancient or the modern world. A letter written in the spring of '99 is particularly interesting, referring to the recent publication of his "Notes on the Margins."

"I can indeed have no better pleasure than to know of the answering thought of thoughtful minds. When I published the 'Notes,' I knew the book would receive but scant notice : silence and rejection is the fate of such writing, invariably. But I have had many expressions of sympathy and understanding, some of which have greatly pleased me ; and now this article of yours pleases me more than all. You will readily understand that my pages do not greatly satisfy the professed 'occultist' or 'theosophist,' as they do not go far enough for them, while they go too far for the ordinary reader ! I am glad that you think there are such distinct signs in our day of a set towards spiritual and mystic thought, and the intelligent acceptance of ancient wisdom. To me one of the most beautiful signs of the times is the decreasing dogmatism and

advancing vision of science. I sometimes wonder if the word for which the world seems to be waiting will not be spoken by Science—to its own astonishment ! It is sure to come from the ‘Bethlehem’ most despised and least regarded by the religious world ! Even now the facts of science seem to me as radiant with hope as the ‘truths’ of any creed. If Science will only—as she will surely—free herself from her temptation to dogma (dogma as hard and cruel as any church’s creed), she will rise to knowledge which we can yet only dimly apprehend. Do you not think so ? . . .”

Another letter contains a delicate criticism of a contemporary writer who, in his judgment, “went too far.”

“I do not myself find his essays so fruitful and suggestive as the critics led me to suppose. The deeper thoughts are simply the ever young truths of mysticism dealt with from the modern point of view. I did not find any new discovery in them. And occasionally the ‘infinite’ becomes the ‘indefinite,’ and the ‘mystic’ the ‘misty.’ This my regard for true mysticism makes me greatly dislike. For as Kingsley said years ago, ‘these mystics are desperately practical people.’ . . .”

With obscurity of utterance or style he had no sympathy. “Mrs. — always oppresses me,” he wrote on another occasion, “in spite of her cleverness and charm. I feel a little baffled by her conscious ‘superiority,’ and by the obscurity of her style.”

This desire for the simple and intelligible permeated all his work. Save for an occasional “dark saying,” or flight of fancy, his “mystical” writing, like his talk, was marked by a lucidity and common sense which went far to augment its influence. “To forget what Is in visions of what might and may be, is clearly a grave mistake, all the more serious from its frequency.”

Thus he had written in the “Notes on the Margins.” It was a mistake from which his sense of proportion held him back. Between the two fatal extremes associated with mysticism—the self-annihilation of the Eastern, and the self-assertion of the Western mind—he struck a balance in his own personality. From the fertile error of both systems—the deification of all human thought and the investing it with divine authority—he was again preserved by a disciplined intelligence ; although, in common with all mystics, he gave intuition the most honoured place in the history of mind. It was, I believe, his enthusiasm for the idea of *unity* that was responsible for his intellectual bias towards mysticism. He desired for the world a common basis whereon all the antagonistic lines of thought might rest. He saw in mysticism the ingathering of all the knowledge of past

ages ; the consecration of elemental beliefs ; the slow development of a true spiritual apprehension of all truth, all revelation, all thought. It was scarcely to be called a creed, inasmuch as it recognised no dogma. Its fundamental certainties were few ; but chief among them doubtless was the belief in the power of the human spirit to acquire greater powers and to achieve greater conquests than seem possible to the majority of men. Such a belief is ever more intimately associated with practice than with theory.

. . . . Some, more wise, may solve *Life's mystery*
*In truth of living which needs nothing more.*¹

And he claimed for his belief that it kept pace with the progressive development of the reason in mankind—that it was essentially a growth, not to be imposed from without, but developed from within ; that its suggestions furnished the best—though not necessarily the final—interpretation of the mysteries of life ; bringing us “something that entered our thought-atmosphere with the light and energy of the sunshine.”

This is not the place—nor have I the authority—to follow out the apparent result of these convictions in his method of daily life. But one thing at least was obvious—must have been obvious—even to the most casual observer. I mean, the conquest of the spirit over the physical disabilities and adverse circumstances of life. Courage and endurance are oftentimes brought out by suffering ; a cheerful serenity not infrequently accompanies the most cheerless fate ; and every one is familiar with the influence of a strong will and buoyant temperament in overcoming pain and sorrow. But in looking back across the last years of Mr. Harrison's public life, one is fain to admit that the “conquest” of that strong spirit was exceptional. To understand it at all, one simply had to admit the action of exceptional powers, acquired through long habits of self-discipline.

Those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship can best testify to the rare influence which his personality inspired ; but that influence will not be limited to them. It reached far and wide among his hearers. Few probably who listened to the wonderful music which was perhaps the highest expression of his uncommon gift, were insensitive to its deep, weird beauty. That those subtle harmonies should have passed into silence beyond recall seems to some of us a loss unspeakable.

It were of course impossible not to regret that a life so brilliant both in promise and achievement should prematurely have passed

¹ *The Cabala*, Clifford Harrison.

away. But his work remains—a pure and beautiful memory ; and his written word will, I think, never lose its interest for the few, though it will not appeal to the many.

Among the circle of his friends and acquaintances, conscious or deprivation, there will probably be many who will recall the verses of his own “Post-boy” ; words which, I cannot doubt, would most accurately express his inmost desire and feeling.

I would say to those who love me—

“Do not mourn for me.

Clean forget ; or else, remember

When 'tis well with thee.”

.

Let remembrance sing ; and singing,

Smile, her own tears scorning :

Let her sing as sang that post-boy

On that bright May morning.

“Listen ! we remember you,

Because the day is bright !

Listen ! we remember you,

Because our hearts are light !

“You who made our lives the brighter,

Take the love we're giving !

By the love we give you still,

Still we know you're living !”

EDITH GRAY WHEELWRIGHT.

*AN OLD BUCKINGHAMSHIRE VIL-
LAGE AND ITS NEIGHBOURING
HAMLET.*

ON an outward-bound train, once you have left Rickmansworth behind you, everything beautiful is a thing of the present, from the meadows beside the rail, and the glistening streams intersecting them, to the distant moor and wood-clad hill.

The eye notes with a keen sense of relief, after the efforts of the cheap modern mason which have defaced the land the first part of your journey, the way in which Nature, with her artist's eye, lays on her colours : here, the distant gleam of red from that patch of clover adjoining the woods ; there, a picturesque orchard on a softly rounded slope, its trees knobbly, stunted, gnarled, dotted about irregularly, and underneath them an eager crowd of scurrying hens and chickens with an eye to the main chance of what could be picked up by the alert beak ; now, the delicate blue of a forget-me-not on this near bank, suggesting some enlightening forget-me-not of a memory from the past, shining up unexpectedly in the mind which is hedged around with a thousand dun-coloured commonplace routines of the present.

Then, later, the train sweeps through a royal blaze of yellow from a clump of marigolds as it slows down at Chalfont Road.

Just beyond the station we saw a field of winter oats standing in slanting stacks, and suggesting hair all "roughed up" the wrong way : the stacks of two delicate shades of greyish olive green, light above, dark below, and burnished with a dull steely light.

Beyond was a stretch of delicate saffron colour, sprinkled daintily upon a far reach of velvet meadow-land.

The countryman opposite me in the carriage remarked that the colewort which I admired so much was exceedingly difficult to eradicate among the crops, that it will wait a year after blooming and then, when one confidently hopes that it has died out effectually

will appear as strong and vigorous as ever in the succeeding summer.

On the wheat-field which lay alongside he pointed out to me the "couch," or couch grass, which comes up in patches here and there—patches that never fail to prevent the upgrowth of the wheat. Further on still, and we were passing the sweep of grassland and the dip of valley which lies between the railway and Little Missenden. Little Missenden lies cosily in the bosom of the hills, the woods growing closely above, a dark brown field showing in strong contrast below, with the silver gleam of a lake in middle distance.

Further still, the glitter of a shallow pool, with scintillating shafts of sunlight playing all over it, greenish plants growing thick on one side of its bank and a skimming water bird above. Everywhere—over everything—was flung a glorious wealth of colour, flung royally, lavishly, unstintingly.

Purple of scabious, rose pink of valerian, scarlet of poppy ; while every now and then the rarer crimson of foxglove showed up at the border of a wood.

Away on the left could be seen the grey brown roofs of the village of Great Missenden, clustering together in the valley nestling under the shadow of the Chilterns.

Then presently, beyond the station, came rows of respectable utilitarian vegetables, in their conventional staid dull-coloured dress, while, behind them, lay a wide meadow of red-brown Indian wheat, backed by a hazy wood shimmering in a blaze of heat—a streak of sainfoin binding it all round like a fair silken ribbon. High above all, one marked the straight swerve of a hawk, and now and again the heavy flight of a company of magpies.

It was all a transfigured radiance of dazzling embroidery of colours : vivid green, vivid yellow, vivid red, scarcely a "crumbling pageant" as Dryden said of old of another scene, but a very quickly fading one all the same.

After Great Missenden comes Wendover.

Just before one reaches the little station there comes in sight on one's right the rounded shoulders of what must evidently have been an old British encampment, beside which passes the line of the ancient Roman Icknield, which ran through Buckinghamshire to Berkshire.

Lipscomb, in his "History and Antiquities of Buckinghamshire," says that unquestionably Wendover was once a British trackway.

It is not until one has left the station two or three minutes behind one, that, turning a sharp corner in the road, one gets one's first glimpse of the village of Wendover.

And one's first glimpse and impression of it is undeniably a striking one.

The village is built on a gentle slope, and is made up of old gabled black-timbered cottages, with latticed dormer windows and deep eaves: there are raised pathways on either side the street, edged with slopes of grass, while in the far distance stand protectingly, shelteringly, the Chiltern Hills, covered with radiant blue forest—here in deep shadow, there chequered with brilliant sunshine.

Over some of the doorways of the cottages hung pear-trees, heavy with fruit; over others, trailing roses.

Everywhere brooded a deep peace; everywhere an air of prosperity seemed to reign. The whole scene made a vivid, undying picture in one's memory. At the foot of the High Street—which gives a sort of effect of having been built in two parts—there is a fine old red brick house (Bosworth House) which has a curious pointed moulding under the roof, running along the whole frontage.

Leland describes Wendover thus: 'A pretty Through-fayre Towne havinge 2 streets well builded with Tymbre. There is a Causey made almost through to passe betwixt Alesbury and it, els the way in wett tyme as in a lowe Stiffe Claye were tedious and ill to passe. The Townlett Selfe of Wendover standeth partly upon the N.E. Cliffes of Chilterne Hilles. The Residewe and N.W. Parte standeth in the Rootes of the Hilles. Looke as the Countreye of the Vale of Alesbury for the most part is cleane barren of Wood, and is Champaine; soe is all the Chilterne well wooded, and full of enclosures.'

Wendover in Domesday Survey is recorded as the King's Manor, rated at 24 hides.

"There was land for 26 ploughs. In the demesne there were three. There were 26 villeins and 6 bordars having 17 ploughs. There were two mills of 10s. rent." (Wendover to-day boasts of one old watermill.)

"Pasture for three teams, and 20s. overplus, wood for 2,000 hogs.

"Altogether it was estimated at £38 annual rent in legally assayed money."

By a charter of doubtful date in the reign of King John, King Stephen seems to have exchanged the manor of Wendover to Hugh de Gurney, or Gurnace. In 1216 the King gave Wendover to William de Fednes, or Fiennes, and in 1218 William de Cantilupe

obtained all the lands which then were in the hand of his son Hugh de Gurney.

In the sixth year of John's reign, Wendover had been enumerated among the lands of the Normans, as late belonging to Robert de Tibevill, or Turberville.

"Henry Brudenell, of Amersham, died seised of lands in Wendover, which he directed *inter alia* to be sold to raise money, to be distributed for his soul, the souls of Edmund his brother, and Alice his wife, and of his father and mother."

King Henry VII. granted in 1491 the borough of Wendover and Lordship or Manor of Wendover Forens to Elizabeth. (Anglo-Saxon "foran" signified "before," and in its original sense "beyond"—consequently Wendover Forens was a kind of outer parish. Wendover Dean is a small hamlet in the near neighbourhood, and was of old in possession of the Danes.)

"In 1544 the King, by Patent (to Henry Bradshaw, to whom he had lately granted the Rectory in consideration of £301 2s. 3d.), assigned a meadow called Castle Ditch meade, a close of pasture called Spittle Pond, a piece of land of 5 acres in the Bury field, a close called Well Head Croft, arable land called Fowslow Downe, another piece called Otehill . . . a croft called Shallork-Wike . . . a load of wood for fowell, yearly to be taken out of the wood growing upon Backcomb . . . parcel of the late monastery of Great Missenden."

I consulted a miller coming along in his cart (who very kindly gave me a "lift" along the country lane) about the whereabouts of all these local spots, but he did not know the names of many.

He told me that the mill stream rose in Well Head Croft, and that it was a few yards beyond the old Rectory.

"Queen Elizabeth by Letters Patent dated November 23, 1562, reciting the demise of Henry VIII. to John Wyre of two water mills in Wendover, one a brest mill, and the other an overshott mill." There is to-day a quaint old water mill standing back from the road, which I photographed.

"In 1666. Ordered that any of the inhabitants of Wendover Forens shall have free access unto the Cage and Stockes within the Burrowe of Wendover, and to putt their prisoners into the said Cage or Stocks as often as they have occasion soe to do, without any lett or hinderance of the inhabitants of Wendover Burrowe, uppon paine for any that shall hinder them. . . ." But now for many a long year

the inhabitants of Wendover Forens have no more "free access" to those old barbarities, for they have long ago vanished from sight.

Near Wendover, a mile and a half away, is the old house, called the Hale, that used to belong to Dr. John Colet, the famous Dean of St Paul's.

Dr. Colet was a native of Wendover, and has been of late years recognised as one of the finest men of his day, and his clear-sighted new interpretations of old doctrines led eventually to much far-reaching change of thought.

He built, later in his life, a hermitage at Shere in Surrey, and there he died of sweating sickness, September 16, 1547.

The Manor of Martyns was formerly part of the possessions of the Dormers. The earliest grant which has been discovered for a market and fair at Wendover was by Charter of Edward III. to Sir John de Molyns, of Stoke Poges. "The original Charter represents this fair to have been holden on St. Barnabas Day."

Wendover is an ancient rural deanery. "In Henry VIII. reign the Monastery or Priory of the Blessed Virgin of St. Mary Overy in Southwark enumerated . . . the Farm of the Rectory of Wendover £20.

"In 1552 the King granted an acre of land called Lampland cum pert. in occupation of William Colet given to maintain a light in the church, also the roods of arable for maintenance of a light there habend. To them and to the heirs and assigns . . . for ever in free soccage" (old A.-S. for free exercise of judicial power), "of the manor of East Greenwich by fealty only."

I made many inquiries of the Rector, who has been thirty-six years in the parish, and searched the Church Registers, but nowhere could I obtain any further information as to how long ago the light had been discontinued.

There is the same mention of maintenance of a light in the church at Stoke Mandeville in an old record, but there again I could only come to the same conclusion, that the light of that suggestive old custom must have died out long since, probably in that time of much repression, the English Reformation.

Another notice runs thus in a record of the seventeenth century:

"In House of Commons May 17, 1642, it was ordered, on humble petition of the Parishioners of Wendover, that Mr. Carter, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Beverly, Mr. Clendon, Mr. Spurstow, Mr. Blakwell, Mr. Sennatt, and Mr. Woolful, Orthodox Divines, being beneficed men in the same county, alle preachers and of good conversation who are willing thereunto, shall have liberty, freely and without any inter-

ruption, to set up and keep a lecture every Thursday weekly in the said parish church of Wendover."

Here again, "To-day has no more to say to yesterday," and some notable "interruption," of what kind no one perhaps will ever know, must have occurred at some date, also unknown, to prevent "preachers of good conversation" from keeping up the Thursday evening lecture.

Near the church is a large meadow called "Witchall" meadow, about which there still hangs a curious old tradition quoted in "Notes and Queries," and the Rector told me that many of the old inhabitants have retailed the same story to him.

According to this tradition, the church "was to have been placed on a field adjoining the town; and there the building was begun, but the materials were all carried away in the night by witches, and deposited where the church now stands."

Apparently the punishment threatened on a signboard I noticed in Wendover, the day I was there, was not effectual with the movers of church materials.

"Persons removeing Gravel, Sand, or other Materials from the Highways will be prosecuted."

There seemed a covert slight intended for trespassers on another signpost which stood in a certain meadow close by the church, and encouragement for the humble mushroom!

"Trespassers will be prosecuted.—Mushrooms cultivated."

Beside the old watermill is a pretty bit of landscape: a clump of white willows, and a three-cornered space full of yellow marguerites. Just there the mill-stream spreads into three; two clear, limpid, brown rills, and one soft velvety green and partially dried up, while over the little weir the softest musical patter of water fell with a gentle rhythm on one's ear.

The church itself was restored soon after the present Rector took charge of the parish, and is in beautiful order. It is a church of fine proportion, and is exceedingly prettily situated.

The registers date back to 1600, and there are some curious entries among them. These were some among the burials:

"Aff. dat. January 30, 1678. Edward King, General Trooper."

"Aff. dat. Jan. 23. Alice, the daughter of John Davey, Chair-maker."

"Aff. dat. ffet 8. William, the son of William Gurden, Trooper, Stranger."

"March 31. Rose, the wife of Matthew Chargo, day labourer."

"Joseph, the son of Francis Wells, Shoemaker."

"Affidavit. July 10, 1680. Thomas Collindridge, Husband-man."

"Nov. 23. Thomas, the son of Thomas Fellows, Pattin-solemaker."

"1687. Aug. 18. Elizabeth, daughter William Meade, Potash-man."

Then follow other entries of burials of shoemakers, some spelt "shoomaker" as above, others "shoomaker," and one wonders whether it was the wish to emphasise the fact of extra skill in the shoemaker which led to such gross overfeeding of the word with "o's."

Then again comes :

"Thomas Darvall, Jun^r, wollen-draper."

"Nov. 22, 1680. William, Free Glazier." (Query, what *is* a "free" glazier?)

"Anne Graystock, of Harwich parish, by Banner."

At the bottom of many pages are the words, "Seen and Allow'd by us," and three names signed.

In an old register in the vestry I found the following notice, dated 1678, in black letter :

"Caroli II. Regis.

An Act for Burying in Wollen.

"Whereas an Act made in the 13th year of His Majesties reign is now entitled for Burying in Wollen only was intended for the lessening the Importation of Linen from beyond the Sea, and the encouragement of the Wollen and Paper manufactures of this Kingdom had the same been observed, but in Respect there was not sufficient Remedy thereby given for the discovery or prosecution of offences against the said Law, the same hath hitherto not had the effect thereby intended," and goes on to say that nothing made or "mingled with flax, hemp, silk, hair, gold, or silver, or any other thing whatsoever than what is made of Sheep's wooll onely" should be used."

This is interesting when one remembers that in 1688 the woollen manufacture was so much looked upon as *the* chief industry of England that all others were sacrificed to it. People had begun to manufacture other materials, but at that time, whenever their interests ran counter to the woollen trade, it was considered by the Government as the most economical course to pursue, to destroy them ruthlessly. It seems inevitable that in all ages, and in all human affairs, there should be a large number of people in authority who cannot see beyond to-day; so hopelessly shortsighted are they to what the future is preparing for the progress of the country.

In Wendover Church is a very curious old brass of Charles II.'s time, which the present Rector told me he found, when the church was being restored, in the belfry, and had brought it into the body of the church.

Away to the north of Wendover is Stoke Mandeville.

Stoke Mandeville was one of the manors of the Bishop of Lincoln at the time of the Norman Survey.

Leland says that "Bierton was originally a chapel of ease to Aylesbury, and its revenues were annexed to that prebend in Lincoln Cathedral by Richard Gravesend, Bishop, with the chapels of Quarendon, Buckland, and Stoke Mandeville by patent in 1266 . . . and farther by Henry VIII. in 1524 to Longland, Bishop of Lincoln. Stoke Mandeville was only a daughter church to Bierton. The Aylesbury Hundred is formed by union of three ancient hundreds, Elesberie, Risberge, and Stane, and still retains formally the appellation of the Three Hundreds of Aylesbury. . . . Elesberie contained *Estone*, called now Aston-Clinton, Bierton or Burton, with Buckland or *Brotore*, now Broughton, Hulcott and *Stockes*, since called Stoke Mandeville."

At Stoke Mandeville one can the better see the two spurs of the hills, supposed to have been the British camp, with the fosse covered with woods lying between, and clumps of dark growing furze lying thick upon the slope.

The whole effect of the hills seen from the station is most picturesque, especially when seen on such an emotional, impulsive afternoon as the one on which I was there, when the successive gleams of sunshine were climbing the slope swiftly in and out of the furze bushes, until, having reached the summit, they suddenly vanished, leaving all beneath uncertain in outline, sombre and mysterious.

At Stoke Mandeville are a number of fine old barns, and some interesting old cottages, particularly one called Yew Tree Farm, where a quaintly cut yew tree almost shields the house from the road.

The vicarage looks new, and is not attractive from the outside.

Some little distance from the village, standing, as an old record says, "in a low, watery meadow," is the old church, now practically a ruin. The "watery" meadow is charming, with a little stream meandering through it, sentinelled by rushes, and much frequented by wheatears. Service is never held in the church now, but in a new little building nearer to the station. A labouring man of whom I asked a few questions told me that twenty years ago a service was held in it once a year, but that now it was too much dilapidated

to use for such purpose. Another countryman, who hailed from Aston-Clinton, and who bore the weight of years upon him, when asked for a reason why the church should have been given up to ruin, replied thoughtfully, "I caa-n't give you much instructions about it." He only knew the fact that it *had* been placed on the retired list.

In some old records of Stoke Mandeville there occurs the entry following :

"In 1553, the King granted int. al. to Sir Edward Bray, Knt., John Thornton, and John Danby, one and a half acres of land and one acre of meadow in Stokenanfield, the occupation of the churchwardens, to the maintenance of a light in the church for ever."

The record goes on :

"To the said Edwd., John, and John, and the heirs and assigns of J. Thornton and J. Danby for ever, of the manor of East Greenwich, by fealty only in free soccage."

Here again, as I said before, one can find no trace of the date when the daily light in the church passed into desuetude.

"By an indenture, April 16, 1649, Edward Wade, of Ellesborough, yeoman, conveyed £540 to Henry Babham, of Walton in the parish of Aylesbury . . . part of manorhouse of Stoke Mandeville, and one bay of west end, of a tiled barn and cowhouse belonging to the same ; and several closes and pieces of arable land in Stoke Mandeville in the tenure of Cicely Bankworth, widow."

The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and it stands about three furlongs south of the village. In the south wall, Lipscomb mentions there is a piscina under a bracket arch, and an altar tomb of stone, above the figures on which is written in Roman capitals :

Cruell death by mortal blades,
Hath slaine foure of my tender Babes,
Whereof Mary Thomas and Dorothye
Within this place their bodies lye,
But God which never man deceived,
This death to them is greates gayne,
Increasinge ther joy freeing them from payne,
O Dorothye my blessed Childe,
Which lovingly lyved and dyed, mylde,
Thou wert my tenth even God's owne choyce,
On Good Friday at night my Doll depted,
Adew my sweete, and most true hearted,
My body with thyne I desire should lye,
When God hath appointed me to dye,
Hopeing through Christ He will provide,
For my Soule wth thyne in heaven to abyde,

And I your Father Edmund Brudenell,
Untill the Resurrection with thee will dwell
And so adewe my sweete Lambes three,
Untill in Heaven I shall you see
Such is my hope of Richard my Sonn.

"In 1276," so runs the record, "a fine of messuages, lands and rents, in Stoke Maundewyl, granted by William Geve, of Stoke, clerk, to Master Roger Geve, of the same, for life."

The Edmund Brudenell mentioned above died seised of the manor of Newbury in Stoke Mandeville parish, having by his testament (of 1425) bequeathed an annual rent of ten marks out of the manor for a chaplain to pray for his soul and the soul of Alice, his wife, for thirty years. It does not appear why he would only need prayers for that fixed number of years.

Another record says that "King John having exchanged part of Risberge . . . for certain lands in Stoke Mandeville ; one moiety of the manor was held in 1302 by William de Kirkeby, who died seised of it in that year. . . . The site of the lands among the hills and woods is near Prestwood Common, between Missenden and Hampden, on the left-hand side . . . near Rignall on the north and Honour End Farm on the south, being an insulated portion of Stoke Mandeville parish, and by a memorable circumstance connected with English history, as the land assessed for ship money when in possession of the patriot Hampden ; giving rise to the trial which brought Mr. Hampden into great celebrity, and was ultimately productive of such important consequences to the King and the nation, as well as to Hampden himself."

As we left the station on our homeward journey a wedding party was being sent off amid showers of confetti—with the flash in the pan of the sudden, hastily struck-up jest ; with the lingering clasp of hands that, perhaps, had lain close, the one in the other's, in the old life that was done with ; with the farewell message of old friendship in the eyes that the lips could not trust themselves to say.

The guard signalled, the train moved out of the station, the last showers of confetti were flung hastily and laughingly, and we had looked our last on the pleasant old village among the hills.

DOCTOR MAGINN.

IN the quiet little churchyard at Walton-on-Thames there is an unmarked grave wherein lie the remains of all that was mortal of William Maginn. The career of this great wit and scholar and brilliant *littérateur* was very remarkable. "Doctor Maginn of 'Fraser's,'" as he came to be universally known, was born on July 10, 1793, in Dean Street, Cork. His father, John Maginn, was a schoolmaster, and it was in his academy that young Maginn's education was begun. So rapid was his progress in his studies, and such a genius for learning did he exhibit, that at the early age of ten years he was entered in Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his B.A. degree in 1811. It is obvious that the youth who could take his B.A. degree when only eighteen must have been a lad of uncommon parts, as indeed Maginn was. His college course over, during which he had the advantage of having the learned Dr. Kyle, afterwards Provost of Trinity, and subsequently Bishop of Cork, as his tutor, Maginn returned home and acted as classical teacher in his father's school, meanwhile pursuing his studies for the degree of LL.D., which was conferred upon him by Trinity College, Dublin, in 1816. He was the first who ever received this degree so young.

On his father's death, three years previously, young Maginn, to the astonishment of his associates, who could not reconcile his character with that of a schoolmaster, undertook the conduct of the academy, to which there came pupils from distant parts, whither the fame of his scholarship had spread. For ten years he continued at this uncongenial work, relieving the tedium of teaching by writing light satirical sketches for the local papers. His genius, however, sought a better outlet, and we soon find him contributing to William Jerdan's "Literary Gazette" and to "Bentley's Miscellany;" but he found the medium exactly suited for the exercise of his marvellous gifts in the pages of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," in which he made his first appearance, in the number for June 1819, with a continuation of Coleridge's beautiful poem, "Christabel;" his second appearance in that magazine was in the number for

November of the same year, with a remarkable and excellent Latin translation of "Chevy Chase." After being a contributor to "Blackwood" for some time from Cork, and wearying of the monotony of a teacher's life, he went to Edinburgh in May, 1820, and introduced himself personally and in a characteristically humorous fashion to William Blackwood, whose guest he remained for six weeks, during which time he revelled in the society of Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North"), John Gibson Lockhart, Gillies, Hamilton, and other literary notabilities. Blackwood declared himself "delighted with his wild Irish assistant," whose social qualities, constitutional gaiety, convivial pleasantry, and flow of conversation, at once learned and witty, were such as could not fail to render him a favourite in cultured circles. Here is a pen-picture of him at this period :

"All were listening to someone who sat in the middle of a group. A low-seated man, short in stature, was uttering pleasantries and scattering witticisms about him with the careless glee of his country. His articulation was impeded by a stutter, yet the sentences he stammered forth were brilliant repartees, uttered without sharpness, and edged rather with humour than with satire. His countenance was rather agreeable than striking ; its expression sweet rather than bright. The grey hair coming straight over his forehead gave a singular appearance to a face still bearing the attributes of youth. He was thirty or thereabouts ; but his thoughtful brow, his hair, and the paleness of his complexion, gave him many of the attributes of age. His conversation was careless and offhand, and but for the impediment of speech would have had the charm of a rich comedy. His choice of words was such as I have rarely met with in any of my contemporaries."

John Wilson Croker, writing to a friend, thus describes him :—

"On the few occasions of my having the pleasure of being in his society, his conversation was very lively and original—a singular mixture of classical erudition and Irish fun. There was a good deal of wit, and still more of drollery, and certainly no deficiency of what is called conviviality and animal spirits. I remember on one occasion having heard from some common friend, that he seemed to be throwing away a great deal of talent on some ephemeral productions. I took the liberty of advising him to direct his great powers to some more permanent objects, and he told me that he contemplated some serious work, I think on the Greek drama, but of this I am not quite sure. It might have been the Greek orators. I had a high opinion of his power to illustrate either."

Three years later he married a lady named Ellen Bullen, described by Jerdan as an excellent woman, and finding the income from the school inadequate to support a wife, he severed his connection with it and proceeded to London, resolved to devote himself to literature. He soon became intimate with Theodore Hook (a kindred spirit), and wrote for the "John Bull," a political journal, which was soon abandoned at a heavy loss. A similar fate awaited the "London Literary Journal," with which Maginn was associated, also in conjunction with Theodore Hook. Maginn's facile pen had attracted the notice of John Murray, and he found employment on the "Quarterly Review." All this time, however, he was a continual contributor to "Blackwood," scarce a number of which did not contain one or more articles from him, and in its pages he, with Wilson, originated the celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianæ," a very large share of which was all his writing, as was also the famous Greek motto with its exceedingly free translation :

This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
 An Ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
 Meaning : "*'Tis right for good wine-bibbing people
 Not to let the jug pass round the board like a cripple,
 But gaily to chat while discussing their tippie.*"
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis,
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.

Readers of "Father Prout" know how that worthy delighted to turn some of Moore's melodies into French, Latin, and Greek verse, and then playfully accuse their author of plagiarism ! Maginn, in the character of the learned Dr. Pandemus Polyglott, performed similar feats with equal skill and dexterity. He translated Canning's "Needy Knife-grinder" into both Greek and Latin ; George Wither's "The Shepherd's Resolution," Waller's "Rose," Henry Phillips's admirable ditty "Woman," Ben Jonson's "Take, oh, take those lips away," and a host of others, into excellent Latin verse. Here is a verse from his Latin translation of "The glasses sparkle on the board," which he humorously assigned to an Alcaic poet, one "Cæsius Bassus" :

The glasses sparkle on the board,
 The wine is ruby bright ;
 The reign of pleasure is restored,
 Of ease and gay delight.
 The day is done, the night's our own,
 Then let us feast the soul ;
 Should any pain or care remain,
 Why, drown it in the bowl.

CARMEN : AUCTORE CÆSIO BASSO.

En pocla mensis compositis micant ;
Vini refulget purpureus color :
 Regnant voluptates, feruntque
 Gaudia deliciasque secum.
Invitat Euhœ ! nox est ; absit dies ;
Indulgeamus nunc genium mero,
 Mergamus et curæ vel atri
 Quod superest cyatho doloris.

Whether it was traceable to the attraction which the sparkle of the glasses had for him or not it is not now easy to determine, but certain it is that in the beginning of the year 1830 he quarrelled with his friend Blackwood, and the intimacy which had grown and lasted during ten years was interrupted. There was no interruption, however, to Maginn's literary labours, for he worked as hard as ever, if not harder.

As a magazine writer his like has never been seen. His fertility and variety were inexhaustible ; nothing came amiss to him. So richly stored was his mind and so ready his pen, that he could without effort write articles of sound, earnest, well-reasoned criticism, political articles and parodies, poems and translations. He always appeared master of every subject, recondite or familiar, and yet, according to an eyewitness, "he seldom wrote except in company, and generally in the midst of tumult. In the middle of a sentence he would relieve the strain of thought by throwing himself back in his chair and telling a humorous story ; then, while his companions were convulsed with laughter, he would suddenly break off in his talk and resume his pen." Goethe, it would seem, was right when he said, "Rapid change from seriousness to trifling, from sympathy to indifference, from joy to grief, must lie at the foundation of the Irish character."

One of his jovial companions was a briefless barrister and man about town named Hugh Fraser, and to him Maginn proposed, after his quarrel with Blackwood, that they should have a magazine of their own. Fraser was quite agreeable, and they both made a selection from their papers, with which they filled their pockets, and sallied forth to find a publisher. Going down Regent Street, the name Fraser over No. 215 attracted Maginn, who said to his companion, "Here's a namesake¹ of yours, Fraser ; let's try him." They entered, and submitted their proposal, which was adopted without hesitation ; and in February 1830 appeared the first number of "Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country." To say that

¹ It was the shop of Mr. James Fraser, publisher, Hugh Fraser's brother.

it was one of the most remarkable and attractive magazines that ever appeared is hardly to exaggerate. The first four numbers were nearly all from Maginn's pen ; but he soon gathered around him such a brilliant band that the fame of the magazine became almost world-wide. With such contributors as Maginn, "Father Prout," Coleridge, Carlyle, Southey, "Barry Cornwall," Edward Irving, Lockhart, Thackeray, Theodore Hook, Hogg, Galt, and Crofton Croker, nothing was wanting that genius and talent could provide. In addition, there was Daniel Maclise, whose incomparable pencil was never more happily employed than in depicting the "Fraserians : " the original sketches, it may be mentioned, are in the Forster Collection in the South Kensington Museum, and are (with his magnificent frescoes in the Houses of Parliament) considered his finest productions. For each of these portraits Maginn wrote a sketch, into which he put some of his most brilliant and pungent writing ; but as his native modesty would not permit him to write about himself, the following, which accompanied his portrait, was written by his close and constant friend, John Gibson Lockhart :

"This extraordinary specimen of the real original Phœnician breed is now, we are credibly informed, in the thirty-seventh year of his age ; but though Burns and Byron worked themselves out by that time, the Doctor is considered to be still in the full possession of many of his faculties. His locks, indeed, are silvery, but he wears, on the whole, a juvenile aspect rather than otherwise. Our artist has caught with singular felicity the easy, good-humoured *nonchalance* of this learned and libellous countenance. High Church and State doctrines should be seriously adopted and manfully maintained. Whigs, Papists, Radicals, whatever comes under the disgusting category of Liberalism, should be exposed, insulted, stabbed, crucified, impaled, drawn and quartered—in essay, disquisition, review, romance, ballad, squib, pasquinade, and epigram ; in Greek, in Hebrew, in Latin, in Irish, in Italian, in English, and in slang, but no interference with the calm pursuits of the scholar or the graceful amenities of the gentleman. Take things easy after seven o'clock ; from that hour till two in the morning be your own man ; from two to ten be your own wife's man ; from ten to seven again be the man of the public. *Carpe diem*. Leave no moment absolutely idle, and suffer no sense, however great, of superiority to influence your conduct and demeanour. Be a Bentley if you can, but omit the brutality ; rival Parr, eschewing all pomposity ; outlinguist old Magliabecchi, and yet be a man of the world ; emulate Swift in satire, but suffer not one squeeze of his *sæva indignatio* to eat your own

heart. Be and do all this, and the Doctor will no longer be unique.

"Whether shining a precocious gem in Trinity College, Dublin, or illuminating the young ideas of the Corkers, or sustaining the power and glory of 'Blackwood,' or now co-editing the grand, unrivalled, staunch, sturdy organ of orthodoxy, the 'Standard' (we say nothing of a casual contribution to 'Regina'),¹ the redoubted Ensign and Adjutant Sir Morgan O'Doherty² has always been, is, and ever will be, the jovial, also the simple-hearted, the careless, and the benignant. *Floreat Doctor!* Long may he continue at once the star of our erudition, our philosophy, and our dialectics, and, in his own immortal words—

A randy, handy, brandy, no dandy,
Rollicking jig of an Irishman !

Long may his voice be heard in the land, now pouring out a rich flood of hexameters, and now cheering the festive circle with the hearty, jolly, soul-stirring chant which he indited in the day of his youth :

Drink to me only from a jug, and I will pledge in mine,
So fill my glass with whiskey punch, and I'll not ask for wine."

These sketches, known as the "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," created quite a sensation as they appeared, for Maginn's sarcastic personalities, united to Maclise's pictorial mastery, formed a combination perfectly unique ; and what makes it all the more remarkable is, that Maginn wrote them in Fraser's back parlour, "over," it is stated, "such supplies of liquor as would totally incapacitate all other men from work." It was under similar conditions that he wrote his celebrated review of the novel "Berkeley Castle," which involved him in a duel with its author, but, happily, no blood was shed. It served to show, however, that, no matter what the consequences to himself, he had the courage of his opinions.

"In the bowl," as he said himself, "he sought sweet oblivion of all woe"; and that such a brilliant genius and profound scholar should have done such great injustice to his marvellous intellect is all the more to be regretted when we regard the excellence of his serious work. His "Homerical Ballads" prove him to have been a scholiast of worth, and his less-known "Lucianic Comediettas" (reproductions of Lucian's "Dialogues" in the form of blank-verse comedies), published in 1839, but unfortunately irrecoverably lost,

¹ *Fraser's Magazine.*

² His *nom de guerre*.

were unmistakable masterpieces. He had projected a translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and, indeed, had made some progress with the first book ; but it was thrown aside, and no more was heard or seen of it, so impossible had sustained application become to him. His Shakespeare papers are almost all excellent, that on "Lady Macbeth" especially being full of fine thoughts felicitously expressed. He displayed a surprising range of reading in criticising the "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," that extraordinary farrago by old Farmer, Master of Emmanuel College, upon whose "peddling pedantry" and "fat-headed and scornful blockheadism" he poured a full measure of his contempt.

Another proof of Maginn's great literary powers is the fact that immediately on the news of Byron's death reaching England, John Murray selected him to prepare and edit the poet's memoirs, journals, and letters, a labour that would have been in every respect worthy of Maginn ; but when he came to examine the materials that had been placed in his hands, he found that besides the nature of much of it, the destruction of the autobiography had caused too great a lacuna ; so, after consultation with Murray, he returned all to him, and, as we know, it was Thomas Moore who eventually gave to the world the biography which has never quite satisfied it.

When John Murray was foolish enough to start a newspaper, "The Representative," Maginn acted for a time as Paris correspondent, but having developed intemperate habits he was recalled to London, and appointed editor at a salary of £700 a year. The enterprise was not a successful one for Murray, who found at the end of six months that he had lost about £20,000. In conjunction with Dr. Stanley Lees Giffard (father of the present Lord Halsbury), Maginn was joint editor of the "Standard" on its foundation in 1828, but with his characteristic restlessness he severed his connection with it after a short period. So far as he had any settled political opinions, they were supposed to be Tory, as indeed his connection with the journals mentioned would testify ; but hear what he said himself on this point :

"My politics—what then ? I am, externally at least, a Tory à toute outrance, because my father and my grandfather (and I cannot trace my genealogy any higher) were so before me. Besides, I think every gentleman should be a Tory ; there is an easiness, a suavity of mind, engendered by Toryism, which it is vain for you to expect from fretful Whiggery or bawling Radicalism, and such should be a strong distinctive feature in every gentleman's character. . . . But I have dirtied my fingers with ink, you say, and daubed other people's

faces with them. I admit it. My pen has been guilty of various political *jeux d'esprit*, but, let me whisper it, on *both* sides. Don't start ; it is not worth while. My Tory quizzes I am suspected of ; *suspected*, I say, for I am not such a goose as to let them be any more than mere matters of suspicion ; but of quizzes against Tories I am no more thought guilty than I am of petty larceny. Yet such is the case. I write with no ill-feeling ; public men or people who thrust themselves before the public in any way I just look upon as phantoms of the imagination, as things to throw off commonplaces about. . . . In point of fact, men of sense think not of such things, and mingle freely in society as if they never occurred. Why, then, should I be supposed to have any feeling whatever, whether of anger or pleasure, about them ? ”

His facility in this respect enabled him to write for the “Age” when edited by the rather notorious C. M. Westmacott, and later for the “True Sun,” a “bawling Radical” organ ; but consistency in the sense of being tied down to one particular set of views was a virtue to which Maginn laid no claim. He always spoke out what he had in his mind to say, and said it in the raciest manner. Having made friends with Blackwood in 1834, he reappeared in the “Ebony,” as he facetiously called it.

“The great superiority,” he wrote, “of ‘Blackwood’s Magazine’ over all others of our time is that one *can* be allowed to speak one’s mind there. There was never yet one word of genuine, unsophisticated truth in the ‘Edinburgh,’ the ‘Quarterly,’ or, indeed, in any other of the periodicals—in relation, I mean, to anything that can be called opinion or sentiment. All is conventional mystification, except in ‘Ebony,’ the jewel, alone. Here alone can a man tell smack out that he is a Tory, an Orangeman, a Radical, a Catholic, anything he pleases to be, to the backbone. No necessity for conciliatory mincing and paring away of one’s own intellect. I love whiskey punch ; I say so. I admire Wordsworth and ‘Don Juan’ ; I say so. Southey is a humbug ; well, let it be said distinctly. Tom Campbell is in his dotage ; why conceal a *fact* like this ? I scorn all paltering with the public ; I hate all shuffling, equivocating, trick, stuff, nonsense. I write in ‘Blackwood’ because there Morgan O’Doherty¹ can be Morgan O’Doherty. If I wrote in the ‘Quarterly’ I should be bothered (partly with, and partly without, being conscious of it) with a hampering, binding, fettering, nullifying sort of notion that I must make myself, *pro tempore*, a bit of a Gifford ; and so of everything else.”

¹ This was his favourite pen-name.

While he continued to illuminate the pages of "Fraser" with his genius month after month, he kept the readers of "Blackwood" convulsed with laughter with "A Story without a Tail," "Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th" (which is not only one of the raciest Irish stories ever written, but is a masterpiece of humorous fiction), and various other contributions, amongst which mention must be made of the "Tobias Correspondence," a remarkably clever production, which he wrote in a garret in Wych Street (London) in 1837, where he was hiding from bailiffs, to such a pass had his financial affairs come. In it he assures us will be found set forth from his own experience "the whole art and mystery of editing a newspaper." There can be no question but that his experience was both large and varied enough to qualify him to instruct others to their profit. The pity of it was that it brought him neither riches nor wisdom; he was what the Germans call *unvorsichtig*, and he lives for all time in Thackeray's "Pendennis" as Captain Shandon, "the learned and thriftless, the witty and unwise."

Shattered health now necessitated the dissolution of numerous literary engagements, and frequent imprisonments for debt culminated in his having to invoke the aid of the Bankruptcy Court—in the beginning of the year 1842. His liberty thus restored, he retired to the pretty little rural village of Walton-on-Thames, where, in the company of his wife and his two daughters, his remaining days were passed. His affection for his daughters is happily expressed in a few verses, of which I give one :

Knit to me in love and duty
Have you been, sweet pets of mine !
Long in health, and joy, and beauty,
May it be your lot to shine !
And at last when, God commanding,
I shall leave you both behind,
May I feel, with soul expanding,
I shall leave you good and kind !

When the distress into which he had fallen became known, one of the first to come to his assistance was Thackeray,¹ who, with characteristic generosity, gave him a few hundred pounds. The Tory party, for whom he had fearlessly worked with his pen for a quarter of a century, seemed strangely oblivious of his needs; but

¹ It was Mahony ("Father Prout") who introduced Thackeray to Maginn. The introduction took place at the "Crown" Tavern, Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane. Thackeray, who liked him for his wit and good feeling, tells us how Maginn read Homer to him, and pointed out beauties that he had never perceived, and "bound me over," he adds, "to read some Homer every day."

not so was the man whose policy Maginn had equally fearlessly assailed ; Sir Robert Peel had, in 1840, when a subscription was started to assist Maginn, subscribed £100, with a stipulation for secrecy as to his being the donor. Now, when he learned how sad was his plight, he sent a similar sum. No need is there to mention that John Gibson Lockhart befriended him, as likewise did so exalted a personage as the King of Hanover, who had sympathy for the misfortunes of the imprudent genius. Broken as he was, he still retained much of his old cheerfulness, and, though no longer able to write, he dictated to his daughter some articles for magazine and newspaper. Consumption, however, was rapidly shortening his days, and the end came on August 24, 1842.

Here we see "the tragedy of imprudent genius, struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulties, at last sinking, chilled, exhausted, and fruitless, like a giant slaughtered by pins."

It was a sad close to a career that might have been productive of something truly great, for with his vast learning and his marvellous intellectual gifts there was no work that would have been beyond his compass. But he was utterly devoid of ambition ; that last infirmity of noble minds troubled him not at all ; his wide knowledge and extensive learning cost him no effort ; he acquired both as easily as his mother tongue and used them as easily and as lightly. The temptations to which he was exposed in the literary and Bohemian circles into which he was so early introduced, combined with his convivial proclivities and fondness for social relaxation, were more than his character was proof against, and eventually worked to his undoing. "To scorn delights and live laborious days" was never a part of his creed, but emphatically the contrary ; and if with Gay he held that "life is a jest," he at least made us sharers in much of his mirth, and his laughter was always good, honest, hearty laughter, that left no pain behind it. "Many worse, better few than bright, broken Maginn," declared Lockhart as he saw him laid in his grave, and there, with no stone to mark the place, "he rests among the dead."

P. A. SILLARD.

TRAITS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT GERMAN LIBERAL.¹

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. LOUIS BAMBERGER.

THE reminiscences of Louis Bamberger are thrown together in an informal manner, and there is great charm in their discursive and unaffected style.

In this paper I propose to skim the cream of the author's personal social experiences, and to dwell chiefly on his description of the many interesting persons with whom he came in contact.

He wrote his "Memoirs" with many interruptions, sometimes at Berlin during rare leisure moments ; sometimes at Interlaken. A cheerful view of life, complete absence of prejudice, great earnestness, true sympathy for mankind, deep love of his country and of liberty, are the characteristics of his utterances.

Bamberger's childhood was passed at a time when the world was at peace, and only the short July revolution in Paris of 1830, when the boy was seven years old, and later that of Poland, disturbed the calm of the political atmosphere on the Continent. There were no railways at that time, and scarcely the beginnings of steamboat traffic.

There was peace, too, in the religious world. The school at Mayence to which the boy Louis went had a Roman Catholic character, but there was no trace of enmity between the scholars of different confessions.

Louis often helped his Roman Catholic schoolfellows, when they made their list for confession, to seek for more sins wherewith to fill it ; for the more they had to confess, the prouder they were. When the adult Louis wrote his recollections, there still rang in his ears the appeal of a schoolfellow : "Eh ! Bamberger, can't you remind me of another sin ?"

¹ From "Erinnerungen von Ludwig Bamberger," edited by Paul Nathan ; published by Reimer, Berlin.

On the breaking out of the revolution in Poland, the sympathies of the youths in Mayence were roused by their being asked to help in making lint for the wounded. Louis one day rushed into his mother's room joyfully with the news that General Diebitsch Sabalkanski had died of cholera, and immediately received a box on the ear as a reminder that one ought not to rejoice at a death, even that of a Russian officer.

Together with his companions, Louis loved to watch the drilling of the Prussian recruits garrisoned at Mayence, but he felt highly indignant at the manner in which the young officers treated their men. By contrast the Austrian officers were kind and easy-going.

At Louis' school—to give an idea of the reading matter—the higher classes went through Klopstock's "Messiah" and Tiedge's "Urania."

Louis' master had a French sister-in-law, who taught the boy to read the "Henriade" and the "Memoirs" of Victor Hugo's father; and also to hate Hudson Lowe, who, she said, had poisoned Napoleon I.

Later on the boy became interested in the O'Connell agitation, and in the Parliamentary struggle in France.

Becker's "Song of the Rhine," and Alfred de Musset's response to that poem, foreshadowed the possibility of war, and the building of fortifications seemed to confirm the apprehension.

In 1842 Bamberger went to the University of Giessen, and passed three terms in "that horrid little nest." He had an introduction to Moritz Carrière, under whose guidance mesmerism and clairvoyance were examined and rejected, philosophy studied, and disputes in law and property carried on with such vehemence that the students, during their walks, could be heard shouting long before they were seen. After one such dispute Louis was seized with spitting of blood, but a fellow-student comforted him by the remark, "What does it matter whether you die sooner or later? Time is nothing in itself; it is only a point of view!"

At that time Jacob Moleschott was Louis' fellow-student. He helped to confirm the young man's interest in philosophy and science. Darwin was not yet talked of, but at the students' debating club the question of *aut generatio æquivoca aut omne vivum ex ovo* used to be eagerly discussed.

The light reading of the students consisted of the works of Eugène Sue, Dumas, and Balzac, by whom the young men were fascinated.

In 1844 Louis Bamberger went to Göttingen to prepare for his

examination. It was the coldest winter he had ever experienced. He and a friend shut themselves up in their warm room, and worked from 7 A.M. to noon, and again from 3 to 8 P.M. After that hour they spent their evenings in music and amusing literature.

At the end of the term Louis passed his examination successfully, but was so little elated that when a friend called on him, the landlady, opening the door, told the visitor that Mr. Bamberger must certainly have been plucked, for he had come home quietly and said nothing. Louis had passed in law, and began legal practice at the Court of Appeal in Mayence, where, as was the rule, he was employed for six months.

In the spring of 1847 he passed his Government examination with success, but could not hope for an official appointment, as in Hessen, then and later, no Jew could be employed in the service of the State.

Besides this, Louis was much more inclined to study than to practise. He was especially interested in political economy, which at that time had the charm of a new branch of science; and he also continued his philosophical studies.

At the end of February he went to visit some friends at Heidelberg, and one day he heard his name called outside the window. Looking out, he saw a fellow-townsmen, who cried, "Only think! Paris is in revolution, and Louis Philippe has fled!"

Louis was much excited, for he was full of a purely ideal enthusiasm for republicanism.

Shortly after, he went to Strassburg as member of a deputation of students. On proceeding next day to Carlsruhe, they learned, on approaching that town, that a political agitation had broken out. The following day, Louis returned to Mayence, where he attended many political meetings, and was witness of the torchlight processions and other festivities held there on March 8. His feelings, he relates, were divided between delight in the newly won freedom and interest in a young girl whom he took care of in the crowd.

By this time Bamberger had turned to journalism, and an article in the "Mainzer Zeitung" published on March 10 and entitled "The French Revolution and the Feeling in Germany," attracted great attention. His subsequent writings showed a gradual change in his opinions.

Previous to the opening of the Frankfort Parliament, many political meetings took place, and the Democrats hired a spacious hall in an hotel. "Here," writes Louis, "was erected a platform

painted black, red, and gold, and the new men made speeches. Robert Blum and others, I thought, spoke far too confidently of the future. I had had no intention of taking an active part in the proceedings, for I was quite unknown; but something the orators said suddenly roused my spirit of contradiction, and before I could reflect I was on my legs. I don't remember what I said, but it was certainly violent in character, and excited the attention of the meeting. Quite unused to public speaking, and full of fiery conviction, a feeling came over me which I can only compare to a burning pain which flashed through my whole body. When I left the platform, a friend from Mayence, who had been standing close by, cried out in astonishment, 'Is it you? I did not recognise you!' so much had excitement and exertion transfigured my features."

This was Bamberger's first public speech. The second time he spoke was at a public dinner. He tells us that he trembled with excitement, but that it never happened afterwards. He observes that the critical moment in public oratory is that before commencing. Once the first words are uttered, all disagreeable feeling is overcome. Without a certain accelerated circulation of the blood no really earnest speech can be delivered, especially in Parliament. Pleading before a court of law, he declares, or speaking at a public meeting, has no perils to be compared with the rocks ahead in the Parliamentary ocean. He remarks that he never succeeded in speaking from his carefully prepared notes. After the first few sentences he lost his patience, and forgot to look at them. Therefore ever after he contented himself with writing down, without order, a few dates and ideas. He fixed nothing in his mind beforehand except the beginning and end of his speech, for he considered it important to be as calm as possible at those particular moments, especially if the speech were likely to be long. "Oratorical prudence," he observes, "demands that the peroration, so important, should be left as little as possible to the spontaneous impulse of an overheated brain and fatigued body. Intervening moments may offer endless hindrances to preconceived utterances, but with a little tact the orator can easily slide again into the prefixed conclusion.

"Speaking in the open air," continues our author, "is not so difficult to a man with a weak voice as might be thought. The pure air filling the lungs is an advantage far outweighing the convenience of an enclosed space, where the air is inevitably corrupted."

At an advanced age Bamberger was able to speak with comfort, and make himself heard, in the open air, even, as once happened, in the midst of a snowstorm.

By April 16, 1848, Louis discovered that he had become popular in Mayence, and confesses that the fact did him good. His delight in speaking and writing, and witnessing the victory of his opinions, was as lively as his sense of personal success. From that time he was regarded as the principal representative of the party of freedom.

His hair being of a red tinge, he was nicknamed "the red Bamberger," and being also pale and thin, it was said that his extreme republicanism was only the result of a sickly physique which could not long endure. People frequently prophesied that he would die young.

On May 5 he ceased to contribute to the "*Mainzer Zeitung*." At this time women were admitted to political meetings, and they proved both useful and ornamental. Mayence was celebrated for beautiful women, and a large contingent became enthusiastic supporters of the republican party. They appeared at meetings in handsome toilettes, and at the same time their great earnestness gave dignity to the assembly.

Excitement in Mayence reached its height on May 1, when fights took place, and the result was that the garrison was strengthened by an Austro-Italian regiment. Louis had long had doubts as to the success of the whole movement, and wrote in that sense to the newspapers. Still, during the summer he and his friends strove to propagate the movement in the next province. On September 18 he heard that a revolt had broken out at Frankfort, and on his way there was met by a friend who told him that a writ was out for his arrest. He therefore turned back, and renewed his contributions to the "*Mainzer Zeitung*."

Not long after he was sent to Berlin to report on the sittings of the Democratic Congress. He had never been in Berlin, and found the city "empty and gloomy." The sense of an approaching catastrophe weighed on the spirits of the people. He describes the violent debates held at the Congress, and the principal personages present; on his return to Mayence he wrote five long articles on this totally fruitless affair.

On November 1, the official notice of the execution of Robert Blum struck horror to the hearts of the Democrats. Never had Louis seen men so bitterly surprised and downcast; they would not believe it possible. Bamberger was often asked what would have become of Blum had he outlived that stormy epoch, and in this connection relates a conversation he had on the matter with Bismarck much later. It was at Versailles, when Lasker and party were opposing the far-reaching special rights it was proposed to accord to the

southern States, and especially to Bavaria, in the projected constitution of the German Empire. Bamberger had undertaken to negotiate between his Parliamentary friends and Bismarck. "On that day," he relates, "Bismarck was much excited by this opposition, the soul of which he knew was Lasker. 'If Robert Blum were alive now,' exclaimed the great Chancellor, 'most certainly he would be far more moderate than Lasker.'"

At the end of 1848, Bamberger, in a leading article, alluded to a Russo-French alliance, and from the year 1849 there are numerous quotations in the book before us from his journalistic articles, which show the attempts to establish a German Empire, his own illusions with regard to the movement, and the definite refusal of Frederick William.

Bamberger mentions the quarrels which then and ever after broke out in the German Liberal party, and which explain, as he remarks, the continual non-success of the Liberals.

In May 1849 what was called the German Revolution reached the stage of "galloping consumption," and on the 11th of that month Bamberger published his last article, a report of the great meeting held two days previously, at which he had presided. A few days later he heard that, with several others, he had been indicted for high treason.

In the next pages Louis relates the story of his first and only love. It was a beautiful cousin who captivated his affections, but not under the usual circumstances of a child-intimacy. Her parents were practically separated, and the mother, Louis' maternal aunt, lived in Mayence, while the father lived at Alzey with their only child, a daughter. There was some mystery about the arrangement, and the father was regarded in the family as "a kind of wicked magician." So it was only when the girl was fourteen years old that Louis first saw her, on the occasion of accompanying his aunt to Alzey to attempt a reconciliation between husband and wife.

Two years later, when Louis was studying in Heidelberg, he heard that Miss Belmont (that was her name) had been sent to board at a farmhouse near Mannheim, and he took the opportunity of renewing the acquaintance. He found her transformed from a thin little child to a tall blooming girl with wonderful eyes. He fell in love with her, and frequently repeated his visits. He proposed and was accepted, but eight years passed before they were married; eight years of struggle with harassing circumstances, under which the young girl suffered severely, tossed as she was between father and mother. "Our literary friends," remarks Louis, "to whom my wife

later on described many episodes of her early life, urged her to write her story; how it was passed in the miserable abode of a poor peasant-musician, in a room shared in winter with a goat."

Meanwhile Louis was working hard, and in the intervals of his toil he corresponded regularly with his betrothed, describing his share in political events, sometimes in deep despondency, sometimes in the intoxication of success.

In November 1849 Miss Belmont came to Mayence, and the pair passed a happy three months, mixing politics and love-making. Then the daughter again left her mother and returned to her father, and now began a series of most melancholy letters, written, on Louis' side, at dead of night after the day's hard work.

A long separation ensued when Louis went to London at the end of the year. He had passed the previous summer in Switzerland, where he met with an old Heidelberg fellow-student, a colonel in the Swiss army. To him Louis confessed his embarrassed circumstances, and followed his advice to go and settle near him at Zurich. Louis took a modest lodging in the outskirts of the town, and the lovely mountain and lake scenery, seen for the first time, seemed to soothe and console him. During his life there he learned what hunger was, but afterwards looked back with envy at the experiences of that youthful period. He accompanied the painter Kaufmann and others on a tour in the mountains, and proved himself an ardent climber, his light weight and great activity generally carrying him far in advance of his companions. The novelty of scene and climate made him forget all past troubles and future cares, and he was very happy. He met on the tour many German fugitives, one of whom said that he possessed only a single sock, which he changed every few hours from one foot to the other.

Afterwards, Louis settled in Geneva with his friend Sitz, and there made the acquaintance of the Russian author, Alexander Herzen; he who brought up his children to be atheists, but when his daughters arrived at a marriageable age caused them to be instructed in religion by a Protestant parson, in order that they might meet with no difficulties should they enter into matrimony. One of the younger girls being asked by the parson whether she had ever heard of Jesus Christ, answered, but meaning no irreverence, "Oh, yes; papa says that Jesus was a gentleman." These girls and their brother turned out well and were much respected.

Through his friend, Moritz Hartmann, Louis became acquainted with the family of Prince Nicholas Trubetzkoy, whose daughter, Princess Catherine, a very interesting, warm-hearted girl, later on,

as Princess Oloff, charmed Bismarck at the time when he met Napoleon III. at Biarritz. There then commenced an "elegant" flirtation between the already elderly diplomat and the lively young woman, which was continued afterwards at Paris. Louis also got to know George Herwegh, whose poems, "*Gedichte eines Lebendigen*," filled him with admiration. Herwegh was a very elegant, handsome man, with the smallest hands and feet.

While in Geneva Louis conceived the idea of emigrating to America, but his meeting his old friend and relation, H. B. Oppenheimer, altered his decision for the present. He went with him to Bern, and met there a number of interesting men, among whom Carl Vogt reigned supreme. As the summer drew to an end Louis again determined to go to America, but receiving the offer of a situation in London from his youngest brother, and England being on the road to America, he decided to accept it.

He had some trouble about a passport, and was obliged to take a roundabout route through France, being forbidden at Besançon to go *via* Paris. At Besançon he had an amusing interview with the prefect, who, looking at him from head to foot, exclaimed: "*Vous avez donc renversé des gouvernements?*" "*Alas! Monsieur le Préfet,*" replied Louis, "unfortunately not sufficiently!"

The route through Paris being declared impossible, Louis went *via* Chalons and St. Quentin, whence he took the rail to Calais. There he was hospitably entertained by a newly made French friend, and for the first time in his life made acquaintance with the "comfortable, homely appearance of an open fireplace."

As reading for the journey Louis took with him the works of Bastiat, whom he learned to love, and of whom he says that, though modern political economists shrug their shoulders at the "shallow man," Bastiat possessed more sense and wit than a dozen modern haughty exponents of social politics, who ride the high horse of sentimental ethics.

Louis crossed the Channel and took up his abode with his brother at lodgings over an upholsterer's shop in Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park. Their landlord was very uneasy at his new lodger's hairy lips and chin, for beards and moustaches were then regarded in London with abhorrence.

A friend of Louis once took some refugees to hire rooms at his own lodgings, but the landlord refused, saying he had none empty. Knowing that this was not true, his lodger asked the reason of his refusal. "Oh!" replied the landlord, "I like a clean face!"

Among the refugees in London, Bamberger liked Louis Blanc

the best. "He looked like a boy, with rosy cheeks and smooth black hair, a pretty but comic figure, and at the same time solemn and earnest." An exact opposite was Ledru-Rollin, "a big stately man, who, staying in England only a few weeks, immediately wrote a voluminous book entitled 'De la décadence de l'Angleterre'!"

Of Mazzini, whom he also met in London, Louis Bamberger says that only by the fire of his brilliant eyes did the small frail-looking patriot betray his immense energy.

Louis was present at a long discussion on the revolutionising of Italy. The whole plan was ready in Mazzini's mind; even the confiscation of ecclesiastical property was foreseen. Mazzini impressed Louis most favourably, and when the latter went to Belgium Mazzini gave him many letters of introduction.

In less intimate circumstances the figures of Freiligrath, Kinkel, Carl Marx, and other refugees are seen in the pages of these recollections. And here is inserted a little anecdote. "One day," Louis relates, "I went to Madame Tussaud's intending to see the celebrated Chamber of Horrors. At the ticket office I was surprised to find the show closed, and asked the reason. 'Oh!' was the answer, 'you know that the Queen mother died yesterday, and in consequence all the waxworks are to be put into mourning. While this is done, the show is closed.' As I had not much liking for sight-seeing," concludes Bamberger, "I went away and never returned."

On the other hand, he was fond of visiting the courts of law and the House of Commons, where he once heard a long speech by Cobden, whose simple, transparent oratory afforded him extreme pleasure. He loved, too, to talk with the working classes, and one day an omnibus-driver, complaining of the high taxes, asked him whether he also did not think them excessive.

Bamberger replied that he was a foreigner, and did not feel the effect.

"Oh, sir," remonstrated the driver, "how can you say that? Do you not pay the taxes in everything you buy?" And Bamberger felt ashamed of his book-learned politics by comparison with the political maturity of the Jehu.

Instead of turning to the practice of law, Louis had accepted a post in the banking-house of Bischoffsheim, and relates somewhat of its history.

The heads of the firm were Louis' uncles, the sons of his grandmother, who had lost her husband in the plague following the disastrous retreat of the *grande armée* in 1813. The widowed grandmother, Madame Bischoffsheim, brought up her five children

with patriarchal severity. Her wise sayings were long quoted in the family. It was characteristic of her that she was so convinced of her maternal rights, that she attempted to exercise unlimited control over even her married and long since independent sons. The eldest, the head of the large banking business, lived in Amsterdam. He determined to send his son to Paris to finish his education. Mentioning this intention to his mother, she declared herself entirely opposed to it, and said that if it were persisted in, she forbade her son ever to see her again. Nevertheless, the boy was sent to Paris, but all attempts of the father to reconcile his mother were fruitless. She lived on for fifteen years, and when on her death-bed still refused to allow her son, who was in the next room, to see her. She treated a daughter who had disobeyed her in like manner, and, in her will, forbade that daughter to wear mourning for her. In spite of this harshness, Madame Bischoffsheim used to shed tears over sentimental romances, but when she read the *Memoirs of Las Casas* and the description of St. Helena, she refused to be softened, and only said, "It served Napoleon right!" She was a self-sacrificing mother, and was venerated by her children.

The story of the firm of Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt, & Avigdor is told by our author, and we may glean some particulars. Avigdor was the son-in-law of Sir Isaac Lyon Goldschmidt, and had been taken into the firm to please that gentleman, but was pretty soon politely dismissed, for he proved to be more of a gay cavalier than a banker; the one brilliant point in his life was a duel he had with Cavour at Nice, which resulted harmlessly. At that time Cavour was a journalist.

Avigdor met Louis Napoleon when the latter fled to London from Ham, and later on made use of this circumstance, during the Third Empire, to obtain the office of ambassador to Paris from the Republic of San Marino, with the title of Duke of Acqua, but he failed to distinguish himself in diplomacy.

Louis describes how he toiled in the London bank from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. He enjoyed the Sunday's leisure, and employed it in literary work, contributing articles to a German paper published in Paris. In 1850 he accepted an offer to join a brother who had undertaken the direction of the Antwerp branch. On the way thither he met his betrothed at Ostend, and as both could now look forward to near union, it was a very happy meeting.

Louis' first experience of going "on 'Change" at Antwerp made a very disagreeable impression on him, and both then and afterwards

he could never reconcile himself to the shouting, tumult, and rudeness of the scene.

At that time his firm made use of a pigeon-post, for the day of telegraphs was only just beginning to dawn. The fogs so frequent in the Netherlands were the pigeons' greatest enemies, but this was compensated by the fact that only a few firms employed the pigeon-post, and therefore had the priority of news. Just at that time Reuter's telegraphic agency was opened, and its story is told. This service commenced on March 15, 1851, on which day the first direct messages were sent to Berlin and Vienna.

Louis declares the years he spent at Antwerp, from 1850 to 1852, to have been the dreariest of his life. He felt terribly lonely, lost his appetite, and experienced strange attacks of debility. His betrothed also led a wretched life with her father at Alzey, and was quite out of health. Their correspondence expressed their misery. "During the course of my life," remarks Bamberger in this connection, "I have become more and more convinced that cheerfulness is one of the greatest blessings, and I now find it difficult, while reading the old letters, to realise the melancholy of those days."

His experience in London and Antwerp convinced Louis that he had no talent for business, and he disliked it especially when it absorbed his time so as to leave no leisure for intellectual work. At Antwerp he lived the life of a student with limited means. His lodgings, with extras such as light and fire, only cost him 25 francs a month. "Life here means work," he wrote to Miss Belmont; "from 9 to 3 office, from 3 to 4 on 'Change; then dinner, and office again from 6 to 8 or 9 o'clock. I fear all this will result in short letters. What delightful idling by comparison is a learned profession! But do not pity your faithful business man

"LOUIS."

In 1851, Bamberger went to Rotterdam to establish a branch house. It was a very modest beginning. His maternal uncle lent him a small capital, and his father shared in the new venture to the limited extent of 5,000 guilders. The house of Bischoffsheim also took some part, and the firm of Louis A. Bamberger & Co. was created. Its representative had to take a furnished lodging of a very modest kind. He had a bedroom, parlour, and office on the first story of a house, and the entrance to the office was through the shop of a hairdresser on the ground floor. In this way Louis Bamberger made his entry into *la haute finance*. His sense of the comic won the victory over the mediocrity of the situation. He had just arrived in his apartment and was sitting on his unpacked trunk, when the clock

of a neighbouring church chimed the hour of three, and similar chimes ever after awakened the feelings of that day.

Bamberger took a great interest in Holland, and in the spirit of its inhabitants. The total separation existing between Jews and Christians was very disagreeable to him. His stay in England and Belgium had caused him to forget the social meaning of confessional differences. Still there was no trace in Holland of race-hatred, and no envy, for there were many rich Christians and many poor Jews in the land. Nor could the separation be attributed to vulgarity in the Jews; for though the German-Polish contingent was on a very low stage of education, the Portuguese Jews were highly cultured and did honour to their noble names. The separation was the more striking because the Dutch law gave not only equal rights, but Jews could also fill civil and military posts of importance. The Minister of Justice was a Jew, and there were many Jewish officers in the army. The explanation of the difference lay in the extreme piety of each party; Protestants and Jews were so completely identified with their own religious convictions, that it seemed quite natural to confine themselves to their several camps. But the word *anti-semitism* had not been invented.

Louis' greatest comfort at all times was literature. He reckons his reading of Gutzkow's nine volumes, "*Die Ritter vom Geist*," to have been one of the most delightful employments of his leisure at this time. "Books," he remarks, "cannot make a man happy, but they can and do give him many happy hours and days."

He took great pleasure in the Dutch picture-galleries and concerts, and fully appreciated the peculiar charm of the Dutch scenery. He was delighted above all with a river trip in a *Trekschuit*. Having gone to Maestricht on business, he took a fancy to go to Lüttich by river. "The quiet gliding along on the smooth water in the peaceful landscape," he says, "had a wonderfully soothing effect. Except the small crew and myself, no one was on board but a German workman. I had an interesting book to read. At every village the driver of the horse which dragged us stopped to drink schnapps, and I was sorry when we reached Lüttich."

Bamberger now began to make preparations for his wedding, and took a small house. He imparted his intention of immediate marriage to his future father-in-law, though convinced that he would receive a denial, which was actually the case. But as Miss Belmont was of age, her father's consent was not legally necessary. However, the lovers had still to wait three months for the completion of formalities. Mr. Belmont gave his only child no dowry but a curse.

As Bamberger was an exile, there were also difficulties on that account, but finally, on May 5, 1852, the wedding took place very quietly at Rotterdam, in the presence of a very few friends and relations.

Bamberger's new happiness was increased by news which came from his brother in Paris on the following July 8. He was offered an advantageous situation in the branch firm in the French capital. He showed the letter to his young wife, remarking that the offer must be considered.

"There is nothing to consider," she cried ; "we must seize hold of it at once !"

She was delighted at the prospect of a change from Holland, a country she disliked. By the middle of August everything was settled, but there was still some trouble in procuring a passport for the political refugee. Finally it was managed by influential friends that Bamberger should go to Paris ostensibly as an official messenger bearing despatches (which consisted of a mock parcel containing a brick) to General Fayel, the then Dutch Ambassador at Paris.

LILY WOLFFSOHN.

LOVE.

If love were a dream that is over and gone
When the sleeper awakes from his sleep,
O well might the rosy blush of the dawn
Be stain'd with tears, and pale and wan
The world might weep !

More sad than a bird in its covert bare,
A moss-grown grave, a stagnant stream,
This world would be, and we should wear
The thorns that bind the brows of care,
If love were a dream !

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

TABLE TALK.

M. RENAN ON THE FATE OF BOOKS.

“ERNEST RENAN said one evening in a conversation among friends: ‘Fifty years hence no one will open a book.’” This astoundingly pessimistic assertion I take from an article on “The Evolution of Contemporary French Literature,” sent to the *Fortnightly Review* by my brilliant friend Octave Uzanne, to whose contributions to “contemporary French literature” I have more than once drawn the attention of my readers. The view contained in this utterance does not win M. Uzanne’s plenary acceptance, though he states that a few far-seeing minds, including Edmond de Goncourt, were able on hearing the expression to estimate the amount of truth contained in “this hint as to the future.” He (M. Uzanne) adds the statements, in part corroborative, that the book in France “is passing through an acute crisis,” and that “literature, too, is dying.” I yield to few in my admiration for the great critic and philologist whose posthumous honours, like those he received during his lifetime, have been the cause of many hostile manifestations, and I recognise the value of so much adhesion as is furnished by M. Uzanne. I decline, however, to accept the statement in anything like its full sense, or to be frightened by the prospect held out. Renan’s utterance belongs to 1888. “Had we but world enough and time,” to quote Andrew Marvell, and in addition the opportunity to institute a comparison, I would bet (excuse the phrase) that in 1938—that is, at the close of the period named—there will be far more books opened than there were at the time when Renan spoke. I am not myself dealing specially with France, but I should not mind being limited to that country, concerning which Renan and M. Uzanne naturally know infinitely more than myself.

CHANGE IN THE READING PUBLIC.

THERE is some justification for the fear that a very large portion of men’s reading will be diverted from books to periodicals. A movement to some extent in that direction has been in progress for centuries. The huge folios which were the delight

of the Renaissance scholar gave way to quartos, which in their turn were abandoned for octavos and duodecimos, and so on, until we reach the exquisite little volumes such as the *Virginibus Puerisque* of Stevenson, mentioned previously, which can be slipped into the pocket of one bent on ramble or travel, without forming any perceptible addition to the weight to be carried. Such, moreover, is the perfection to which typography has attained that a book such as I mention is legible—more legible, indeed, than others thrice its size. Sixpenny editions of novels which may be read and thrown away, as Buonaparte used to throw away the volumes he read on his journeys and sometimes cut open with his fingers, find their admirers, who, of course, are scarcely to be regarded as genuine book-lovers; and there is a large—perhaps an increasing—class which for railway reading will never go beyond a trivial paper such as, *horresco referens*, the *Pink 'Un*. Those, however, who purchase these things have not previously entered into the category of readers. At their best they are descendants of the squires whose libraries used to consist of a Bible, a treatise on farriery, and a set of the *Racing Calendar*. Reviews, quarterly or monthly, have a place in literature, and serve a distinct purpose, though the scholar will not be content with such, except in the case of matters of temporary interest or writers of subordinate rank. There was never, surely, a cultivated man who would accept as adequate to his requirements a review article on Shakespeare, Bacon, or any master of thought.

WHAT WORKING MEN READ.

FEW men belonging to the operative classes read books; and such as do, choose rather works of solid and practical information than the masterpieces of literature. I gave once to the most sensible, well-informed, and in every way trustworthy workman I ever employed, an edition of Shakespeare in several volumes—it was one of Knight's editions, which at that time stood well in general estimation—and am bound to say that my gift evoked no display whatever of gratitude. This has always been so, and there is no falling-off in recent years—rather the reverse. At the same time, there are wonderful exceptions to the rule in working-class readers. The man best acquainted with Tudor literature I have ever met was at one time a private soldier, and is now in a station not far superior. It is mentioned that one of the officers of the regiment in which Coleridge was at one time a soldier found him studying *Æschylus*—in the original. In like fashion an officer in a West India regiment *might* have found one under his command studying Chapman or Marston. Such cases are naturally few, but that I

mention is not unique. The other day a vendor of toys in the street was reading *Hazell's Annual*, and, what I think far more remarkable, the coachman on a private carriage drawn up in the street was deep in the study of Tennyson.

MEN WILL CONTINUE TO READ BOOKS.

I THINK, then, the fear that men will either in thirty-seven years, which is about the span left of the fifty years mentioned by Renan, or in any period whatever, cease to read books may be dismissed as visionary. Not even a revolution in modes of thought, speech, and study, were one conceivable, could, I think, work such a change. Invention may possibly dry up as regards pure fiction—it seems already to be doing so as regards the highest class of drama—and the taste for novels may be impaired or lost. There will never be a time, however, when the scholar will cease to read the *Odyssey* or the *Æneid*, or give up the pocket edition of Horace, Tacitus, or it may be even Lucian, though I am not sure that a pocket edition of the last-named writer exists. I am confining myself to the Classics, but I might just as well cite the *Divine Comedy*; *Pantagruel*; *Hamlet*; or *Atalanta in Calydon*. The range I offer, it is seen, is wide. There are now a hundred readers of Dante where a generation ago there was but one. Editions of favourite writers multiply, and the purchasers of these will supply a fair percentage of readers. In dismissing the subject I will venture to quote lines about books from the *Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher, act i. scene 2. Those already familiar with them will pardon their repetition. Rebuked for his love of books Charles, the elder brother, says :

Give me leave

To enjoy myself; that place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
To augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge. Lights there, for my study!

If this be a heresy, there are those who will maintain it in face of pessimistic prediction.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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A PAINTER OF SHRINES.

BY ROBERT BOWMAN.

I.

IN a far-away corner of the Government of Viatka, in North-eastern Russia, where snow lies full seven months, and in the rush of a fortnight gives place to the full greenery of spring; where the four torrid months of summer give so sharply to the winter that stray blossoms of late-flowering plants are folded beneath the swift-coming snow, to bloom again for one brief hour in the first beam of the following spring before finally shrivelling to decay; where life moves far removed from the rush of the world, and where human passions stir and are shown in all their crude primal colours, unknowing of the softer—and perhaps more dangerous—shades and half-tones of civilisation; here, on the edge of a bare and crumbling ravine, worn through the red sandy clay by rush of melting snows, straggles the village of Oost Linka.

The low out-of-plumb gables of its weather-worn wooden houses abut on either side of the long wide street which runs parallel to the ravine. At its upper end stand the better houses of the village—though, indeed, all are poor enough; and here, set back from the roadway and filling the far end of a square, is the great church—looking immensely out of proportion to the little village around it, its whitewashed walls and green-painted dome forming a landmark for many miles around. Lower down, the street diminishes into a mere track leading into the ravine itself, where the huts are of the

very poorest type, being built mostly of wattle and clay, though without any appearance of squalor.

At one of the corners formed by the street and the square was the one painted house of the village—the house of Philemon Nakeetitch. Its flat window frames were painted in stripes of blue and white, and in the little gable—which in this instance fronted the square—a rude barbaric design in blue and orange had been begun but never completed. The floor of the house was raised some five feet from the level of the street by a loosely built stone foundation, and was reached by a short flight of stairs set sideways to the wall. The house was a small one, and contained only two rooms—one, the kitchen and general room, opening immediately from the verandah at the top of the steps : the other—used by Nakeetitch as a work-room and sleeping-room combined—opening out of the former.

Save the time—once in every three or four weeks—when he took his wares to the merchant in Shoomrinsk, about thirty miles away, Nakeetitch spent nearly all his time in this latter room, bending over the smooth wooden panels upon which he painted the interminable succession of saintly heads, the turning out of which by so many dozens a year formed his dull daily routine from January to December. The work had long since ceased to give him that exaltation of mind which one might think it would tend to give ; it had become to him a mere mechanical thing, the chief interest in which lay in the number produced. Years ago he had realised his entire inability to paint in reality the glorious heads of his imaginings ; and now the memory of the long tale of failures often served to quieten the many fits of restlessness which came to him through sheer weariness of his work and its narrow limits.

The light of a late winter afternoon was beginning to fade as Philemon bent over his work. As the colours began to lose their distinctness with the dying day, he looked up, and with a deep breath slowly put aside his brushes. Having arranged them carefully in the little box where he kept his few painting materials, he rose, stretched himself, and went into the other room in search of tea. The old woman who did his cooking, and who waited upon him generally, had gone out, but the samovar, with the little white teapot perched upon the top of it, still stood upon the table. He felt it and found it was almost cold. Removing the teapot, he peered down into the inside cylinder. Not a spark was to be seen among the half-consumed sticks of charcoal ! Turning to the stove with the intention of getting a live coal to rekindle them, he found there only the grey-white ash of a long-since-expired fire. He struck

one or two sulphurous-smelling matches, and dropped them one by one among the charcoal in the cylinder ; but they only flickered and went out in their own smoke. So, resignedly replenishing the teapot from the lukewarm samovar, he poured out a glass of straw-coloured tea, and stood as he drank it, looking out of the window across the square and down the street.

He was a pale-faced man of nervous thinness. A razor had probably never touched his face, for the hair on his cheek was little more than an indefinite line of flaxen down, separated from the ear by a bare space so white and soft as to look almost babyish. His beard was better, though still scanty ; but his moustache, of a darker shade than the rest of his hair, curved over his mouth in two thick sweeping curves. Though retaining the high accordion-pleated boots of the peasant, he did not wear the peasant's distinctive garb, but was attired in the thin loose jacket and waistcoat as affected by the townsfolk of Shoomrinsk.

The outlook from the window was somewhat dreary. The snow was trodden into a dirty grey colour, and great mounds of it were piled in front of the houses. Though only the nearer of these could now be seen, Philemon knew them all to be speckled and blotched with black and brown stains, making them drearily unsightly. The brown sledge-track winding down the centre of the street lost itself in the dusk. A little way back from the street, a thin streak of blue smoke from the village bath-house rose vertically against the shining yellow of the sky, and a couple of figures with towels and bunches of twigs in their hands, crossing the street just on the edge of the dusk, reminded him that to-morrow was the first day of the Carnival, and that the bath-house would be busy to-day. Ah ! perhaps that was where Sasha had gone. He looked across to the priest's house opposite. The priest was the only one in the village who possessed a bath-house of his own, and Sasha was a great friend of Uliana, the priest's housekeeper, and thus enjoyed the privilege of going each week with her to the bath, and of having a long and perspiring gossip around the samovar afterwards.

Philemon had had his bath yesterday in Shoomrinsk. He generally managed to find time for that on his visits to the town, as he preferred to bathe even in the presence of strangers rather than with his fellow-villagers, who kept up a constant round of chaff and jokes about him the whole time.

Away in a corner of the field beyond the church a yellow flicker of light told that some one was lighting the smithy fire. The

village smith and wheelwright had, one morning last winter, been found dead and frozen on the snow outside the village, and now the villagers did their own smith-work. The flicker increased to a sparkling blaze, around which Philemon could discern some three or four young fellows at work. Their figures showed black against the fire, and he could make out that they were fitting new iron runners to a little tobogganing sledge in readiness for to-morrow's sports. Philemon went to the table and poured out another glass of tea. Returning to the window, he stood watching the dark figures.

His breath made little running iridescent peninsulas of mist upon the glass, and from time to time he idly drew his fingers across the blur, while his thoughts moved as idly and as vainly as did his fingers. He fell to wondering how it was that he differed so from other men, how it was that he could never feel at ease among his fellows. Even as a child he had never really enjoyed playing with other children—not that he could not enjoy their sports; no, he knew that to-morrow, when he heard the village ring with shouts and laughter from the tobogganing slope, he would feel a dull aching envy of it all—a sadness almost akin to shame that he could not be like the others in their rollicking enjoyment of the day. It must be his own fault, he supposed; yet, when in past holiday times his longing for companionship had sometimes urged him from the house to join them, they had never seemed to treat him as they treated each other; they were a brotherhood, he one alone and apart. Whatever he did, he did it somehow unlike any of the rest, and it was sure to be turned to laughter and become the source of jokes against himself. And he could never banter joke for joke in the easy laughing way that others did. Once or twice, when he had attempted it, his words in spite of himself had seemed unkind, and had cut far deeper than they were intended to do. There was Big Peotra, the *Starosta's* son, one of the group now by the smithy fire, who he knew disliked him to this day, because two years ago, at the marriage of Nicoli Ivanitch's Darya, he had, after bearing Peotra's chaff all the evening, retorted to him across the breadth of the room that his body grew more rapidly than his brains. The laughter of the guests was at once turned against Peotra, and a phrase had been set going which had not yet died; and Peotra had never forgiven him. Well, sooner or later, he would find an opportunity to do him some little service that would help to put things right again.

The street had now grown quite dark. The stars had come

out, and the smithy fire caused the angles of the church to stand out in bold relief. From the priest's yard-gate across the square came a figure. It was Sasha returning from her bath and gossip.

"Oi ! oi ! Philemon Nakeetitch," she exclaimed as she entered the room, "why do you stand there all in the black darkness ? Could you not have lighted the lamp ?"

"I did not require it," returned Philemon, putting down his empty glass and returning to his work-room, Sasha waddling after him with the lamp.

As she fitted the little oily blue-glass cistern into its frame suspended from the low ceiling, she said, "Uliana Ivanovna has asked me to go across to eat *bleenie* and fish with her to-morrow night. I thought perhaps I might go. Every one goes somewhere to-morrow."

"Why should you not go ?" returned Philemon ; "I shall not need you."

"Yes, but I have been so many times to drink tea with Uliana Ivanovna, and I thought I would like to ask her to come and eat *bleenie* with me during this *Maslynitsa*—only we have no fish."

"But fish can be bought ! If you wish you can take Lofka and drive into Shoomrinsk to-morrow and buy yourself some caviare. Here are two roubles ; start early or the shops will be closed. Then invite Uliana and any other friends you wish. With a bottle of vodka, *bleenie*, and caviare and tea, you should enjoy yourselves."

"Caviare !" gasped Sasha—she had perhaps tasted it twice in her life—"caviare ! *Spaseebo, spaseebo* (Thank you, thank you), Philemon Nakeetitch. This indeed will be a good holiday. But you ? Are you not going anywhere to-morrow ?"

"No, I shall remain at home." Then, as an after-thought, he added, while pretending to search for something among his painting materials, "Or I may perhaps go to look on at the sports."

"What !" exclaimed Sasha, looking at him in surprise. "Where will you go ?"

"Perhaps to the sports."

"Oh !" returned the old woman as she waddled out of the room.

So the next evening Sasha went to eat *bleenie* with the priest's housekeeper ; and Philemon sat alone in his room, fitfully making a stock of cigarettes. This he did by rubbing a few handfuls of dry tobacco over the end of a bundle of empty paper tubes, and then,

taking each tube separately, ramming the tobacco home by means of a little rounded stick, and finishing it off by the insertion of a shred of cotton-wool. As each cigarette was finished, it was added to the loose heap on the table, until the pile contained some two hundred or more. The smoking of these cigarettes was one of Philemon's two luxuries, and during the day's work he got through a large number of them.

At last, with a sigh, Philemon straightened his bent shoulders and lighted the cigarette last made, idly breaking the match into little pieces afterwards between his thin paint-stained fingers. His evenings generally were occupied in outlining upon the wooden blocks the work he was to paint upon the morrow. To-night he could not settle to the work. There was a holiday feeling in the air ; and, though the street was silent and deserted, every window in the village shed its little ray of light out upon the snow, and Philemon felt himself to be the only one in all the village who sat alone.

He had been to look on at the sports in the afternoon, but had been made to feel, or at any rate had felt, quite out of touch with it all. The fun and light-hearted laughter were not for him. Even his approach to the ground had not been easy, for all the way down the street he had been in full view of the merry-makers congregated at the bottom, and had known that they were commenting upon his coming ; and as he had drawn nearer he had seen the questioning looks of one to the other. If he could have been planted down in the midst of them all, it would have been easier ; but this slow approach alone made him self-conscious and uncomfortable. Then he had offered to drag Masha Gavreelovna's empty sledge up the hill for her ; with a laugh she had accepted his offer, but when he had got two-thirds of the way up the slope his foot had slipped, and the sledge, swinging round, had come in contact with one descending containing Big Peotra and his *fiancée* ; and Peotra had complained loudly of his awkwardness, and there had been a general laugh at his expense. He also had tried to laugh, in spite of his flush of annoyance ; but the incident had spoilt the afternoon for him, and shortly afterwards he had edged out of the crowd, glad to get back to the house again.

The work-room where he sat was of fair size, with plenty of room to move about in, for in addition to the stool and bench in front of the window where he painted it contained only a small table and a couple of chairs, a cupboard, with a row of shelves at one side of it holding his painting materials, and a medley of odds and ends ; a row of small oblong crates of various sizes containing his stock of

wooden panels, and, in the corner of the room furthest from the bench, a small truckle bed. It was in connection with this latter that Philemon had his other luxury, in the possession of a costly rug which he had bought about three years previously from some Bashkeers in Menzalinsk, and which he used as a coverlet. It was of vivid colours, in broad even stripes of orange and blue, and often during the day he would pause in his painting to look across at it. Sometimes, indeed, it would so distract and disturb him in his work that he would rise and cover it with the under and plainer rug. It was, however, in the evening, when he had time to rest from his work, that he got his chief delight from it. He would then sometimes sit for hours silently looking at it, and, idly dreaming, become almost unconscious that he saw it. The vivid stripes lost their distinctness as their sensuous power crept over him, and, drinking in the emotional excitement of their colour, his imagination opened for him the possibilities of the world, and he would throb with dreams of happiness and delight. The dull room faded, and the panels, with their number done and their number yet to do, were forgotten. For him, too, was success and happiness possible. The Christ Face of his dreams was painted, and men bowed in worship before it. His name was honoured, and he was the cherished one of some fair sweet woman. With welcoming arms she would meet him, and her answering eyes would look up in love to his own—the love that would lead him higher. The fame of his painting would ring through the land, and together they would bring brightness into the lives of the lowly and comfort those who sorrowed. There would be no more weariness for him, for her caresses would ever await him. They would never more be parted—their days would be days of joy, and their world a world of warmth and colour and love. Then with a start he would awake to find himself shivering, and he would get up and pace the floor until he got himself in hand once more. He rarely, however, let himself drift so far as this. Such orgies of colour were not good for his work next day. So now he took his delight at rarer intervals; though each evening he found in the bands of rich orange and blue a nepenthine power to assuage the dulness of the day.

To-night Philemon felt indescribably lonely. The feasting and merry-making going on in the village intensified his own isolation. The light from the lamp, which Sasha had lighted before going out, reached but dimly into the corners of the room, and left the rug outside its circle. He rose and arranged its folds against the wall so that they shone in the light. Then he sat down by the table, with

his head upon his hand, and gave himself up to the power which the colours held for him.

It was after midnight when Sasha returned. Her steps, always more or less tottering, were now more uncertain than ever, and as she put her head in at the door of the room an odour of vodka passed in before her. Philemon was still sitting by the table with his head upon his hand.

II.

The long seven weeks' fast which followed the Carnival came to an end, and on the following Easter morning Philemon received a message from Lydia Ivanovna at the Big House, asking him to go up there at once. Her brothers, home from Moscow, had brought friends, and they were arranging to have a *spectacle*, or comedietta, performed on the two following nights, and it was necessary to have an old drop-scene repaired. Philemon remembered the canvas well. Nicoli Urieff, his old master in Shoomrinsk, had painted it about eighteen years before. It represented a grey-bearded Boyar, dressed in the barbaric splendour of the past, surrounded by his household, welcoming the priest to his house on Easter morning.

In response to the message, Philemon at once set out for the house, which stood about a couple of versts from the village. In the days of the serfs, Ivan Ivanitch, its owner, had been lord of the land for many versts around ; now, however, largely owing to the difficulty the Slav nature finds in accommodating itself to altered circumstances, his possessions had shrunk, and land had been sold to meet the yearly expenditure, until only a vestige of former dominion remained, and Ivan Ivanitch found himself a comparatively poor man, though still looked up to by the villagers, and called by them '*Hozyien*,' or Master.

Philemon found the canvas which he was required to repair hanging at the end of the hall where the little stage was erected. As he glanced at it, he remembered how he had admired the drawing when it was being done, and how he had envied old Nicoli his power. But the colours had never pleased him. They were crude and jarring ; and the dust and fading of eighteen years had failed to soften them. A hole some ten inches in diameter had been rat-eaten through the centre of the Boyar's robe ; new canvas had been patched over this, and Philemon was required to paint it in harmony with the rest of the robe. It would take him perhaps an hour to do, and he at once set to work upon it.

He had got more than half the space covered when he paused. The whole colouring of the robe was wrong ; it ought to have been a rich purple, whereas it was a jarring green. How it would be improved if it were painted purple ! Philemon hesitated a moment ; then, cleaning his palette, he quickly mixed the colour he wanted, and began at the top of the robe.

The work, however, took him longer than he had anticipated, and when his dinner tray was brought in the robe was only half covered. And it was another two hours before the work was completed, the softening of the new colour to the old requiring much care and patience. The robe was now changed from green to purple, bringing a harmony into the whole which the picture had before entirely lacked. Philemon looked at his work and was satisfied. But, as he began to put his brushes together, it occurred to him that what he might think an improvement might be to others the very reverse, and that it was a considerable liberty he had taken in making so great a change. Lydia Ivanovna had met him in the morning when he came, and had shown him what was wanted to be done. What if she were to be angry now ? No, he could not imagine her angry, she was so sweet and gracious. Why, she must have been born the very year this drop-scene was painted ! He was with Nicoli Urieff at the time, and remembered the event quite well. As he stood thinking and fearing, the door at the far end of the room opened, and Lydia Ivanovna and her father came in. As they came hand in hand up the room, Philemon went on collecting his brushes, dreading to look up.

"Why, Nakeetitch," he heard Ivan Ivanitch exclaim, "what have you done to the picture ? I remember the thing very well. It used to be a poor affair—and now it looks—oh, it looks quite decent."

"Oh, Papooshka ! He has altered the Boyar's robe from green to purple, and it looks just beautiful," he heard Lydia Ivanovna rejoin, in surprised, delighted tones ; and he looked up and met her pleased smile.

"Yes," she continued, "you have changed it to purple. Oh, it is beautiful ! Whatever made you think of it, Philemon ?"

"The green was all wrong," he replied, flushing.

"That may be," put in Ivan Ivanitch, "but if I had looked at the thing for a hundred years I could never have told what was wrong with it. It has not taken you long to find out. Why, Nakeetitch, you are an artist. You ought to be in Moscow !"

Then Ivan Ivanitch was called away.

"What my father says is quite true," said Lydia Ivanovna. "You ought to go to Moscow, Philemon. You are indeed an artist."

"No," he replied, with downcast eyes, though his heart trembled with pleasure; "I cannot draw, I can only colour."

"But the way in which you have improved this picture is wonderful."

It was sweet to receive praise from one so beautiful! Her delicate femininity made him flush hot and go cold in rapid sequence; his hands trembled, and he was afraid to meet her eyes. He longed to get from the room, though her presence gave him keen pleasure.

"You have never been to Moscow, Philemon?"

"No."

"You should go, even if only to see the picture gallery and the churches. Oh, the churches! The paintings there are beautiful, lovely!" She clasped her hands together and raised them to her breast in her enthusiasm.

The painting materials were now packed, and Philemon stood in a hesitating way with his little leather-bound box in his hand. It seemed ungracious for him to go, leaving her alone in the great empty room—alone with the picture. However, she turned to him and held out her hand. "You must see Moscow some day," she said. "And thank you so much for what you have done."

That night Philemon thought much on what had been said to him. Why should he not see Moscow? He had often longed to do so. And she had said how beautiful the pictures and churches were; and what she—herself so lovely—said was beautiful must be beautiful indeed! Why should he not start to-morrow? He had worked hard all during the fast, and had a little store of money by him. And this was a holiday week, and holidays were always his most lonely time. The journey would be a long one—three whole days at least—but he did not mind that, for two of those days would be passed on the Volga—Mother Volga, which he had never seen.

Yes! He would start in the morning!

III.

The first ten days that Philemon spent in Moscow were full of new sensations. He saw the Kremlin, and passed day after day for a whole week among its holy memories. He stood in the Church of the Assumption, awe-stricken amidst its blaze of jewels, and his eager eyes ached with the pictures and mosaics. He saw the golden domes of the Palace flash and burn in the midday sun, and, when the sun had set, watched them shine, as with a light of their own, in the pale evening sky. His imagination was stirred by the wonder of the long vista of lamp-lit streets stretching away into the April night ; and he wandered those streets, thrilled with the mystery of a great city.

Towards the end of his second week fell a saint's day, and Philemon attended service at the Church of the Annunciation. He had decided that he must leave Moscow that evening. He had had ten happy, wonderful days ; and the beauty of the service that morning would, he felt, be a fitting close to it all.

On coming out, he wandered about the streets for a while, quietly enjoying the warmth and sunshine. Finding himself, about noon, near one of the numerous little pleasure gardens that are dotted here and there around the city, he entered and ate his simple dinner at its open-air restaurant. He left the garden by a different gate from that by which he entered ; and after walking about for an hour or more he turned out of the main street, which he had been following, into one running at right angles to it, which he thought would lead back to the centre of the city. The houses in this street stood flush with the roadway, and he had passed down it some little way, when at a lower window on the opposite side he saw a woman sitting. She seemed to be occupied with some needlework, and sat close to the window as if to catch the light. As his eyes met hers she smiled and nodded to him. Philemon paused, feeling certain that he knew no one in Moscow. She rose from her seat and stood in the full light of the window, still smiling and nodding. She appeared to have a handsome face, with heavy masses of hair falling loosely upon her shoulders. He crossed the road, and as he did so the figure left the window ; as the kerb was reached the door of the house opened, and she stood with fluttering ribbons, a bright patch of colour against the dusk of the passage. Philemon entered, and the door closed behind him.

About midnight, a week later, Philemon landed at the wharf at

Shoomrinsk, and, putting aside the offers of a couple of drosky drivers, set out to walk the thirty versts back to Oost Linka. As he passed through the town he wore his cap pulled over his brow, as if to hide some disfigurement of which he was ashamed, though the streets were silent and deserted, and there was not a soul to see him. The soft spring night was full of scent, and in the twilight sky a thin bright moon gleamed, just topping the line of weeping birches that fringed the roadway for some twenty versts beyond the town. By the time Philemon had passed the last of these, and had mounted the crest of some undulating ground, the sun rose. He left the roadway and sat down to rest among some high thick grass. The red sun-rays flushed his face, and when he removed his cap, they gave an angrier look to a half-closed scar which slanted across his brow. By degrees he drooped into a reclining position, then turning upon his chest, he buried his face in his cap, and, as he had not slept for more than seventy hours, was soon asleep.

The jangling bells of a rapidly driven *troika*, going towards Shoomrinsk, roused him from his sleep. It had been his first sleep since leaving Moscow, and thus it was his first experience of waking from happy unconsciousness to meet his present misery. He glanced at the sun, and knew it must be about eight o'clock, and that therefore he had slept for nearly six hours. Replacing his cap, and pulling it down over his brow, he uttered a low moan. Away towards Oost Linka he could discern a long string of carts moving on the white roadway; having watched them for a while, he saw that they were going in the direction of the village, so that about an hour ago they must have passed the spot where he lay. Perhaps there were some amongst the drivers who knew him. He wondered whether they had noticed him or not. If they had, and he had been lying with his face exposed, word of his return and of his red brow would now soon be in Oost Linka. Well, after all, what did it matter? It was only a small thing compared with the greater, and could barely add a pang to his present self-abasement. During his homeward journey, he had tried to keep from thinking; though he rather encouraged than otherwise the dumb reproach which held him. And oh, how he hated himself! He magnified his humiliation until he felt it to be such that when on the boat he heard talk of cholera rapidly advancing up the Volga, he had wished that he might be one of its first victims, so that he could have done with it all.

Now he was once more among the familiar fields—with the

sunlight all around, and the fringe of pines on the hill which he knew from every point on his constant journeys to Shoomrinsk. They were still the same, but he was different. In his self-abasement he seemed a stain upon the sunlight, and to taint the very breeze as it passed over him. Oh, to have cared for such a creature even for a day !—for he had cared for her. But hers had been the first woman's arms to caress him, and her words had been so soft ! Then the last screaming fury of her face again rose before him. He drew his knees up to his chin and looked around with a drawn, weary face. Oh, that he could be again as he had been that last morning at church ! The longing brought a choking into his throat, and he turned over and pressed his face into the grass.

It was almost noon when he drew near Oost Linka. He took a by-path which brought him in behind the church, and so to his door, without the necessity of passing up the main street. Sasha was out, but the door stood open and he passed into his work-room. He looked around, expecting to see it altered in some way, and almost felt surprised that it was just as he had left it. And the quiet sameness of the room reproached him. It had been content to go on in its unchanged existence ; and during those hideous three days the sun had shone into it, and it had drowsed off into the dusk of evening, and waked again in the morning to a new day ; while he——

After a while Sasha came in, and welcomed him with loud-voiced exclamations. As she spread his meal, she told him how, on the morning he left, Lydia Ivanovna had called to ask him up to the Big House to watch the theatricals, and on hearing that he had left for Moscow she had been surprised and glad, and had hoped he would enjoy the visit, but said she was sure he would do so. She had come into his work-room, and Sasha had shown her some icons that were ready to be taken to Shoomrinsk ; but she did not appear to be so interested in them, Sasha thought, as she had been in the room itself, for she had stood looking around it for quite three or four minutes. Philemon listened in silence to all the old woman had to say, then, when she was gone, he took the icons from the bench and thrust them into a drawer.

A month passed ; during which Philemon did not touch a brush. He merely existed, eating little and rarely leaving his room, but passing day after day sitting by the stove or stretched upon his bed.

Then Sasha reported that she needed tea and flour, and that

they had no meat in the house. So Philemon took from the drawer the icons which had been shown to Lydia Ivanovna and despatched them to Shoomrinsk.

Another fortnight passed in the same way ; when one morning, as he passed through the outer room, he noticed Sasha silently crying by the table. What was the matter ? he asked, stopping in front of her. Without looking up, the old woman began to sob aloud. "The matter ! O Philemon Nakcetitch !" she jerked out in broken sobs—"O Philemon Nakeetitch, may God be merciful to us ! There is no bite of food in this house ; and you that used to work even in the holidays have not lifted a brush since you came back from Moscow ! O Philemon Nakeetitch, what has come over you ?" And Sasha broke into a wail after the manner of her kind when in trouble.

Philemon went into his room and drew out the drawer where his money was kept. A rouble and fifty kopecks were all that remained. With this he returned to the outer room.

"Sasha," he said, "I shall never paint again. I shall never paint another icon. After a while I will get work in the fields. So—perhaps—" he hesitated a moment, for the old woman had been his sole companion for many years—"perhaps you will be better elsewhere than with me. See, this is all that remains ; but the fifty kopecks are enough for me." He placed the rouble beside her on the table. "You can take Lofka, for I shall be going no more to Shoomrinsk. Sell her for what you can ; she is a good mare, and should bring eighteen or twenty roubles in the town. With care that should keep you for a year, and then—well, a year is a long time."

But Sasha had stopped her weeping.

"That will I not do, Philemon Nakeetitch," she replied, with wrinkled, stern-set chin. "I have looked after you for fifteen years, and you have been a kind master to me, and now—before God I will not leave you, Philemon Nakeetitch. I am an old woman and eat but little, and the bit of black bread and tea that I require, with a taste of *stchee*¹ on odd days, Uliana will find for me ; there is enough comes from the priest's table to do that and he never miss it, and so long as my eyes can see and my bones bear me I will stay with you."

Making no reply, Philemon went back to his room and closed the door behind him. An hour later he was sitting at his bench with a panel propped in the old painting position before him.

¹ Cabbage soup.

But when the dusk came the panel was still untouched. During the afternoon he had heard Sasha come into the room, but, on seeing him at his bench, she had softly closed the door and gone away again without a word ; and now the thought of her disappointment when she should find that no work had been done, added to the weariness with which he looked at the vacant block. But he shrank from his work and dare not paint. The work which his hand had done before in such a monotonous, mechanical way, that which had been to him a simple effort of patience, a mere drudgery of numbers, had now become a sacred thing that only the pure might do. And between him and the Head of Heads that his imagination strove to see came that woman's face. When he took the chalk in his hand, and tried to force himself to work, that face watched him, and that voice stayed his hand. When he closed his eyes, that face of fury, as she staggered towards him that last afternoon, was still above him. And in that presence, how dared he attempt to paint the faces of saints ?

Philemon had ceased to make any moan over what had happened. He had brought himself, humbly and with a dull shame, to accept his life as he had made it. But now a spirit of resistance came over him. Why would this devil's face not leave him ? Had it been tangible, he could have seized its round throat, and have flung it from the room. For six long weeks it had never left him, and its subtle haunting now roused him to rebellion.

Dusk shrouded the room. He rose and hurriedly lit the lamp ; returning to his stool, he took up a pencil. His mouth was shut, and the quivering muscles of his cheeks held his teeth strained together. With steady hand he began to draw. Towards midnight he rested from his work and stretched himself upon the bed. The first glint of sunshine coming through the window next morning found him at work. All day he painted eagerly and without a break, save when, his brow grown damp with the fervour of his work, he paused to throw back his hair or draw his open hand across his forehead. Late in the afternoon he threw down his brushes, crossed the room, and with his back to his bench stood looking down into the empty stove. Then he turned, and across the breadth of the room viewed his work. His face shone with a sense of triumph and power ; and he knew that never had he painted as he had painted that day. The head upon the panel seemed to live and strain from its setting. It was the face of the harlot !

Two days passed ; during which the sense of power that had come with the binding down of the face to the wooden block served Philemon well. The haunting thing that had followed wherever he

moved was no longer there. It was his prisoner now! He could move it about as he wished and place it where he pleased. He could cover it up or hide it away in a drawer. He could strike it with his hand, or leave it helpless upon the bench.

On the afternoon of the third day, Lydia Ivanovna and her father drove into the square and stopped at his door. As they entered his room Ivan Ivanitch paused and uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Good God! Nakeetitch, what a terrible face!" he cried, pointing to the panel. "Is it your work?"

"Yes," answered Philemon, trembling.

"How ever came you to do it? I would not have such a thing in my room for worlds; or, on second thoughts, yes indeed I would. My God! it's a wonder! I must buy it."

"It is not for sale," said Philemon, with downcast eyes.

"Oh, nonsense!" Ivan Ivanitch impatiently retorted. "You do not paint a thing like that for the mere pleasure of keeping it. Of course you will sell it."

"You may have it if you wish, but I cannot take money for it," Philemon answered in a low voice—

"No, no. To give it is too much! Name your price, man?"

"It has no price."

"Well, if you persist, then, I will accept it as a gift. Whatever do you call it?"

Philemon was about to answer that it had no name, but he suddenly changed his mind. "You may call it 'Eugene,'" he said, scarcely above his breath.

Ivan Ivanitch looked sharply at him for a moment. "Well," he said, "if that has been painted just from your imagination, you are a wonder! I will send it to Moscow. A thing like that will become famous."

Lydia Ivanovna stood silently by her father's side. After her first look at the face, she had kept her eyes on the ground, only raising them once or twice to glance momentarily at the panel as if fascinated by it. Her father now held it in his hands. "What do you think of it, Leeda?" he said, turning it towards her.

"It is wonderful! But I—I don't like it," she replied. Then, turning to Philemon, she continued: "How you, who have painted the heads of saints—and—of Jesus"—here she paused to cross herself—"could have imagined a thing so terrible, I do not know." She went over to him and placed her hand upon his arm. "Don't paint anything like that again," she said softly. "And my father came to-day to ask you to paint an icon for his club in Moscow."

"Yes, yes, that is so," put in Ivan Ivanitch. "I have promised to present an icon to my club ; and I thought I would let you paint it. You must do something good, Nakeetitch."

"I am sorry, but I cannot do it for you," replied Philemon in a low, trembling voice. "I shall do no more painting."

"What ! You mean you are going to give up icon painting ?" exclaimed Ivan Ivanitch.

"That"—Philemon pointed for a moment to the panel—"is the last thing I shall paint."

"Why, Nakeetitch, you are a fool !" Ivan Ivanitch retorted angrily. "You have just painted a thing which might be worth a fortune to you ; and you will not sell it, you give it to me ! Then when I order you to paint an icon, an icon which will be taken to Moscow, you say you are going to give up painting ! Why, man, you are a fool ! What are you going to do, then ? Are you going to starve ?"

"I will get work in the fields," answered Philemon.

"'Work in the fields !'" mimicked Ivan Ivanitch. "Will you or will you not paint this icon for me ?"

"I cannot," answered Philemon distressfully.

"Then come along, Leeda. It is no use wasting time over a fool." And Ivan Ivanitch marched from the room ; and Lydia Ivanovna, to whom the whole short scene had been a bewildering surprise, sorrowfully followed him.

IV.

Early upon the following morning Philemon set out to get work in the fields. As the hay harvest was in full swing, he knew he would have no difficulty in getting engaged ; but he shrank from the surprise and talk that would be caused by his offering his services in Oost Linka. It would be easier, he thought, to make his first attempt further away. So he walked to a village some six versts distant, where, as he had surmised, he was at once engaged.

For the first few hours of the morning the delicious sweetness of the grass as it fell in curved ridges at the sweep of his scythe made him forget the hardness of the labour. But by noon his back and head ached ; he trembled in every limb, and felt sick and giddy from the heat of the sun. However, he diligently kept his scythe swinging all through the blazing afternoon, until, towards evening, to the pain of his aching body was added the torment of clouds of

mosquitoes, which rapidly became a torture to his unaccustomed skin. At length, in despair, he laid down his scythe, utterly exhausted and distressed; though his companions, he knew, would go on working with ease for a couple of hours or more. He wished to make no excuses to the grinning faces around him. He simply stated the fact, that this was his first day of work of this kind, and his muscles were not so hard as theirs. He would rest for the night, and would make a better start next morning. So bidding them all good-night, he left the field.

As he drew near to Oost Linka and came down the path behind the church, the fluttering of something white on his verandah made him pause to steady his gaze, and he saw that Lydia Ivanovna sat there talking to some one—probably Sasha—within the doorway. He felt she had come about the icon. In his present aching weariness his first impulse was to wait where he was until she had gone; but the thought of how ungracious it would be to keep her waiting—she, who was always, in her dainty friendly way, so gracious to him—made him hurry on.

She held out her hand to him with a smile as he came up the stair, but the smile quickly faded as she rose from her seat.

"I have come to say," she said, "that my father has decided to leave for Moscow next week. He is much concerned about the cholera being so near to us; and he is still very angry at your refusal to do this icon for him. It was, indeed, only after much pleading that he allowed me to come to-night to ask you again about it. I said I was sure that you would not refuse me. You will paint this icon for him? Will you not, Philemon?"

"I said last night—that—I—could not," he answered in a halting way.

"Yes, yes, I know; but you will do this one, even if it is to be your last?" she urged.

"There are hundreds of others who can paint it far better than I could ever hope to do."

"That is just what my father says. But I—I want you to paint it, Philemon," she said, looking pleadingly into his face. "Philemon!"

He stood nervously twisting his hands upon the wooden hand-rail. Her wish seemed almost to make it possible. When she came to him, pleading in her sweet voice, how could he refuse? It seemed that there could be no wrong in doing what she—with her pure heart—wished him to do.

Again her voice came: "Philemon, you will paint this icon?"

He turned to her slowly. "Yes, tell Ivan Ivanitch that I will paint it."

Philemon did not go to the hayfields next day. He had given his word that he would, if possible, have the icon ready for Ivan Ivanitch to take with him to Moscow. He rose next morning as the twilight night began to brighten into dawn, and, with a sense almost of elation, he selected the largest of his panels. Lydia Ivanovna's wish and pleading had strangely coincided with an irresistible desire, which had grown within him during the last day, to test the power that he now felt he possessed, the power to paint the Divine Face as he knew it in his dreams and longings—something far different from that which he had spent his life in multiplying in ceaseless routine upon endless panels, a shining Face of Mercy, of understanding sympathy, and pity.

He felt full of a strange new strength. He was no longer an icon painter; the narrow limits of his craft held him no more. And with the painting of the woman's face—with the knowledge of what had given that face its coarse brutality—had come the greater knowledge of how a human face might be given a perfectness that man, with his feeble imaginings, would call divine. The power of inspiration was upon him.

He worked until the dusk of the summer evening, then rested for the two hours of twilight which made the night, and towards the evening of the second day his work, save for a few last touches, was completed.

During the day there had been consternation in the village. Cholera had shown itself, and in two houses in the street had done its work with hideous rapidity. The villagers came home early from the fields, and stood about in groups, with white bewildered faces. Later came a clattering of many hoofs, and the dust and noise of wheels, and the rapid beat of *troika* bells. It was Ivan Ivanitch and his household starting out for Moscow. The leading *pavoska* stopped at the corner of the square, and Philemon saw that it contained Lydia Ivanovna and her father. The latter alighted and came bustling into the room with red perspiring face.

"See, Nakeetitch," he cried, "we go at once to Shoomrinsk, and will take to-morrow's boat for Moscow. I suppose you have hardly got——" Ivan Ivanitch stopped suddenly as he saw the icon resting against a wooden block on the bench. He went over to it, and, after a first glance, put his heels together in military fashion, and stood before it with bowed head, crossing himself repeatedly. Then he went to the window and flung it open.

"Leeda," he called, "come here."

Philemon saw her throw back the heavy leather apron of the carriage and spring to the ground. She was dressed for the journey in a hood and long fawn-coloured covering cloak of camel's-hair, which, as she hurried into the room, fluttered open and showed her white dress beneath.

"Look!" said Ivan Ivanitch.

She approached the icon; and then, with the same instinct that had moved her father, knelt with bowed head, and made the sign of the cross. For a moment no one spoke. Then Philemon broke the silence, saying that the icon was not yet finished.

"Then you must yourself bring it to Moscow?" Ivan Ivanitch said decisively.

"I cannot do that," replied Philemon gently; "another hour's work will finish it, and I will bring it to Shoomrinsk in the morning in time for you to take it with you."

"But you must come on with us to Moscow," Ivan Ivanitch persisted. "This will make your name there! Besides, in another week Oost Linka will be rotten with cholera!"

"No, I cannot come to Moscow; but you shall have it in time for the boat to-morrow," said Philemon again.

"As you please, then, as you please." But there was more of disappointment than of anger in Ivan Ivanitch's voice.

Lydia Ivanovna's words were few. "Philemon," she said, "I think it is almost more beautiful than anything I have ever seen."

He watched them drive away; then the repression of weeks gave way. He flung his arms aloft, and fell on his knees by his toil-worn stool, crying in a voice, through the sadness of which rang a note of triumph: "Let the past be past. Through the face of the harlot have I come to paint the Face of God."

After a while tears fell from beneath his closed lids, and broke in glistening streaks upon his scanty beard. He knelt until the dusk began to creep into the room. Then he arose and bathed his face and hands, and dressed himself in his best clothes, in readiness to finish his work when the short twilight had passed. There were only a few touches needed to complete it; and while the sun was cool next morning the panel was ready packed for the journey in a light wooden crate. But the paint was still wet, and the dust and heat of the road would be great. Philemon hesitated a moment, then he took his treasured rug from off the bed, and, folding it lengthways, wrapped it round and round the crate. As he did so, the orange and blue of the stripes seemed to waver

before his eyes and to run together and become blurred. With the crate upon his knees he sat down, wet with a sudden drenching perspiration. Sasha brought him a glass of tea, and he quickly recovered himself. As he drove out of the yard, the old woman stood on the steps nodding to him. She called something after him, but he did not catch her words.

On passing the *Starosta's* house lower down the street, the door opened and the *Starosta's* wife came rushing out, wailing and wringing her hands. She flung herself on the roadway, causing Philemon to pull up sharply to avoid passing over her.

He guessed the meaning of it.

The day was evidently going to be very hot. The birds, after their morning twitter, had gone to rest again. The white dusty road could be seen for miles away. Philemon felt he could drive only slowly this morning ; and it took him nearly two hours to reach the point where the weeping birches began. Presently he gave a sudden sharp scream—suppressed almost before it was uttered. He dropped the reins, and the next moment lay quivering and fighting in the bottom of the *platyonka*. The pony, feeling itself free, stopped and then edged away into the shade of the trees and began nibbling the thin dry grass. After a while Philemon looked up and slowly raised himself to the seat. With a hand on either side of the *platyonka* he held himself in a sitting position, with feet stretched out, and his head sunk between his shoulders. The pressure of the crate at his side reminded him that it had to be in Shoomrinsk before the boat left. If only some one would come along the road, perhaps they would take it for him ; but he could not think very clearly. His lips were beginning to crack with thirst. Then his knees were convulsively drawn upwards, and his head fell back.

The road lay deserted all through the torrid day. Towards evening came the beat of slow marching feet, and against the setting sun, over a rise in the road, came a squad of soldiers going towards Shoomrinsk. They were returning from an outlying village, where the peasants, unable to get medical help for their stricken village, had been roused from their patient sheeplike suffering, and in panic, believing that the doctors themselves had brought this scourge and were now leaving them in sport to their fate, had turned riotous ; and the soldiers had been despatched to shoot them into obedience.

"Halt !" cried the sergeant in command, when his men had approached to within a dozen yards of the *platyonka*. "Here's another of them, sure enough !"

The pony looked up for a moment, then went on again quietly feeding. Over the back of the *platyonka* hung a livid face, with unwinking eyes fixed upon the setting sun. As the pony moved in its grazing, the head swung helplessly from side to side ; and already two great black flies had settled upon it.

The sergeant ordered two of his men to fall out, instructing them to take charge of the thing, and convey it to the cemetery shed at Shoomrinsk.

Allowing the rest of the squad to pass out of sight, the two men followed with the *platyonka*, one at each side of the pony's head.

"I say, Cola," said one of the men, after looking over his shoulder, "he is holding something in his arms !"

"He may hold what he likes for me," returned the other. "I only wish Gavreelitch had been burning before he set me this job to do." And, with a growl, he unslung from his belt a small coil of rope, and put one end of it through the snaffle-rings of the bridle ; thus, by bringing the two ends together again, he and his companion could march on in front with another thirty feet or so placed between them and the helpless thing behind.

As they came in sight of Shoomrinsk a deep rut in the road gave an extra jolt to the wheels. The first speaker again looked over his shoulder.

"Why, Cola, it is an icon he is holding !"

So it was. Philemon must have torn the crate open, for he had died with the image of God convulsively clasped to his breast.

THE BRIDGE.

A BRIDGE is one of those few common things which man does not always use in an unheeding way merely because they are things of plain and everyday utility. Most of us, passing over a bridge, feel an unaccountable desire to slacken our haste, yea, to linger, even on London Bridge. On such a site Macaulay makes his anticipated antipodean soliloquise—when a broken Nelson's Column would have been more convenient, or the ruins of the British Museum more central.

In the country there are few more delightful spots to rest or idle at than some unfrequented bridge. In the South Down country, where so much still lingers which elsewhere has passed away for ever, where toil the great black oxen, where flails still sound on threshing-floors, and where men are called by names which "Domesday Book" records, there are many ancient bridges, some crossing crooked streams, some bridging brooks that have not time to become rivers before they mingle with the salt waters of the Arun, the Adur, or the Ouse. Few of these bridges are beautiful as architectural works, though most are set in pleasant places, and overshadow no unlovely streams. One I wot of spans a river flowing through a valley where, long time ago, a mightier water carved its channel through the chalk hills to the sea. Near by on the summit of the Downs a windmill whirls its by no means silent sails; on the water a solitary boat lies moored; while across the river comes the pleasant music of the sheep-bells, wafted by a thyme-scented south-west wind, a wind as soft and sensuous as that which Solomon evoked when he sang, "Come, O thou south wind, and blow thou west, and breathe upon my garden, that the scent thereof may outflow."

But it is more than its fair surroundings, more than its own outlines, which make the beauty of a bridge. It has a beauty which is independent of these, a mysterious charm which it shares with a few primitive things made to minister to man's primordial wants. A plough, a boat, a windmill, a bridge, each was fashioned by man's

brain and hand in some prehistoric time, and with these he made the earth, the air, the water subservient to his wants. It can scarcely have escaped the notice of such as have the seeing eye that the rudest plough or boat, windmill or bridge has a certain strong, not quite accountable, element of beauty in it. The plough and the boat, whose origins are lost in the mists of antiquity, are not only full of the lines of beauty in their structure, but they also throw the very elements in which they move into lines of beauty. Those of the way of a boat through the water, the undulating lines of its swell, are well known as beautiful movement. The plough, though nowadays it moves straightly to its furrow-end, is even yet not destitute of beauty of motion ; while in ancient agriculture the furrows of its selions swept onward from a furrow-foot as slightly curved as the entasis of an antique column to a furrow-head which diverged more decisively towards the other side, forming furrows like the long "s's" of our grandparents' caligraphy. The windmill, though its origin is not so remote as that of the plough, is yet of great antiquity, in the east if not in the west, and at least ministers, as a supplement to the plough, to a primitive want of mankind. The beauty of a windmill is composite, and lies partly in its circumstances ; in the ever-varying changes of light and shade about it, as it stands a dark mass silhouetted against the evening sky, or gleams white upon the background of some dark bank of cloud, a beauty in the subtle curves and planes of the surfaces of its sails. Hence windmills have always formed favourite subjects for the painter's art, who have, however, indulged themselves very often in an exaggeration of eccentricity, in the outlines of the sails in particular, so that we are sometimes confronted in a picture with a representation of something as much like some gigantic and Titanic arachnid as a mill.

The beauty of a bridge, too, is very much concerned with its circumstances, and, except in towns and cities, is far from being built into its architecture. In the country, nature plays a predominant part ; and a bridge, for instance, encompassed with trees and encased in ivy, is proof against merely architectural criticism. But there is, as it were, a generic beauty about bridges, as with other primitive achievements of man over nature and circumstance ; for as the plough and the mill minister to him by enabling him to draw sustenance from the earth, so the boat and the bridge subserve his need of transit at his will from one place to another over the opposing and dividing element of water.

When the first bridge was built is a question too obviously

unanswerable to be asked. Without doubt, nature was its architect ; its material some tree fallen felicitously bridging some brook. In tropical countries the strands of luxuriant creepers, flung by the force of forest growth from tree to tree across some stream, may have suggested the principle of the suspension bridge, which, indeed, in a rude form has existed in the East from very early times. In China, in the province of Yunnan, is one to which the date of 65 A.D. is assigned. A fabulous age is attached by the natives to one in Thibet. These suspension bridges were made of ropes or chains supporting bamboo or other wooden beams as roadway.

From the same mysterious East mediæval missionaries brought back stories of great bridges ; of one in China, extending from one mountain to another, with a span of more than seven hundred feet, and of an equal height. Whatever the nature of those built by primitive man, bridges soon came to be regarded as of such great importance that, when we come to historic times, we find them invested with a semi-sacred character ; as a result of which, to priests were committed their construction and control, religious emblems embellished them, and chapels were incorporated in their very structure. It is needless to remark upon the part which bridges have played in the progress of mankind, upon their value as means of intercommunication, of commerce, and all that makes for prosperity and peace. History has many instances of the important *rôle* they have taken in many a fierce battle in ancient and modern war. Historic or not, the tale of how Horatius kept the bridge will be told from generation to generation ; and the story of the bloody bridge of Arcole, and of Lodi, will be ever memorable in the records of Napoleon's extraordinary career. Little less known, and hardly less sanguinary a scene of combat, is that spot in the sublime surroundings of the St. Gothard Pass where the Devil's Bridge spans the river Reuss. Twice within one month did a fierce encounter take place here between the Austrians under Suwarrow and the French, in one of which an arch of the causeway to the bridge was blown up, with scores of combatants upon it. As we have noted before that many bridges owe their origin to ecclesiastical architects, it is not surprising to find that this celebrated Devil's Bridge affords another instance of this ; the lower arch, now superseded, being the original structure, built by Abbot Gerard, of Einsiedeln, in 1118.

Remote as is the origin of bridges in the East, there are no records or remains by which we can assign to those of Europe a corresponding antiquity. In Greece they were rare, and such

ancient ones as remain must in all probability be credited to the Romans. Unable, it is believed, to turn an arch, the Greek bridge-builders adopted the contrivance of overlapping stones.

But the Romans were the great builders of the bridges of antiquity, and there is scarcely a European country which has not some substantial remains of their skill in such edification. Cæsar makes mention of many bridges in his Commentaries, dwelling with pardonable pride upon the details of the great wooden bridge which in ten days he threw across the broad and rapid Rhine. Nor were the "barbarians" altogether ignorant of bridge-building; for, from the same source, we learn that when Cæsar, in his campaign against the Belgæ, arrived at the Axona, he found it already spanned by a bridge. Rome itself boasted many bridges, and their construction and control were committed to the priests, hence called "pontifices." The Pons Sublicius, the oldest of the bridges in the Eternal City, was originally built of wood, but reconstructed with stone by Æmilius Lepidus. Trajan was a great bridge-builder, and even spanned the difficult Danube with one more than three-quarters of a mile long, its wooden roadway, sixty feet broad, borne upon twenty piers of stone. Not unmindful of his gods, one at least of his bridges, that of Alcantara, had a *sacellum* or chapel upon it.

During their long occupation of Britain the Romans built many bridges here, and not a few of those now in use contain Roman work in some part or other of their structure. Such was found to be the case in an old bridge across the Adur, at Bramber, in Sussex, a bridge called "vetus pons" as far back as the eleventh century. Here the red mortar (made so with pounded tiles) and the lower courses laid in bituminous cement indicated with certainty the Roman origin of this bridge.

In the old Ord Bridge at Lancaster, and in one across the Teign in Devonshire (discovered in 1814), the same appearances have been observed. The fine highways, which made communication easy for their legions between the various *castra* which secured the Roman hold over this country, must have crossed many rivers; and though some of them were passed by paved fords—as in the little tidal Ritch, at Glynde, in Sussex, and elsewhere—yet most must have been borne on bridges.

According to Dr. Stukeley, no fewer than four Roman *viæ* passed in various directions through Lewes, all converging to cross the Ouse by the bridge between that ancient town and the little village of Cliffe.

In those and succeeding times the fewer the bridges the greater their relative importance to the community; and to build or even

repair one was a meritorious act. Such voluntary acts were supplemented, under the Saxon regime, by the liability imposed upon landowners of contributing to the construction and maintenance of bridges. Numberless Saxon charters and wills afford instances of lands granted or demised with the phrase, "free from all regal tribute or service save the building of bridges, the construction of castles, and the going forth with the host." From this "*trinoda necessitas*" not even ecclesiastics or religious corporations were exempt unless by special charter. Battle Abbey, privileged as it was above its fellows, was freed by Henry I. from contributing to the construction of London Bridge; while Croyland Abbey was granted exemption by the same monarch from bridge-work in general.

Supplementary to this private and legal concern for bridges, an order of Hospitallers was formed in the twelfth century to assist travellers by building bridges and receiving strangers in houses built on the banks of rivers. Not only were bridges objects of all this care on the part of those in active life; equal solicitude was often shown by those about to quit for ever all mundane matters, and cross with Charon a more winding water than any sublunary stream. Thus in 1434, Joane, Lady Burgavenny, left by will a considerable sum of money for the repairs of "foul wayes and fabul brugges"—which was her scribe's way of writing "foul ways and feeble bridges." Others were not content with post-mortem benevolences, but in the time of their mortal life benefited the community by building bridges. The famous "Auld Brig o' Doun," said to have been built at great cost by two maiden ladies in the thirteenth century, is one instance of this. Another is afforded by the building of a bridge across the Rother by Robert de St. Martin in the twelfth century, thereby giving a new name to the hamlet, and to the well-known Abbey of Robertsbridge which he afterwards erected there. To the monks, the artists, the architects, the farmers of those times is due, no doubt, the building of many bridges. One of these was the remarkable one-arched bridge which spanned the mountain torrent of Mynach, rushing down a deep ravine in Cardiganshire, which was built by the Cistercians of the neighbouring monastery of Hafod at the end of the twelfth century, and which continued in use until 1750. More than two hundred years earlier, others of the religious had erected that celebrated structure, the triangular bridge at Croyland. It is first referred to, *eo nomine*, in a charter of King Edred, in the year 948, wherein he begins the description of the boundaries of the "island" of Croyland, "a ponte de Croyland triangulo."

The foundation charter of this ancient abbey, granted by Ethelbald in the year 716, mentions also as a boundary mark "the bridge of Croyland," but whether the same as the triangular one is uncertain—and improbable. However this may be, this triangular bridge of Croyland is worthy of some notice. It consists of three arches rising equidistantly from each other within the circumference of a circle, their bases popularly, but erroneously, supposed to be each in a different county. These arches meet in the middle, and beneath them is the confluence of the rivers Welland and Nen, twelve feet, at low water, below the apex of the junction of the arches. On the south-west side is a stone image, variously conjectured to represent Ethelbald, St. Guthlac, Henry II., with the addition, by the common folk, of Oliver Cromwell. The ascent to this bridge is so steep and stepped that it is impassable by carts or carriages. It would almost appear as though transit was quite a secondary purpose with the builders, and that it is in part a symbolic structure, an emblem of the Trinity, the Three in One.

Somewhat similar in plan to this bridge is the "pont sans pareil," built about 1752 on the road between St. Omer and Calais, over the meeting of four canals. It is in the form of a large dome pierced by four circular arches, and supported by four large abutments.

Unlike the bridges of the Romans, carried on round arches, those of mediæval times were very commonly borne on pointed arches. Sometimes round, pointed, and segmental forms may be seen in the arcade of one and the same bridge, such as that at Heyford, in Oxfordshire. Possibly these differing arches in the same bridge may indicate separate periods of construction, rebuilding, or repair. The bridge of Narni was singularly unsymmetrical, every arch being unequal. On another, at Ambrois, the roadway was not level, but undulated over every arch and interval. As arches differed, so did parapets. On small bridges over narrow streams, the parapet of ancient bridges generally slopes upward to the apex of an obtuse angle in the centre; on modern bridges the parapet is usually a segment of a circle. Bridges of Renaissance date or the later Georgian period often have parapets of open balustrading, the part above the piers alone being solid masonry. St. Mary's Bridge in Derby is a good specimen of this. The piers of most of the bridges in those times, as well as in after ages, were usually V-shaped up to a short distance above flood-water height, with the obvious object of dividing and diminishing the force of the downflowing water, the V-shape being repeated on the lee side of the piers for the sake of symmetry. This form and part of the pier was often carried up to

the parapet, an arrangement not only pleasing to the eye, but also one of some material benefit to those passing over these bridges, narrow as they generally were. For these angular projections from the roadway formed "wyde places for the retyre of passengers" in case of press or obstruction. The river Arun, at Stopham, in Sussex, is crossed by a bridge of this description, a very picturesque structure of seven unequal arches, of the age of Edward II., having been built in 1309 to supplement or supersede a pre-existing ferry or ford, or, what is probable, a combination of the two. The probability of this being the case is suggested by the fact that the bridge was built close to a spot called Estover Ferry, which belonged to a certain man named John atte Ford. Indeed, this is nothing remarkable, such being a not unusual combination of circumstances. In the nature of things, a ford would be the first and simplest means of crossing a river, a ferry being a subsequent improvement, or a necessity where a stream was too deep or its current too rapid to be fordable with safety, or at all. How often—and how late in history—bridges superseded fords may be judged from the frequent occurrence of the suffix "ford" in the names of riverside towns and villages, where the bridges are solid facts, while the fords have faded even from memory, although once of sufficient importance to give, or participate in giving, name to the places. In some cases, as at Heyford, in Oxfordshire, we can date with some probability the period of supersession of the ford by the bridge, for in certain mediæval documents of that place we find it called "Heyford-ad-pontem" abruptly after the year 1275, all previous mentions being "Heyford" merely.

During all the successive periods of bridge-building the semi-sacred nature of these structures was maintained as in the days of the Roman "pontifices." On almost every ancient bridge of any importance there was a chapel, while those quite rural and remote bore a crucifix or cross, or the figure of some saint or revered personage, on some part or other of their structure. Castleton Bow Bridge over the Esk, in Yorkshire (in existence until a few years ago), had a niche for some sacred image above the centre of its round arch, under the apex of its obtuse-angled parapet. At Stirling, if we may judge from its thirteenth-century seal, there was a rood erected on its bridge.

So too in the neighbourhood of bridges, fords, and ferries, folk were wont to erect crosses, that those about to pass, or having passed, the flood might put up prayer against the perils of the passage, or proffer praises for a safe crossing. "Quersoever a cross standeth

there is remission of payne." Over a little brook that runs into the Sussex Ritch near Firle, once a much larger stream (on the principle I explained in the January number of "*Longmans' Magazine*"), there is a bridge where aforetime was a ford, and the base of a cross that once stood thereby now lies in the garden of a cottage hard by. King Edred's charter to Croyland Abbey (dated 948) affords another instance of a cross near a river, bridge, or ford, wherein, describing certain boundaries, we find the words, "where the Asendyke falls into the water of Welland on the north side of the stone cross erected there by Turketel," the abbot.

In place of crosses, more secular symbols were sometimes affixed to bridges, as in Danby Dale, where the coat of arms of the Nevilles of Raby decorates two bridges crossing the Esk. Sometimes the horns of cattle were affixed to bridges; at Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, this, I believe, may be seen to-day; elsewhere this practice is a mere memory, or remains only in a name. This is the case at Bevan Bridge in Sussex, over a small stream passing into the Ouse, whose name is but a corruption of the word "Beeve-horn," as I have seen it spelt in a charter of William, Earl of Warenne, to the priory of St. Pancras at Southover, in the thirteenth century.

As to chapels on bridges the instances are quite numerous. The long picturesque bridge of Swarkestone, over which runs the road between Derby and Melbourne, once had a chapel on it. In Sussex, on the bridge of Bramber crossing the Arun, stood a chapel dedicated to St. Peter. If a seal may be admitted as evidence, it would appear that at Robertsbridge, in Sussex, a large ecclesiastical building stood upon the bridge there, while through its pointed arches flowed a stream whose waves were mighty and raged horribly. Most probably, however, the old seal merely embodies a play upon the words and upon the concurrence there of an abbey, and a bridge, commemorating the donor. On the bridge of Wakefield is a chapel containing beautiful sculptures of the time of Edward III. At Droitwich there was a chapel on the bridge, and through the midst of it passed the roadway; the reading-desk and pulpit being on one side, the part for the congregation on the other. The first stone London Bridge had both a chapel and a vault on it, and therein was fitly laid to rest the body of its builder, Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch. On it, too, as on most town bridges, secular buildings arose. At either end there was in general a gate, a turret, or guard-house, while along the length of the bridge, houses, shops, and booths were erected. Even on the small bridge of Lewes there were houses and other buildings in the thirteenth century, as the

will of Henry, vicar of the neighbouring Ringmer, testifies ; wherein he mentions "the houses and tenements upon the bridge of Lewes which I hold of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury."¹ From this, too, it is permissible perhaps to assume that one of the archbishops was the builder of this bridge.

As late as the eighteenth century we learn from Gale's "Tour" that "the great stone bridge" of Bristol was "as crowded on both sides with houses as that of London." A similar crowding of buildings on a bridge is instanced by the celebrated Rialto, one of the five hundred bridges of Venice. Built by Michael Angelo, on a depressed bold arch nearly one hundred feet in span, it bore two rows of shops, dividing it into three streets, and, in the palmy days of the city, must have been a place of considerable importance, a scene of life and animation. In the present time of rush and hurry, it is difficult to picture our modern bridges in towns and cities under the very different aspects of their mediæval prototypes and predecessors, when religious services, commercial transactions, greetings and farewells, and all the daily intercourse of man with man took place on such limited areas, amidst the passage of carts and cattle, wayfarers and wains.

But bridges were not always the scenes of peaceful doings such as these ; for as the current running under them would now and again be in the full rush of flood and storm, so the stream of man's life, seldom clear but often turbid, passing over them, would run red with blood, fire, and the sword ; and many a battle has raged fiercely about some hitherto uncelebrated bridge spanning some peaceful stream, such as at the aforesaid Lodi, on the Lombardian plain ; or Cropredy, crossing Cherwell's placid stream. Some long-forgotten combat has left its mementoes at the little bridge of Greatham in Sussex, built by Sir Henry Tregoz in the time of Edward II. For, two hundred years after the event, cannon-balls were found embedded there when a trench for the foundations of a proposed enlargement was being dug—mementoes of the attempt made to destroy it in the Civil War, when Waller was marching to besiege Arundel Castle.

Even when not the site of actual combat, grim scenes, with Death as the chief actor, have taken place on bridges.

It was from the little bridge near Misterton, in Leicestershire, that the burnt bones of Wycliff were thrown into the river Swift, when, as a rhyming chronicler relates,

"Oure clergie set open his grave
And brent al his bonis, such charitie they have."

¹ *Cartæ Antiquæ*. Archiepiscopal Library, Lambeth.

A mediæval historian describes the death by drowning of a woman, accused of witchcraft, at London Bridge in 970, doubtless one mere cipher in the sum of similar judicial murders at that spot. The grim associations of the "Bridge of Sighs" in Venice are only too well known. Ranged in ghastly rows, rebels' heads have hung by scores on the historic Bridge of London, among them the noble head of William Wallace.

An ancient and a chequered record, and one singularly associated with panic, disaster, and death, is that of London Bridge. At very many points it touches the history of the city; at some the annals of the nation. How many bridges there have been at this important crossing of the Thames cannot be stated with certainty. The discovery, at one of its numerous rebuildings, of some piers of masonry laid in a bituminous cement similar to that used by the Romans seems to indicate the probability that the "pontificality"—to use a fifteenth-century word—of that eupractic people was at work there. The first bridge of which there is a definite record is one of the year 978; yet the drowning of the witch before mentioned implies an earlier one. The presence of houses, booths, and other wooden structures on bridges themselves built of that inflammable material suggests the probability of a succession of destructive fires. Indeed, one of the great fires which have at various periods devastated the city of London seems to have originated at the Bridge; a chronicler recording of the year 1135, "This year St. Paul's church of London was burnt by a fire which, starting at London Bridge, extended to the church of St. Clement Danes." Such occurrences no doubt enforced the desirability of building so important an edifice as London Bridge of stone, a task which was undertaken in the beginning of the thirteenth century by Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch. He died in 1205, three years before the completion of his bridge, and was buried in the crypt which occupied one of the piers, under the chapel dedicated to St. Thomas which he had erected thereon. In the short space of three years after its completion, fire again attacked the city and its bridge. For in 1211 there was "a fierce fire in Suthwark, and it burnt the church of St. Mary there, and the bridge with its chapel, and the greatest part of the city."¹ Possibly this is the occasion referred to by another mediæval chronicler, with amplified details, though he places it in the year 1212. He says, "In the summer of this year an extraordinary and sad accident happened in London. For the south part of the city and the church of the blessed Mary, of the canons of Southwark,

¹ *Liber de antiquis legibus.*

suddenly taking fire, a very great number of people crossed the bridge, either to aid in extinguishing the fire or to view the spectacle. All at once, the south wind blowing, the northern part (of the city) was seized, and the people, wishing to recross the bridge, were prevented by the fire. And while they were thus hindered, the other part of the bridge also took fire. Thus, placed between two fires, they crowded upon one another, expecting nothing but death. And then they so recklessly crowded into some boats which were coming to their assistance that the craft were upset and they all perished. Such a great loss of life took place that three thousand people are said to have perished.”¹

This ill-omened bridge consisted of a series of pointed arches, with a drawbridge in the middle to facilitate the passage of masted vessels. At either end was a fortified gateway, occupied by the “custodes” of the bridge or their deputies. These were, by ancient custom, appointed by the citizens; but after the battle of Evesham the King gave the custody of the bridge to the Queen, probably still bearing in mind (as at the battle of Lewes, when so vehemently pursuing the Londoners) the insult offered to his mother when passing in her barge under the bridge several years before. Removing the “custodes” of the citizens, she placed her own officials there, who for nearly six years collected “the profits of rents and lands of the said bridge,” and probably the tolls too, but meanwhile neglected to make the necessary repairs. The damage consequently expected to result having been represented to the queen, she resigned the custody of the bridge to the citizens, who thereupon appointed their two guardians, “sicut solebat.” This was very much to their advantage, as they were now in a position to carry out again the by-law passed in 1250, by which the “custodes” of the bridge should “have, take, or claim nothing from the shipping or traffic of the citizens passing ‘per medium pontis,’ as they did from foreigners, to the extent of twelve pence for each vessel.” Henceforth the city controlled its bridge and successive bridges, taking tolls, receiving rents, making repairs, on occasions even decorating it with tapestries. A graphic description of London Bridge is appended to a map by Norden, published in the seventeenth century: “This famous bridge is adorned with sumptuous buildings, and statelie and beautiful houses on either side, inhabited by wealthy citizens, and furnished with all manner of trades, comparable in its selfe to a little citie, whose buildings are so artificially contrived and so firmly combined as it seemeth more than an ordinary streete, for

¹ “*Chronicon Petroburgense*,” fol. lxxi. v.

it is as one continual vaute or roofe, except certain void places, reserved from buildings, for the retyre of passengers from the danger of carres, carts, and droves of cattle usually passing that way. The vautes, sellers, and places, in the bowells as it were, of the same bridge are many and admirable, which arte cannot discover to the outward view."

Among "all manner of trades" carried on here that of printing may be mentioned, a press being at work thereon as late as 1703.

More than a hundred years after Norden, Pennant describes the street on London Bridge as "noisome, dark, and dangerous." Now the worst we can say of it is that its traffic is sadly trammelled by the transition state in which it now is, but from which we trust it will emerge a structure artistically amplified to meet the needs and augment the appearance of the great city in which it is so important an edifice.

W. HENEAGE LEGGE.

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

EVERY age has had its literary affectations. The romances of chivalry, Mme. de Scudéry's *romans de longue haleine*, the Euphuists, the Précieuses, the metaphysical poets, the Naturalists, have made food for laughter and satire to succeeding generations ; but none of these ever reached the depths of bathos to which the Della Cruscan school of versifiers descended in the eighteenth century. Except to the literary student the very names of these poetasters are now almost unknown ; and yet they exercised an influence upon the imaginative literature of their time, and long afterwards, that not even the genius of Walter Scott could resist.

The cult was initiated among a little English colony in Florence, in 1785, by that gushing matron who having just recently, much to the disgust of Dr. Samuel Johnson and other old friends, exchanged the prosaic name of Thrale for the more euphuistic Piozzi, thought it advisable to retire for a time with her husband to his native land. There, in the city of Dante, the lady and two sentimental gentlemen named Parsons and Greathead founded a mutual admiration society, which they named the Oziosi, the principal object of which was to scribble panegyrics on each other for private circulation. But expanding vanity presently required a wider circle of adulators, and the Oziosi started a magazine, "The Miscellany Arno," a title that was afterwards changed to "The Florence Miscellany."

Just about this time there arrived in the Tuscan city a Mr. James Merry, a man of good family and connections, who had tried both the Bar and the army, and, tiring of both, was now an idler in the gay capitals of Europe. Like Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr Merry had "a very pretty taste for poetry," and soon after he came to Florence joined the logrolling fraternity presided over by Mrs. Piozzi. He was also elected a member of the famous *Accademia della Crusca*, which had been established two centuries previously for the purification of the Italian language, and it was under the pen-name of "Della Crusca" that he contributed to the "Florence

Miscellany." A ghost story in verse, of which one couplet survives in the curiosities of bathos, wherein the apparition

Sadly pressed what seemed his hand
Upon what seemed his head,

raised him to high eminence in the clique. But by-and-by the discovery of his somewhat scandalous *liaison* with the Countess Cowper shocked the susceptibilities of the Oziosi, and brought about his expulsion from their society. After revenging himself by a merciless lampoon upon his whilom associates, Mr. Merry quitted Florence and returned to London, where his fame as a poet had already preceded him.

Ultra-sentimentalism was rampant in the art and literature of Europe at this period, and more especially of England, in the pictures of Angelica Kaufmann and her school, in the plays and novels of Hugh Kelley, Richard Cumberland, Holcroft, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Inchbald, and their following, and some copies of the "Florence Miscellany" having found their way to London, the epidemic broke out badly in the pages of "The World," a journal somewhat on the lines of the present-day society papers, though much stronger in scandal-mongering, that department being in the hands of the notorious libeller, John Williams, better known as "Antony Pasquin," while Mrs. Robinson, the unfortunate "Perdita," under the signature of "Laura Maria," and a Mr. Adney, who signed himself "Mit Yenda," contributed wild erotics in the Oziosi strain.

Immediately after Merry's return to England, in 1787, a poem entitled "The Adieu and Recall of Love," signed "Della Crusca," appeared in "The World," from which I will quote eight lines :

Go, idle boy ! I quit thy pow'r,
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r,
Thy twanging bow, thine arrows keen,
Deceitful beauty's timid mien ;
The feign'd surprise, the roguish leer,
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,
I have now no pangs; no joys for me,
I fare thee well, for I am free.

This lucubration immediately brought forth a gushing response from an unknown lady, who signed herself "Anna Matilda" :

Oh stay, oh stay, thy rash speed check,
Nor yet ascend the flying deck,
Nor Europe's hemisphere forsake,
Nor from the nation's pleasure take

A bliss so exquisite and chaste,
A feast so dear to polish'd taste
As that thy lyre correctly flings,
As that they feel when Della Crusca sings.

The image of a lyre flinging a feast is simply lovely !

In the introduction to his rapturous reply Della Crusca said : " I read the beautiful lines she wrote, and without rising from the table, at which I was sitting, answered them." It was a characteristic of this school that the writers always dashed off their lucubrations under the inspiration of the moment.

Oh, seize again thy golden quill,
And with its point my bosom thrill ;
With magic touch explore my heart,
And bid the tear of passion start.
Thy golden quill Apollo gave—
Drench'd first in bright Arno's wave.
Borne on the vapour of a sigh,
It fell from Cupid's burnish'd wing,
As fearfully he drew the string
Which sent his keenest, surest dart
Thro' a rebellious frozen heart,
That had till then defy'd his pow'r,
And vacant beat thro' each dead hour.

The lady responded in strains yet more rapturous :

O thou
Who from a wilderness of suns
Canst stoop to where the low brook runs,
Thro' space with rapid comet's glow,
Or mark where soft the snowdrop grows.
Oh say, thy being quick declare—
Art thou a son of earth or air,
Celestial bard ?

Again the gentleman :

I know thee well, enchanting maid ;
I've mark'd thee in the silent glade,
I've seen thee on the summit's height,
I've met thee in the storms of night ;
I've view'd thee on the wild beach run
To gaze upon the setting sun.

I will steal a couple more gems before I proceed to the catastrophe :

Yes, I will prove that I deserve my fate,
Was born for anguish and was form'd for hate ;
With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,
That envying fiends shall think it ecstasy.

Canst thou, Matilda, urge my fate,
 And bid me mourn thee?—Yes, and mourn too late.
 O rash, severe decree! my maddening brain
 Cannot the ponderous agony sustain;
 But forth I rush, from vale to mountain run,
 And with my mind's thick gloom obscure the sun!"

Did the heroics of Tom Thumb and Huncamunca and General Bombastes go beyond this? And it was thought to be sublime by our great-grandmothers!

This bedlamite correspondence was carried on for a couple of years, during which the writers not only never met, but were even ignorant of each other's identity. At last, either by accident or appointment, these two veritable platonists came face to face, and the "enchanted maid" turned out to be a comely matron of forty-six summers, who, although erotic in language, was a widow of unblemished reputation. "Anna Matilda" was the well-known dramatist, Mrs. Cowley, the author of "The Belle's Stratagem," played some years ago by Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum, and other comedies, though now forgotten, famous in their day. We may picture Mr. Merry's mortification as he thought of the outrageous flummery that he had addressed to fat, fair, forty—and odd! The absurdity of the situation is unsurpassable.

One more rapture, entitled "The Interview," in which the disillusionised lover writes:

And art thou, then, alas, like me,
 Offspring of frail mortality?
 Must ruthless Time's rude touch efface
 Each lovely feature's varying grace?
 And must tow'ards earth that form incline,
 And e'en those eyes forbear to shine?

The rest is silence.

But in the meanwhile this extraordinary correspondence had excited the emulation of a whole band of poetasters, to whom "Della Crusca" was in modern parlance "the master." Foremost among his devotees was "Laura Maria."¹

¹ The sad story of Mary Robinson, *née* Darby, though it is one of the most noted in the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the eighteenth century, may not be known to some readers. Married when little more than a child to a rascally adventurer, she went on the stage, where, chiefly on account of her beauty, she made some sensation, and attracted the ardent fancy of George of Wales, then a youth. It was probably his first amour. Cruelly abandoned by her royal lover, she some time afterwards contracted a chill, that brought on rheumatic fever, by which she lost the use of her limbs. Mrs. Robinson then took up the pen, wrote several

Lo, Della Crusca !
O thou to whom superior worth's allied,
Thy country's honour and the Muses' pride,

she wrote. And "Della Crusca" piled Pelion upon Ossa in response to her adulation. He

Bid the streamy lightnings fly
In liquid peril from thy eye.

And when those eyes refused to open and gaze upon him he burst forth in this King Cambyzes vein :

Conjure up demons from the main,
Storms upon storms indignant heap,
Bid ocean howl and nature weep,
Till the Creator blush to see
How horrible His world can be :
While I will glory to blaspheme,
And make the joys of hell my theme.

I have no space for any extracts from "Laura Maria," but a few detached lines will give some idea of her style :

Hang o'er his eye the gossamery tear,
And o'er my lids the scalding humour roll.
And gauzy zephyrs fluttering o'er the plain,
On twilight's bosom drop their filmy train,
While air's nocturnal ghost, in paly shroud,
Glances with grizzly glare from cloud to cloud.

These extraordinary productions were scathingly satirised by Gifford in "The Baviad" and "The Mæviad," and in that curious book, "The Pursuits of Literature," but the reading public were rapturous over them. I have before me a volume of "The Poetical Works of the late Mrs. Mary Robinson," and the first fifty-six pages are occupied by extravagant eulogies upon the "genius" of this lady, written by all sorts of people, well known, and even renowned in their day. Among the latter is—Samuel Taylor Coleridge ! In a poem of seventy odd lines, supposed to have been inspired while he was reposing upon Skiddaw, he thus addresses the genius of the mountain :

Nay, but thou dost not know her might,
The pinions of her soul how strong !
But many a stranger in my height
Hath sung to me her magic song,

novels, two or three plays, and three volumes of verse, which first appeared in various publications, signed Laura Maria, Sappho, Julia, Daphne, Echo, Louisa. Her memoirs, written by herself, a very scarce book, are amusing reading.

Sending forth his ecstasy
In the divinest melody,
And hence I know her soul is free,
She is, where'er she wills to be,
Unfetter'd by mortality.

It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that Mrs. Robinson had written a very gushing ode upon Coleridge's "infant son," and another upon the poet himself. Is there any connection between the two poems?

The sickly sentimental heroines of the Minerva Press, who never ate, drank, or slept, and always expressed their feelings by harp (or lute) and song, and squeezed their colourless forms even into the Waverley novels, were all the children of the Della Cruscan school, which flourished in the days when Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were pouring forth poetry that can scarcely be paralleled in the literature of the world, and certainly had more admirers among its contemporaries than those magnificent geniuses could claim. Indeed, it was not until "Jane Eyre" frightened the isle from its proprieties that the wax-doll heroine received her death-blow. But she died hard, and now and again she was revived in the novels of the middle and even later Victorian period, and—she might, under puritan influences, be even again resurrected.

H. BARTON BAKER.

SAVONAROLA.

I.

TO most of us, perhaps, Girolamo Savonarola is less familiar as an historical person than as a character in George Eliot's "Romola." We see him there first from the outside point of view, which has the advantage of showing him in his proper environment in beautiful, stately Florence, with its quick-witted, pleasure-loving inhabitants, intoxicated with the new learning of the Renaissance, and demoralised by its paganism. The Protestant Reformation was still in the future, and of the ancient Catholic faith not much was left beyond the outer garment of superstition in which its true life had been stifled. Even the patriotism of Florence was almost swallowed up by party spirit. And so, among the nobles, artists, poets, and philosophers of the Medicean court, among politicians, each striving secretly if not openly for the aggrandisement of himself or of his party, among simple, credulous peasants and noisy artisans always eager to take a side in a quarrel and caring little which, Savonarola stands forth calm and strong, to do battle single-handed for justice, purity, and love.

It is thus as a stern preacher of righteousness that George Eliot introduces him. But to get into sympathy with him, to recognise our common humanity in him, we must go back to the scanty records of his early life. He was unfortunate in his early biographers, whether they were friends or enemies. His enemies maligned him unscrupulously; his friends were chiefly monks, whose sincere veneration for his memory was strongly tinged with superstition, and in their desire to honour their master they overshot the mark by crediting him too plentifully with miraculous gifts. Hence, while for two centuries after his death his fame was great, in the ruthless materialism of the eighteenth century he was consigned to oblivion. In the nineteenth century the balance of judgment as to the middle ages righted itself, and many biographies appeared to keep his memory alive. The best is considered to be that of Villari,

his countryman. This writer's painstaking researches and his sincere desire to give a true representation of his hero are abundantly evident, and though he has not escaped criticism, we cannot go far wrong in taking him as an authority.

Savonarola's mother was a fine woman whom the son all his life long regarded with affectionate reverence, as his letters testify. Of his father we know little, but his grandfather was a man of note in his day, as court physician to the Duke of Este at Ferrara. The family wished young Girolamo to follow his grandfather's profession, and, as a preliminary to the study of medicine, the old physician instructed his grandson in the philosophy of Aristotle and of Thomas Aquinas. Philosophy fascinated the youth, but he had no leaning to his intended vocation, and, neglecting his medical studies, he spent his time in reading the classics, in music, drawing, and verse-making.

Once, and once only, is he said to have been to court. The duke and his retinue might enjoy luxurious revels and splendid pageants while the dungeons underneath the banqueting hall were filled with hopeless prisoners, but Girolamo was not made that way, and he refused ever to go back. His first glimpses of the world filled him with grief, which he expressed in a poem called "The Ruin of the World."

His youth was sad and lonely, except perhaps for a little while when he seemed to see before him a possibility of happiness. A girl belonging to an exiled Florentine family came to stay in Ferrara, and Savonarola fell in love with her. But when he ventured to propose to her, he received the haughty answer that a Strozzi might not stoop to an alliance with a Savonarola. He was not yet twenty, but he seems never to have dreamt of love again.

Ferrara was absorbed in the extravagant festivities which so excited his indignation, and in his loneliness he turned more and more towards religion, and finally resolved to become a monk. To leave home cost him a hard struggle which lasted a whole year. He dared not tell his mother that he was going, but one day he took his lute and sang to it so sad an air that she exclaimed, "O my son, this is a token of separation." He said nothing, but next day, while the family were out attending the festival of St. George, Girolamo fled to Bologna and entered a Dominican monastery. The first thing he did there was to write an affectionate letter to his father giving his reasons for the step he had taken. He bade his father look for some papers he had left in his window. Here was found a treatise called "Contempt of the World," bewailing the

wickedness of Italy and the inevitable punishment that would overtake her.

In Bologna he stayed seven years, observing diligently the rules of his order and teaching philosophy to the novices. He found some peace in the monastery, but not all the satisfaction he expected, as is shown by his writing another poem entitled "The Ruin of the Church." For the Church was at that time hardly less corrupt than the rest of the world, and the popes were the worst of all.

In 1481 Savonarola first went to St. Mark's, the convent for ever associated with his name. (This was ten years before the date of the opening chapter of "*Romola*.") In all Florence there is no more fascinating spot than this convent, now turned into a show place, it is true, but very little altered since Fra Angelico and Savonarola lived in it. Fra Angelico's faded frescoes still adorn the walls of cell and cloister, and the visitor to Savonarola's cell, with his portrait on the wall and his desk and crucifix standing there, finds it hard to realise that four centuries have passed since he occupied it. The red-roofed buildings with their frescoed cloisters run round three sides of a square, and in the centre is the convent garden.

The beauty of the city and of his convent, then lately rebuilt and decorated, charmed Savonarola at first, but he soon saw much to grieve him in the scepticism, flippancy, and immorality of Florence. The once free republic was then ruled by Lorenzo de' Medici, a clever politician, a patron of art and literature, and himself no mean scholar. But he employed his wit in writing immoral songs, his political astuteness in aggrandising himself and enslaving Florence. He amused the people with pageants and endeavoured to conciliate the nobility now with intellectual treats and now with low revelry. With such an atmosphere, it is small wonder that Savonarola's first sermons in Florence barely gained an audience. The Florentines cared only for style, classical allusions, and intellectual quips. Savonarola cared little for anything in comparison with faith and virtue, and in his sermons quoted no book but the Bible. For the time he gave up preaching and returned to teaching the novices.

Soon after this, still an unknown monk, he was sent to attend a chapter at Reggio. Several distinguished laymen were present, among them the famous Pico della Mirandola, afterwards a devoted friend of Savonarola's. Both had a genuine love of virtue, but there resemblance ends. Pico was only nineteen, but was said to have studied twenty-two languages, and to have had at least a superficial acquaintance with all the learning of the time, Christian and pagan.

He was also famed for his eloquence, his social gifts, and his youthful beauty. Savonarola was some ten years his senior, his manners were unpolished, his face was haggard, furrowed with thought, and marked by that solemn earnestness approaching to severity which we see in his portraits. He took no part that day in the dogmatical discussions, but as soon as the question was one of morals he showed what manner of man he was, speaking with a force and enthusiasm which impressed all his hearers and won Pico's admiration. The young favourite returned to Lorenzo's court and spoke of this wonderful friar, and later, when his own philosophical theories had got him into difficulties with the Church, he remembered Savonarola, and it was through his influence that at Lorenzo's desire the friar was recalled to Florence. In the meantime he had been preaching in smaller towns and villages where the simpler folk better appreciated him, and his fame was beginning to spread.

In 1490, then, he came back to Florence to stay, and the chief events of his life, the steady growth of his influence, and its rapid decline to the bitter end are all crowded into the eight years that follow. For two years more Lorenzo's strong hand ruled the city, and then the turmoil began.

II.

To read Savonarola's life is to see him as poet, philosopher, politician, moral reformer, theologian, saint, and martyr. It was the blending of all these in his character which made him the unique figure he was, which made him such a power in Florence and in all Italy, and which marked him out for a martyr's end. For before all and through all he was a moral reformer, and the world just then did not want to be reformed. He aimed simply at bringing men to lead pure lives in charity towards one another and in faith towards God. But this aim he pursued in a way dictated on the one hand by his own strong and complex personality and on the other by the temper and circumstances of the people he had to deal with. And so for the last six years of his life especially the story of Savonarola is the history of Florence, and it is only by knowing the latter that we can see how it came to pass that the monk who began by making sermons ended by making history.

After his return to Florence he preached at first in the convent garden (under a rose tree which still exists) to the friars only, but gradually his audience increased; he had to move to the adjoining

church, and finally to the Cathedral where he preached (with intervals of silence) for the rest of his life. At last he had found his vocation, and the one weapon with which he fought was forged. For although Savonarola became a political force, he was never seen in any political assembly, nor did he take part in any intrigue.

What kind of sermons then did he preach? Coherence of plan, unity of style, he had not. He was a born orator, not a trained one. By the sheer force of his intense moral conviction, by the inspiration of his own unfaltering faith, he drove his words home. The people hung on his lips and were often moved to tears. But that was not what he wanted, and often he sadly reproached them with being more eager to listen than to obey. Many passages of his sermons where he inculcates lofty morality, or expounds the great truths of Christianity, would be appreciated in Scotch churches to-day. But there were other elements in his preaching which perhaps were more attractive to the mass of his Florentine hearers. It pleased those who lacked the means for a luxurious life to hear the vices of the rich denounced, and that in plain language. And when the preacher's warnings might be made to have a political bearing, the interest grew. For the Florentines, as Savonarola found to his disappointment, were more inclined to politics than to religion. This is at least one explanation of the weaving of politics with religion which characterised his subsequent preaching. He was throwing his religious teaching into a political form when he proclaimed Christ as King of Florence. But while he preached political freedom as a means to moral reformation, the Florentines transposed means and end, and could only be persuaded to a reform of manners as a means to political greatness. We must thus take account of the material he had to work with.

There was another element in his preaching to which modern ears are strange, and towards which it is difficult to put ourselves into the sympathetic attitude in which alone, if at all, we can understand it. This element was his prophecies and his visions. We must remember that we are not dealing with a weak visionary, or with a somnambulist like Fra Silvestro, but with a man of powerful intellect. In support of this statement we have his philosophical writings and his political work. In philosophy he is akin to Campanella, another Dominican whose name is better known, and here as in religion he is one of the precursors of the new epoch when men began to shake themselves free of tradition, whether good or bad, and to think freshly for themselves. His wisdom and well-balanced judgment are evident too in his political opinions.

The plan of government formed on his suggestions was afterwards admitted to have been the best Florence ever had. Also, in reference to his visions, we must remember the time when he lived, and that it would have been even more strange in the fifteenth century to find a monk entirely free from superstition than it is to find a man of acute intelligence and solid learning believing that he actually saw visions. And he undoubtedly said what he himself believed when he claimed to have seen visions and heard voices.

It is as connected with his prophecies that these visions have their historical importance, for men's minds all over Italy were filled with them. His prophecies were of two kinds. Some were founded on general truths of religion and of morality, or on Scripture texts, and are merely the reasonings of common sense from the general to the particular. On these he laid most stress. Others were founded on what he believed to be special Divine revelations, and he seems not always to have maintained these with equal confidence. He was careful to deduce all his teaching from the Bible, but his method of interpretation was such as to allow him to get out of any text five different meanings. There was the literal, the spiritual, the allegorical, the moral, and the anagogical interpretation. In this way there was hardly any fancy for which he could not find Scriptural support. Add to this his strong poetic imagination, which made it natural to him to think and speak in allegories, and the fantastic imagery of some of his discourses is largely accounted for.

However arrived at, his most important and oft-repeated prophecies were certainly confirmed by events. As early as when he was preaching in the country towns he had formulated his three celebrated "conclusions": (1) That the church will be scourged; (2) That it will be speedily regenerated; (3) That all this will come to pass quickly. A little later he published abroad a vision of a hand in the sky holding a sword upon which these words were written: "*Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter.*" The three conclusions and this vision became known throughout Italy, and were afterwards held to have foreshadowed the French invasion. He also predicted the death of Lorenzo, of the Pope, and of the King of Naples, all of which shortly took place.

Then began a time of confusion for Italy. Innocent VIII. was succeeded by the infamous Alexander VI. Lorenzo was succeeded in Florence (in 1492, the year in which "*Romola*" opens) by his son Piero, who inherited his father's love of pleasure without any of his

great qualities, and proved quite incapable of governing. He was soon put to the test. The Duke of Milan, to further his own schemes, invited Charles VIII. of France to invade Italy and settle the quarrels of the various states.

It was September, 1494. Savonarola was lecturing daily to large crowds on the building of the ark. On the 21st Florence was thrown into sudden agitation by the news that a French army was coming down from the Alps. All flocked to the Duomo to hear the preacher who had predicted two years before that a scourge was coming, and that a new Cyrus would march through Italy. Now that his words had come true, all looked to him for advice. The words he had arrived at in the course of his exposition were these: "Behold, I bring a flood of waters upon the earth." He announced this text in such a mighty voice that all his hearers trembled. He seemed to be the only man in the city who was not afraid, and all looked to him for counsel.

Piero proved a broken reed in the emergency. He first incensed the King of France, and then went out to him and basely surrendered everything. The Florentines were infuriated, refused to receive Piero again, and brought out their arms. But daily at sermon time they thronged to the Duomo. Savonarola told them that the scourge had come upon them for their sins, and bade them repent, and this with such fervour that he was exhausted for days after. But he calmed them, and kept them from riot and bloodshed while the city was without a ruler.

Piero on his return was expelled, and the citizens arranged a deputation, of whom Savonarola was one, to treat with Charles. The other ambassadors arrived before Savonarola; Charles refused to see them. But for the man who had predicted his coming and compared him to Cyrus, he had a profound respect. Savonarola told him that he was indeed the instrument of God, but that for that very reason he ought to be merciful. Charles obeyed, and entered the city peaceably. A treaty was signed, but the king and his army made no haste to relieve Florence of their presence. Again Savonarola came to the rescue and persuaded Charles to proceed on his mission.

Charles having departed, the next thing was to provide Florence with a government. The chief men of the city met day after day. There were proposals and discussions, but no decisions. Savonarola abstained from politics and preached on charity to the poor. But gradually, as he saw the need of a guiding voice, he began to lay down general principles of good government, to

declare a popular government to be best suited for Florence, and finally to suggest the formation of a Grand Council on the Venetian plan. His advice was taken. Within a year the Government had been settled to the general satisfaction, and many reforms carried out.

III.

Savonarola was now at the height of his power. But the work on which his heart was set was hardly begun. He showed no exaltation of mind, but, on the contrary, was greatly depressed because of the wickedness of the people. He began to prophesy danger and suffering, and for himself a violent death. The moral reformation of Florence was a more difficult and dangerous work than its political reformation. And now that imminent danger had been averted from the republic, party spirit revived. Three factions at least were prominent, and two of these had no love for Savonarola. There were the *Bigi*, who were only waiting for an opportunity to bring back Piero de' Medici; the *Arrabbiati* (or "maddened," as they were called), who wished for an aristocratic form of government; and the followers of Savonarola, called in derision the *Piagnoni* or snivellers. As the Signory or chief magistrates held office for two months only at a time, the balance of parties was liable to constant change, which by-and-by made Savonarola's position very precarious.

In Lent 1496 he preached a course of sermons which had a wonderful moral effect on the city. "The Christian life," he said, "consisteth not in ceremonies, but in the practice of goodness, i.e. of compassion and mercy. Wherefore declare thou unto all that thus is the goodness of man made known; namely, by seeing whether he share that which he hath with others, and especially with the poor. And in this consisteth the Christian religion, which is founded on love and charity." These words are the keynote of much of his preaching. A marvellous change was effected in Florence. Women threw aside their finery and dressed plainly, riotous youths became sober and demure, and hymns were sung in the streets instead of Lorenzo's licentious songs. Many new converts joined the Tuscan congregation of the Dominicans, of which St. Mark's was the head.

Soon an event happened which proved that the Piagnoni, then in the ascendancy, were ready for other work besides church-going. King Charles approached Florence on his return journey, bringing Piero de' Medici with him. The government and the citizens

prepared most vigorously for defence, but again it was Savonarola's influence over the king that really averted the danger.

With the final departure of the French from Italy a new danger threatened Florence and the Prior who had guided her counsels. A league had been formed to drive out the French, which Florence, having made a treaty with Charles, had refused to join. When he had gone, the allies threatened Florence. They were jealous of her independence, but, fortunately for her, they were equally jealous of one another. As for the Pope, who also had joined the league, he coveted the Florentine territory for one of his sons, and this was the real cause of his enmity to Savonarola. For Savonarola was recognised as the head of the popular party who hated the Medici and the league.

And now began the long and painful struggle between the Pope, backed up by military alliances and by all the spiritual and temporal powers of the Holy See, and a single friar deserted at last by all but two or three friends. Such a struggle could end but in one way.

Alexander first despatched a crafty brief couched in pious and flattering terms, inviting Savonarola to come to confer with him in Rome where he "should be welcomed with loving-kindness." Everyone knew that the Pope's "loving-kindness" might be translated "murder." Savonarola replied with dignity and humility, acknowledging the duty of obedience, but excusing himself from coming to Rome at that time, as he could ill be spared from Florence and was just recovering from serious illness. He was indeed too weak to preach, and sent Fra Domenico to take his place in the Cathedral. The next brief was decidedly hostile, ordering the Prior to submit himself to the Vicar-general of Lombardy and to desist from preaching on pain of excommunication. Only a short time before, the Pope had granted to St. Mark's the privilege of being independent of any orders save such as came direct from Rome. Savonarola now therefore expostulated, and defended himself from all the charges preferred against him. The Pope appeared to be conciliated, tried flattery once more, but insisted that he should not preach.

The Prior obeyed, and it was during this period of enforced silence that he organised the reform of the children, turning a dangerous and riotous Carnival custom into a religious ceremonial. From henceforth the children were among his constant hearers, and he had a platform erected for them in the Duomo.

By this time some earnest-minded princes and churchmen

throughout Europe were beginning to think of a General Council of the Church as the only means of saving it from the disgraceful Pope whose iniquities were filling all Christendom with horror. This was the only hope for Savonarola's cause also, and he was already corresponding with Charles VIII. of France on the subject.

Meanwhile the Pope had sent some of his sermons to a learned bishop for criticism, and received the following reply: "Most Holy Father, this friar says nothing that is not wise and honest: he speaks against simony and against the corruption of the priesthood, which in truth is very great: he respects the dogmas and the authority of the church: wherefore I would rather seek to make him my friend, even, if it were needful, by offering the cardinal's purple." And Savonarola was really offered a cardinal's hat on condition that he would change the tone of his preaching. In great indignation he replied to the messenger: "Come to my next sermon and you shall hear my reply to Rome."

From this time he began to explain his own position and to defend himself and his doctrines in the pulpit. He cared little for his life, but he believed that his presence in Florence was necessary to the continuance of reform, and that the Pope, in seeking to remove him by death or otherwise, was doing a moral wrong which he had a right to resist. Hence the charge against him which George Eliot at any rate suggests,¹ that he made his own cause the cause of God. He justified his opposition to the Pope by saying: "The Pope may not give me any commands opposed to charity or contrary to the Gospel." As to the cardinal's hat, he declared that "death, a crimson hat reddened with blood," was all his desire.

A consistory of fourteen theologians summoned to condemn his doctrines returned to the Pope the curious verdict that Savonarola had been the cause of Piero de' Medici's misfortunes—another proof that Alexander's grievance was political, not theological.

The events of 1496 in Florence read like one of Livy's chapters of disaster in the early days of Rome, and show Savonarola once more as the saviour of the Republic simply by force of the confidence he inspired. An unsuccessful war with Pisa had impoverished the city and was still going on; a bad season drove the famine-stricken peasants into the town, and plague broke out in the overcrowded streets; Piero Capponi, one of the best and bravest citizens, died; the Pisans endeavoured to cut off the corn supplies. The

¹ *Romola*, ch. lxiv.

allies summoned the Emperor Maximilian to join them against Florence, and the Pope declared war against her. The citizens were in misery and despair, but the Arrabbiati rejoiced, blamed the government, and said, "See how the friar has deceived us!"

The Signory, not knowing what to do, entreated Savonarola to preach, which he accordingly did. Rebuking the people for gambling, blasphemy, and so on, he told them calamity was certain if they did not mend their ways. If, on the other hand, they would repent, put aside the idea of changing the government, lend to it without usury, be united, do all that was humanly possible and trust in God, then he feared nothing, and would go before them, crucifix in hand.

The people were comforted and encouraged, but the Arrabbiati mocked. A vast procession was formed to escort an image of the Madonna into the city. The crowd was met by a messenger with an olive-branch bearing the joyful news that a violent wind had blown away the Venetian ships and driven some of the corn ships to land with six hundred men on board. The multitude were overjoyed and declared: "The Friar's sermons have saved us again." This incident shows us what sort of reasoning the common folk of Florence were capable of, and prepares us to find them fickle in their allegiance.

After all, the relief was small and temporary. Savonarola bade the people be thankful, but sought to moderate their extravagant joy. However, very soon things took a favourable turn; disasters at sea and dissensions in camp scattered the allies, and Florence was saved.

The Pope's wrath raged as before, but while the popular party was in the ascendancy in Florence Savonarola was let alone. His friend Francesco Valori was made gonfalonier. He was a brave and generous but an impetuous man, and introduced a law which turned out ill for his party. This was a regulation admitting citizens to the greater Council at the age of twenty-four instead of thirty. By this means a set of turbulent youths belonging to the Arrabbiati party obtained seats on the Council, and the inevitable reaction against Savonarola's reforms began. The change had been too sudden and too violent to last. There were naturally many young men who preferred the licentious gaiety of former days, and some of these formed themselves into an armed band led by Dolfo Spini, a depraved youth. They took no pains to conceal their hatred of Savonarola.

The Carnival that year was celebrated by the Bonfire of Vanities

described at length by George Eliot in "Romola." She suggests that really valuable books and works of art were destroyed, but Villari shows how easily such a misconception might have arisen, and yet how unlikely it is that Savonarola would have allowed it. It was his friend Fra Domenico indeed who arranged the thing, and possibly Savonarola's followers exceeded their master in zeal of that sort. But Savonarola himself was no enemy to literature or to art. Among his friends were the artists Luca della Robbia, Cronaca, Lorenzo di Credi, and Michelangelo; and in his convent he had established a school of painting. As regards literature, he raised funds to buy for the convent the fine library collected by Lorenzo de' Medici, lest it should be lost to the city.

IV.

In 1497 an attempt was made to bring back Piero de' Medici, and, foiled though it was, it served to aggravate party strife. Some of the leading citizens were known to be secret friends of Piero, and a commission was appointed to find out who were concerned in the plot.

Meanwhile the Arrabbiati returned to power, and Dolfo Spini and his band pursued their course unchecked. They interrupted Savonarola's sermons, insulted him in many ways, and even attempted to murder him in the Duomo. But his followers bravely defended him and escorted him back to the convent.

And now the Pope came forward again, and this time he excommunicated the Prior. Savonarola did not regard the excommunication as valid. But though he was great-minded enough to disregard it, the mass of the people could not rise above their superstitious reverence for the brief of a pope. Thus a pretext was given for opposing Savonarola and with him his reforms, and licence and immorality again broke loose in the city. Savonarola's friends exerted themselves to get the excommunication removed, and when he himself heard that the Pope was overcome with grief at the murder of his eldest son by his younger brother, he wrote a letter of sympathy very remarkable as being addressed to so cruel an enemy. The Pope was softened for a time, but soon returned to his usual scandalous life and to his hatred of Savonarola.

The plague now appeared once more, and Savonarola was offered an asylum in various country houses. He refused to leave his post, but accepted the hospitality for some of his younger monks.

Then came the trial and condemnation of the five citizens who had taken part in the Medicean plot, of which George Eliot has made so much. Long before, Savonarola had given his opinion that citizens who tried to bring back a tyrant deserved death. In the present instance he gave no opinion, but remained in his study correcting the sheets of a book he was writing.

Any one reading Villari's book and taking all the circumstances into account, will probably feel that he could not have interfered even if he had wished. In reading "*Romola*" we are made to look at the case from the point of view of an intensely interested person, the god-daughter of Bernardo del Nero. Legally he probably deserved death, but from *Romola's* point of view the condemnation of a venerable and upright man because of his political leanings was a crime. She believes Savonarola could prevent that crime and will not. Her faith in the friar is destroyed for the time, and the sympathetic reader feels, as he closes the chapter, that Savonarola is a smaller man than he thought him. But the scene is not historic, and it is not fair to look at Savonarola through *Romola's* eyes. As a psychological study, George Eliot's *Savonarola* is extremely interesting, but we must remember that her minute diagnosis of his internal struggles is purely hypothetical, both in this case and in the case of his attitude towards the ordeal by fire.

To return to history, negotiations with the Pope were still pending, and the Prior remained shut up in his convent engaged in writing. His friends also wrote on his behalf, but nothing availed. So in the beginning of 1498 he returned to his pulpit and showed by word and deed how little value he attached to the Pope's excommunication, referring to him as "a broken tool," which still further incensed him. Yet nowhere does Savonarola exhibit towards any one a trace of personal enmity; it was the Pope's evil life that stirred up his righteous indignation.

The Carnival was once more the occasion of great excitement of which he was the centre. The Piagnoni again made a "bonfire of vanities," but this time not without opposition. That Savonarola himself was greatly excited was shown by the extraordinary way in which he concluded his last carnival service, praying that if his words were not sincere he might be struck dead on the spot.

From this period the plot thickens and he is left more and more alone. The pathos of his life lies greatly in his loneliness. He had many admirers, many partisans, and not a few disciples, but his friends were few, and among them not one was capable of thoroughly understanding him. Fra Domenico's very zeal and devotion

hastened on the tragedy. As for the citizens generally, they were soon to show their fickleness and ingratitude. The Pope threatened to put the city under an interdict unless Savonarola were given up to him, and pitiful are the arguments brought forward by those who feared the consequences of an interdict on the city's commerce. "Remember," said one, "that the city of Troy was burnt through its refusal to give up Helen." Finally the Signory forbade Savonarola to preach, and no definite answer was given to the Pope.

Savonarola's last hope was the proposed General Council. He wrote letters to several European princes, and was about to despatch them when a messenger bearing letters on the same subject was robbed, and the letters fell into the hands of the Pope, who thus became aware of Savonarola's designs.

Immediately after this came the strange affair of the *Ordeal by Fire*. A certain Fra Francesco attacked Savonarola in his Lenten sermons and challenged him to prove his doctrines by the ordeal by fire. The Prior took no notice of this, but Fra Domenico took up the challenge on his master's behalf. Savonarola did not encourage the foolish idea, but, once started, the matter could not be stopped. Fra Domenico felt his honour was at stake, and the Friar's enemies encouraged the champion on the other side, who was by no means eager to be taken at his word. The multitude craved a miracle, and even the Signory not only permitted the challenge to go on, but spent large sums in constructing the requisite pile of combustibles in the piazza. Thousands assembled to see the miracle, or the murder, whichever the spectacle might turn out to be, and when, in consequence of a succession of delays and excuses on the part of Fra Francesco and his party, the whole day passed without any spectacle at all, the people, disappointed and angry, blamed Savonarola. He had enemies enough to direct the popular fury against him, and even the Piagnoni, who had been confident that their prophet could and would perform a miracle, were disappointed.

The next day was Palm Sunday. Savonarola preached a short and sad sermon in the morning, declaring he was willing to suffer death for the good of his flock. In the evening the Piagnoni going to vespers were pelted with stones by the Arrabbiati. The tumult increased, and the cry arose, "To St. Mark's, fire in hand." The mob rushed to the convent and besieged it. There were arms in the place, and against the Prior's orders the monks and a few other friends defended it bravely for hours. Savonarola begged the friars to lay down their arms, led them to the library, and bade

them a touching farewell. Orders had now come from the Signory that the Prior, Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro should give themselves up into their hands. Fra Silvestro was not to be found. The other two were led away to the Palace through the jeers and insults of the crowd. The following day Fra Silvestro, who had hidden himself, was betrayed and given up.

The story of Savonarola's trial is a very painful and perplexing one. It was conducted with hardly a show of justice, first by the magistrates and afterwards by the Pope's commissioners. All his confessions were made under exquisite torture said to produce delirium. His only autograph confession was destroyed as of no use in proving his guilt. What he said when tortured was altered and garbled by a notary employed for the purpose. And after all, the only point on which he is even reported to have given way was as to whether his prophecies had really been inspired. His health had long been enfeebled by the strain of his arduous life, his nerves were highly strung, and if, when delirious with pain, he contradicted himself, can we wonder? It is no proof that he was not sincere; the most that it can prove is that he was one of those persons who, though they can look death in the face without a tremor, are unable to endure prolonged bodily torture.

As for the others, Fra Domenico constantly held to his faith in Savonarola and in all his prophecies, while Fra Silvestro sacrificed "both his master and his own dignity" (says Villari) in the vain attempt to save his own life.

Between his first and second trial Savonarola was left alone in his cell. He employed his time in writing expositions of the fiftieth and of the thirtieth psalms. These were widely read at the time and were republished by Luther in 1524. The last thing he wrote was a "Rule for Virtuous Living" for his gaoler, who came to regard him with the greatest veneration and had begged him for this gift.

The sentence was given by the Pope's commissioners after a third trial which was never made public. Their instructions from Rome were "to put Savonarola to death even were he a second John the Baptist." The three friars were executed in the Piazza, in the presence of a great concourse of people, on May 23, 1498. The story of the courage and calmness with which they met their death has often been told and need not be repeated here.

Savonarola has been claimed by Luther and others as a Protestant before the Reformation. But his position was a very different one from Luther's, except in the one point of resistance to the Pope.

He never protested against any dogma of the Roman Church, but only against the wickedness of those who refused to regulate their lives by the principles they professed. Luther started from the same point, indignation at the corrupt lives of the clergy, but to him wrong belief appeared to be at the root of wrong living, and so he struck straight for theology. Luther saw people clinging to dry husks of faith and to ceremonials which had become unmeaning, and hastened to sweep these away that the spirit of religion might be set free. Savonarola's imaginative soul was unfettered by externals, by symbols and allegories. He saw no obstruction in them ; they were a significant language in which he read at sight the spiritual meaning. It may be that the difference of the German and of the Italian temperament accounts in some measure for the difference between him and Luther. In essentials they were at one. But when Luther came, Europe was ready for reform, and princes and people followed where he led. Perhaps the lonely martyr of Florence, after all, did something to prepare his way.

MARION I. GRAY.

WORDS AND THEIR DERIVATIONS.

WHAT strange histories are involved in the words which pass daily from our mouths, in which we perceive only the means of communicating our thoughts from one to another ! The very word *derive* has its history. It properly means to draw water from a *river*, and by metonymy to trace words to their source. Hobbes, indeed, asserts that "words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them ; but they are the money of fools." Still, a wise man will examine his money and know the value of the coins which he uses. Johnson says that "words are the daughters of earth, and things are the sons of heaven." Yet it is our duty, as well as a high intellectual pleasure, to make some acquaintance with these, and discover, if we can, why the words which we employ had at one time a different meaning from what they now have, or even involve several different meanings at the present day. Take, for instance, *prevent* in its ordinary and religious use, *sack* as a noun and verb, *reduce* in mathematics and medicine, and many others. Trench well describes language as "fossil history," and instances the word *frank* = straightforward, candid. *Francus* in late Latin means "free," or a Frank, one of those German tribes who occupied Gaul, and were distinguished from the conquered race, as well as from the degenerate Romans, by their love of freedom and generous independence. Hence *frank* came to signify one who possessed the distinguishing characteristics of the Franks. Cf. use of *franchise*. Many words commonly used in our language are taken from the names of persons, historical or fictitious. Take, for instance, the noun *hector* = a bully, and the verb *to hector* = to play the bully. As Swift says :

Don Carlos made her chief director
That she might o'er the servants hector.

This noun is the name of the great Trojan hero in the "Iliad," the famous champion against the Greeks under Agamemnon and Achilles. It seems rather hard that the brave, modest, and tender-hearted

Hector should come to represent the blustering bully, more in keeping with Ajax or Thersites. But probably we may ascribe this to the license of the playwrights, who exaggerated the characteristics of the heroes bequeathed to them in Greek and Roman literature. No one familiar with the beautiful scene of the parting between Hector and Andromache could suppose it possible that the rudeness of the bully formed an element in his character.

Another curious expression is to *philander*, which means to make love or coquet with a woman, without any "intentions," as the phrase is. Thackeray in "Esmond" says, "'Tis no question of sighing and *philandering* between a nobleman of his Grace's age and a girl who hath little of that softness in her nature." It is used in a derivative sense—to sentimentalise or to talk mawkishly. As Sharp on Robert Browning says, "he was essentially manly in all respects, so manly that many frail souls of either sex *philandered* about his over-robustness." Philander is a Dutchman who figures in the "Orlando Furioso" of the Italian poet Ariosto. There we are told that Gabrina, wife of Argeo, Baron of Servia, took a fancy to him, which, like Hippolytus, he treated with neglect. She denounced him to her husband, and Philander had to languish in a dungeon. At last Gabrina set him free to fight against a faithless knight, who proved to be her husband, and was killed. Thereupon she married her champion, but presently, growing weary of him, removed him by poison. Here again Philander hardly deserves to represent the "gay deceiver" or the inconstant lover; but he figures as such in the old plays; e.g. in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Laws of Candy."

Take, again, another expression, *rodomontade*, implying bluster or outrageous bragging. This has its *raison d'être* from another character in "Ariosto," Rodomonte (literally "one who rolls mountains," from *rotare* and *montes*). So we speak of a Bobadil from the swaggering gentleman described by "rare Ben" in "Every Man in his Humour." Similarly, *braggadocio*, a boastful fellow, represents Braggadochio, a bragging character found in Spenser's "Faerie Queene." We are all familiar with the word *maudlin*, meaning one who is fuddled with drink and is tearfully affectionate. But how few realise that it is derived from the penitent saint, Mary Magdalene, whom artists have represented with eyes swollen from weeping! This pronunciation of the name is still preserved by the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge.

Another interesting word is *mausoleum*, meaning generally a magnificent tomb. This derives its name from the superb sepulchral monument erected by Artemisia in honour of her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria in 352 B.C.

Grecian history supplies us with yet another word in *philippic*, meaning an impassioned speech or invective, like one of the twelve speeches in which Demosthenes denounced Philip, king of Macedon, as the enemy of Greece.

French novelists are particularly partial to the word *jeremiad*, meaning a lamentation, from the book of Lamentations, which bears the name of the prophet Jeremiah.

During the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 the name of Jingo was applied to the Conservatives who urged Disraeli to support the Turks. The name of course alludes to the famous song beginning "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do," &c. (McCarthy says "The Jingoists of London, like the beggars of Flanders, accepted the word of contumely as a title of honour"). Some explain this word as = *Gingou*, a contraction for St. Gingulphus; others as being the Basque *Jinkoa* = God. When some article is described as *Brummagem* we mean some worthless and cheap imitation of the genuine thing, because cheap metallic work or jewellery is largely supplied to the markets by Birmingham, which was once called *Brumwicham*. Miss Thackeray remarks: "In these days one is so used to sham and imitation and *Brummagem*, that when by chance one comes to the real thing it is hard to believe in it."

What unfortunate Irish landlord is unacquainted with the nefarious system of *boycotting*, when he is placed, as it were, under an interdict by the Land League, and others are forbidden to have any dealings with him? This derives its name from Captain Boycott, who was the first notable victim, in 1880.

Many a thirsty subject knows how refreshing a glass of *grog* is after a hard day's work. But few are aware that it gets its name from the worthy Admiral Vernon (1745), who first served a mixture of rum and water to his men on board. He was popularly known as Old Grog on account of the *grogram* coat which he wore in rough weather. Grogram, of course, is equivalent to *gros grain*. *Præd* speaks of "Gossips in grief and grogram clad," a coarse stuff formerly manufactured from silk and mohair.

Few frequenters of Whiteleys' are ignorant of the meaning of *millinery*, and may possibly agree with the dictum of Conway that "A peer is an accident of birth, but a great milliner is a gift from above." Yet not many of them could tell us that *Milan* is responsible for the name, where hats and bonnets and trimmings were first brought to perfection.

We all object to the *hypocrite* in the ordinary sense one who

according to Chaucer, "hideth to shew him such as he is, and sheweth him to seem such as he is not." But in its original sense it simply means an *actor*, so that the hypocrite is only acting a part.

Bachelor and spinster are frequently joined at the hymeneal altar. But what is a bachelor? Some tell us that it is derived from the old French *bachelier* = a lad, or from *bas chevalier*, i.e. a lower knight; while in barbarous Latin he is described as *baccalaureus*.

Baccalarius = a farmer, from *bacca*, a dialectic variety of *vacca*, Fr. *vache*. The Spanish form is *bacchiller*, which means a prater, or babbler (not flattering to the inferior sex!), with which we may compare the Cambridge term Wrangler, owing to the disputations once held at taking of degrees.

As to *spinster*, the expression implies that a marriageable young woman has employed herself in spinning her wedding outfit; while Alfred the Great called the women of his family the "spindle side," as no young woman was deemed fit to marry till she had spun a set of body, table, and bed linen.

Wife is from the Anglo-Saxon *wif*, from *wib*, to tremble, just as woman = *wifman*; though some connect it with weave, and suppose that the spinner has developed into a weaver. Cf. Ger. *weib*.

One of the most curious words in our language is the word *idiot*. In the Greek, from which it is taken, it signifies: (1) a private as opposed to a public or official person (so Jeremy Taylor says that "humility is a duty in great ones as well as in idiots," this use being now obsolete); (2) a layman, or unprofessional person; (3) an ignorant man;¹ (4) an imbecile, in which sense the Greeks do not use it, and which is now the current signification.

In days gone by ladies added to their attractions by wearing *furbelows* on their gowns.² This strange word seems at first sight an English compound; but in reality it goes back to the French *falbala* (which means a pleated flounce), Ger. *falbel*.

The word *sycophant* has a remarkable history. When we use the term we mean a servile flatterer or parasite. But this is very different from its original sense. In ancient Greece, in the district of Attica, there grew a number of sacred fig trees, the fruit of which it was forbidden to touch or export. The persons who gave information against those who transgressed in this respect were called

¹ Cf. Knatchbull on 1 Cor. xiii. 13: "Things not understood of them who are but *ideots* and understand no other than their mother tongue."

² Cf. Longfellow:

"Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows."

"fig-showers" (sycophants); hence in old English it is used as synonymous with "informer."

Coleridge describes the sycophant as "a wretch who flatters the prevailing party by informing against his neighbours, under pretence that they are exporters of prohibited figs and fancies."

We often apply the word *paraphernalia* in the sense of trappings or belongings. Helen Jackson speaks of "all the paraphernalia of an invalid," such as pillows, &c. But who would suspect that it is a Greek word meaning "besides the dowry," and signifies all that a bride brings beyond her dowry and is not subject to her husband's control?

The drama is a subject which interests most people in its two forms of tragedy and comedy. But I am afraid there are not many who investigate their origin. *Tragedy* literally means "a goat-song," either because a goat was the prize, in ancient Greece, given to the successful play, or else because the actors were clothed in goatskins to represent satyrs. Then it came to mean a fatal event involving mournful incidents. Cf. Barrie: "Here was the tragedy of living on, more mournful than the tragedy that kills."

As to *comedy*, it strictly means "a revel-song," or "a village-song," with which the village buffoonery began at the Sicilian Megara, before Epicharmus gave it an artistic form. A later development is the "Divine Comedy," of which Lowell observes: "Dante tells us that he called his poem a comedy because it had a fortunate ending."

Women of taste are naturally averse to dress which is *tawdry*, i.e. tastelessly showy and gaudy. But this expression once enjoyed a less ignoble signification, as it meant simply finery of various kinds bought at the fair of St. Audrey, or Etheldreda.

Men like Socrates and Seneca, who are indifferent to pleasure or pain, are described as *Stoics*. A Stoic (Gk. *stoa*=a porch) literally signifies one who taught under a porch or colonnade, because Zeno, founder of the sect (B.C. 344-260), gave lectures in the famous Colonnade at Athens, which was adorned with frescoes of the battle of Marathon by the pencil of Polygnotus.

The opposite sect of Epicureans derived their title from the philosopher Epicurus (B.C. 341-270), whose ethical theory was that pleasure constituted the highest happiness. His high views of pleasure, however, have with us degenerated, and an epicurean is one who is addicted to the pleasures of the table. Cf. Lytton: "Though a Norman was not gluttonous, he was epicurean."

The word *tantalise* carries us back to the region of Grecian legend.

With us the verb means to torment by presenting something to excite desire, but yet keeping it out of reach. It signifies properly to treat like Tantalus. This son of Zeus, as a punishment for revealing his father's secrets, was plunged in Hades up to his chin in water, with luscious fruits hanging above his head, both of which eluded him when he desired to drink or eat.

All good writers endeavour to avoid *solecisms*, *i.e.* the violation of purity of style by the contravention of grammatical rules. The word means the mode of speech adopted by the Athenian colonists of Soli, a town of Cilicia, among whom the Attic dialect underwent corruption.

Another town gives us the origin of the name *sybarite*, by which we describe one who is voluptuous or self-indulgent. A Sybarite was an inhabitant of Sybaris, a Greek city of Southern Italy noted for its luxury, and destroyed by the Crotoniates B.C. 510.

The word *assassin* also has an interesting history. A sect bearing this name (from the Arabic *hashashin*, or hashish eaters) was founded in Persia in the year 1090, whose head was called the Old Man of the Mountain (*i.e.* Mount Lebanon, to which they migrated). He sent forth his emissaries for deeds of blood, who became formidable during the Crusades, inspired by their drink of hemp called hashish. Hence we apply it to those who kill treacherously and secretly.

As to *meander* (=to wind about), we will let Mark Twain explain it. "We speak of *meandering* streams, and find a new interest in a common word when we discover that the crooked river Meander, in yonder valley, gave it to our dictionary." The Maiandros was a river in Phrygia, in Asia Minor.

Most quiet people have an instinctive objection to a girl who is described as a *hoiden*. Miss Austen says to one of these: "You are grown too big a girl to play the hoiden," *i.e.* a romping, ill-bred girl.¹ But Milton calls a lout or clownish fellow a "hoyden." It comes from the Dutch *heyden* (so that the form *hoyden* is closer to the source)=a clownish person, and is even connected with heathen, which many of these young ladies would hardly admit as applicable to themselves. However, heathen strictly means a dweller on the heath, or barren open country. In process of time, while Christianity became strong in the cities, the country people clung to their false god, and hence heathen came to signify an unbeliever. Similarly a *pagan* originally was only a countryman, from Latin *pagus*, — a district.

¹ Miss Hoyden is one of the characters in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*.

The epithet *aneroid*, applied to a barometer, in which the air pressure is exhibited without the use of fluid, is probably unique in being derived from the modern Greek (which, however, is connected with an ancient Greek word), viz. *neron* = water, the *a* being privative, while the last three letters (in *aneroid*) signify form.

The word *cornmudgeon* is an instance of a curious contraction, *i.e.* corn merchant, meaning one who kept the price of corn up through avarice; whence it comes to denote an avaricious fellow.

Cordwainer = shoemaker, again, hardly presents an obvious original. Cordwain was a kind of Spanish leather used in the Middle Ages for boots. It is derived from Cordova, a town in Spain. Cf. Spenser: "The gilden buskins of costly cordwain."

The word *blackguard*, which we use to denote a low, coarse fellow, has an historical, if not a distinguished descent. Miss Strickland tells us that the scullions and inferior servants of the English Court were clad in *black*, and in royal and other progresses they would naturally have charge of the pots and pans; whence the name of black-guard was applied to these men.

The word *lewd* has degenerated from its original sense, as it only meant one who belonged to the people, in contradistinction to the cultured clergy. By an easy transition it came to signify ignorant, and then vicious (cf. "lewd fellows of the baser sort"). The word is formed from Anglo-Saxon *læwede* or *leod* = the people. Cf. *lay* = *laic*, from Greek *laos*, people.

Gossip is denounced from our pulpits as an unmitigated evil. But are we aware how high and responsible a function the gossip formerly fulfilled? Chaucer writes the word "godsib," and the transitional form was godsip; afterwards, by assimilation, gossip. Sib in Scotch means related. Thus the word means one related in God's service, *i.e.* a sponsor. Davies informs us that "at the christening of George Duke of Clarence, who was born in the Castle of Dublin, he made both the Earl of Kildare and the Earl of Ormond his gossips." Alas! how are the mighty fallen! It now signifies one who runs about telling idle news, or the idle talk itself. To use the language of Dryden, "The common chat of gossips when they meet."

A very curious expression is *termagant*, by which we understand an abusive, noisy woman, or a shrew. In Shakespeare's time it was applied even to men, as Douglas is called "that termagant Scot" ("1 Henry IV." v. 4). The derivation is uncertain. The old French form is *tervagent*, coming from the Latin, and meaning *thrive-wandering*. Others regard it as a Persian term, *i.e.* Tir-Magian (a Magian lord).

Termagant was represented in French romances as a deity worshipped by the Saracens or Mahommedans, and appeared in the old morality plays as turbulent and of a furious temper. From the long eastern robes which he wore the epithet may perhaps have fixed itself on women; Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare ("Hamlet," iii. 2), &c., mention him. Beaumont and Fletcher in "King and No King" say: "This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant."

No character is more base than that of one who *panders* to the low desires or vices of others. The verb is derived from Pandarus, the Trojan chieftain, who procured Chryseis for Troilus. Cf. Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," iii. 2. Chaucer has also treated the subject in a well-known poem.

Every young man would do well to have a "guide, philosopher, and friend" in the shape of a *mentor*. Matthew Arnold, in one of his essays, says, "Shelley bowed to his mentor's decision, and gave up his Irish campaign." Mentor is celebrated in Homer and Fénelon as the friend and teacher of Telemachus.

A *stentorian* voice may be useful to a sea-captain or a demagogue, though hardly agreeable in a drawing-room. The adjective is derived from Stentor, the famous herald in the Trojan war, whose voice was as loud as that of fifty men.

We are all familiar with the *silhouette* portrait of Edward Gibbon, prefixed to his works; but all may not be aware that the name was derived from M. Silhouette, who was Minister of Finance in France in the year 1759, and who curtailed the public expenses so much that his name was applied to things that were excessively cheap, and so to the profile drawings in black cardboard or paper.

Officers have a strong objection to a colonel who proves to be a *martinet*, i.e. an over-strict disciplinarian. The name is derived from Colonel Martinet, a French officer, appointed by Louvois as army inspector under Louis XIV., who was noted for his strict regulations.

Abigail (Heb. = my father's joy) is constantly used as equivalent to a lady's maid (cf. Lytton's "Caxtons": "The woman was dressed with a quiet neatness that seemed to stamp her profession as that of an *abigail*"). "The Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher appears to have given currency to the name in this sense.

The *doily* (or *doily*) is a well-known and useful adjunct of the dinner-table. I have seen a derivation which connects it with the Dutch *dwaale*=a towel, and a suggestion that it may be connected with Fr. *toile* and L. *tela*. But my friend, the late Colonel D'Oyly,

told me that it was an invention of a relative of his, and hence got its name. Originally the wine-glass had only a stem, without a foot to rest upon. When emptied it was turned upside down, which stained the mahogany. So Mr. D'Oyly invented a square piece of linen to prevent the bad result. And hence the name.

The history of our word *dunce* is strange, being derived from the renowned schoolman Duns Scotus, of the thirteenth century, who, so far from being a "dull-witted person," was named "the subtle doctor" on account of his scholastic learning, and whom Master Hooker styles "the wittiest of the school-divines." A member of the Franciscan order, he was a staunch supporter of the old, as opposed to the new, learning. When an appeal was made to his authority by members of the Roman Church, the party of reform, ridiculing those who objected to Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, would describe them as Dunsmen, or Dunses. Hence *dunce* came to mean an *ignoramus*. It certainly seems a hard fate for the illustrious scholastic theologian.

Some old gentlemen enjoy their glass of *negus* at night without thanking the inventor, Colonel Negus, who flourished in the days of Queen Anne, and who was as great a benefactor as "Old Grog."

A *bridewell* brings with it unpleasant ideas of vagrants and other misdemeanants undergoing correction. But the house in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, derives its name from the well of St. Bride, or Bridget, over which a hospital was built.

Asylum denotes at the present day a place of refuge for orphans, the blind, insane, &c. It is derived from two Greek words signifying without right of seizure, *i.e.* a place of safety, such as the famous asylum established by Romulus on the Capitoline Hill at Rome.

Most of us are familiar with the great thoroughfare called Piccadilly; but how few are aware that it obtained its name from the high collars or ruffs, called piccadils, worn in the seventeenth century!

Navvy, I believe, is the only word in our language in which two *v*'s come together. It is really a contraction of *navigator*, because those who were employed formerly in river or canal navigation furnished the most capable men for working on the railways.

Bedlam is a name commonly given to a madhouse. Pope says "All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out." It originally meant the hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem*, in London, which was subsequently converted into a hospital for lunatics.

The elegant brougham and light stanhope derive their names respectively from Lord Brougham and Mr. Stanhope, for whom they

were first built.¹ *Hackney* is probably compounded of *hacked-nag*, i.e. a horse badly used ; though others derive it from the Dutch *hacken* = hack, and *negge* = nag. Hence we get the abbreviated form, *hack*, a worn-out horse.

The rainproof *mackintosh* derives its name from Mackintosh, its inventor, just as the old-fashioned half-boot called a *blucher* was called after Field-Marshal von Blücher, and the high boot, which displaced the jack-boot, was styled a Wellington after the hero of Waterloo, who introduced it into the army.

From early Saxon times we receive the word *wassail* (A.S. *wæs hæł*), which properly means "be in health," and was a greeting ; then it came to mean what in their opinion promoted health, viz. a drink made of ale, wine, apples, sugar, &c. ; and, lastly, the festival at which this was drunk. Cf. Longfellow's "Norman Baron" :

In the hall the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail.

Later on he seems to use it in the sense of welcome :

Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger ;

though possibly it may mean festive drinking in honour of the Christ.

Husband comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and signifies house-master (*hus* + *bonda*, connected with *buan* = to dwell ; cf. Norw. *bonde* = farmer). It has been suggested that *husbandman* is equivalent to *husbandsman*, meaning a working farmer. We might compare *police-man*, *craftsman*, &c.

Father (A. S. *fæder*) is connected with a Sanskrit root which = to feed or nourish, as he is the supporter of the family ; while *mother* (A. S. *modor*) is connected with a Sanskrit root = to produce. So the internal layer of the pearl oyster is called "mother of pearl" because it produces pearl.

Daughter, according to Max Müller, is connected with a Sanskrit root *duh* = to milk, *duhitar* being Sanskrit for daughter. The word, therefore, points to the pastoral and nomadic life of the Aryan times, when our forefathers lived in their Asiatic abodes, and when the daughter had charge of the cows.

Son is from the A.S. *sunu*.

Dandy.—This word is derived from Fr. *dandin* = a ninny. O ye shades of Nash and Brummell ! Molière in his play of "Georges Dandin" represents him as a henpecked husband, who marries

¹ So the hansom cab is derived from its inventor, Mr. Hansom.

above his position, lives with his wife's family, and has anything but halcyon days.

Argosy.—This means a merchant vessel with a rich freight. The derivation is uncertain. Some connect it with the ship "Argo," which went in quest of the Golden Fleece of Colchis; others with *Ragusa*, a port-town of Dalmatia, from which the vessels sailed. Cf. Longfellow, "Belfry of Bruges"—"Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies."

Botanical names are sometimes hard to explain: but many of our garden flowers are called after famous botanists, who introduced them, as the *camelia* was brought from Japan by the Jesuit Camel in the eighteenth century, the *dahlia* from Mexico by a Swede called Dahl; while the *gardenia* was called after Dr. Garden, an American, the *fuchsia* from the German Fuchs, *lobelia* from the botanist Lobel.¹ *Nasturtium*, on the other hand, is derived from *nasus* and *tortus*, because its pungent smell makes the nose twist! The *tansy* bears a name equivalent to that of the "immortelle," derived from the Greek *athanatos*, through French *tanaisie*.

The history of the word *prestige* is remarkable. We mean by it authority or ascendancy based on past achievements. But *L. præstigiū* means a delusion, and in the plural jugglers' tricks! What would the upholders of our national *prestige* in the eyes of Europe say to this? The association of the ideas seems somewhat strange. Was it that the acts of legerdemain won the performer a reputation which it was important for him to maintain? The French preserve the original meaning of magic, enchantment, &c.

In *beldam* we seem to find a satire crystallised in a word. The "beautiful lady" has suddenly merged into a hideous old hag. Cf. Cowper, "Transl. from Horace":

The beldame shook her palsied head
As she perused my palm.

By the way, how ingeniously ungallant were our forbears in coining such appellations for old ladies, however unpleasant they might be, as *hag*, *harridan*, and *crone*! The last word is connected with *croon*, i.e. a low moaning sound, and so *crone* explains itself.

Buccaneer has as odd a sound as it has a history. The Caribs used to smoke and dry their meat on a wooden frame called a *buccan*, or *bucan*. The buccaneer, therefore, was one who dried flesh in this manner after hunting. The first buccaneers, in the sense of pirates and freebooters, were the French, who had followed

¹ Cf. Woodwardia, &c.

their peaceful avocation until the Spanish authorities in Hispaniola put a stop to their hunting. They consequently turned upon the Spaniards of America, who were exposed to these freebooters from France and England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

A man who has been drinking "not wisely, but too well," is said in nautical slang to be "half-seas over." The allusion seems obvious enough; but a more recondite explanation has been suggested, *i.e.* Dutch *op-see zoer* = oversea beer, which meant strong beer exported from this country to Holland.

Topsy-turvy is a curious contraction for "top-side t'other way." Cf. Shakespeare, "1 Hen. IV." iv. 1: "Turn it tupsy turvy down."

Willy-nilly = will he, nill he (*nill* = not will), *volens volens*.

The *church* is the "Lord's house" (Gk. *kyriake*, Scot. *kirk*), while Fr. *église* comes from *ecclesia*. The *nave* is so called because it resembles an inverted ship (L. *navis*), while the *aisles* are, as it were, the *wings* (Fr. *aile*, L. *ala*). The *chancel* owes its name to the fact that this part was enclosed with *lattices*, or a screen with lattice-work (L. *cancelli*). The court of *Chancery* and its president, the *Chancellor*, derive their names similarly from the cross-bars surrounding the seat of judgment.

Catchpole was a constable who, with an instrument like a shepherd's crook, formerly caught criminals by the *poll* (*pole*) or head. The *bumbailiff* = *bound bailiff*, was an under-bailiff bound to the sheriff by securities. The *sheriff* was the *shire-reeve*; in Old English *shireeve*, or governor, from A. S. *gerefa* = governor or steward. The last word is properly = *cattle guardian*, from A. S. *stigeveard*, from *stigu* = a sty or stall.

Mistaken etymologies are not uncommon in our language. A famous one is *America*. Columbus discovered South America in 1498. He died in 1506. After him Amerigo Vespucci, of Florence, sailed thither, examined the coast of Venezuela, returned to Spain in 1500, and published a work in which he claimed the merit of having discovered South America, and from him the name was unjustly given to the New World.

Again, the *turkey* was erroneously supposed to have come from Turkey, whereas it was introduced into Europe from Mexico in the sixteenth century. The French imagined it came from India, and so called it *dinde*, *i.e.*, *poulet d'Inde*. So the *gipsy*, or *gypsy*, was supposed to have migrated from Egypt to Europe about 1417, whereas they appear to have come from India, their language containing a mixture of Persian, Armenian, Slavonic, and other dialects.

Macaulay has observed that one may spend a pleasant hour in

looking over Dr. Johnson's English dictionary. There we frequently discover the great lexicographer's predilections and antipathies. Take, for example, the word *pensioner*, which he defines as "a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master." A pension means literally a weighing (*pendo*), hence a payment, since the old copper money of the Romans, as Paulus informs us, was weighed, not counted out. On pension Johnson remarks: "In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country." And this notwithstanding the fact that he himself received a pension without any stipulation. Take again his description of the word *oats*: "A grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." We can imagine Boswell's indignation!

Again, his original definition of *excise* was, "A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." This he subsequently altered. The description of *network* is thoroughly Johnsonese, "Anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections"!

Of *Tory* he says: "One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the State and the Apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England; opposed to a Whig."

He originally defined *pastern* as the *knee* of a horse, instead of the part of the foot between the fetlock and the hoof. When a lady asked him how he made this mistake, he answered: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." Similarly he confused the nautical terms leeward and windward. But these are only specks in the sun, and we must remember that even worthy Homer nods at times.

We use the word *salary* in the sense of pay for professional and literary work. But its first connotation, as Pliny tells us, was money given to soldiers to buy *salt* (*sal*), to which purpose, in course of time, it was no more restricted than pin-money is now to the purchase of pins. Augustus was the first to give salaries to governors of provinces and military officers, in order to make them dependent upon himself.

Surgeon is a contraction for *chirurgion*, which we find used by old authors, or those who adopt ancient forms; e.g. Sir W. Scott. It is derived from the Greek, and properly means one who *works* with the *hand* (*cheirourgos*).¹

Sergeant, both in military and legal parlance, comes from *servien*[t]s=one who serves.

¹ Cf. Fr. *chirurgien*.

Person has a rather curious origin. *Persona* strictly signifies the thing *sounded through*, hence a *mask*; and as this was commonly used on the stage, it came to mean a *character*, and then an individual. *Parson* is another form, the clergyman of the parish being so denominated, as he sustains and represents the person of the Church in suing and in being sued in any action at law.

Rival is a word which figures largely in our novels. It originally meant one who uses a *brook* (*rivus*) in common with another; hence one who lives on the opposite side of a river, and contends for its use, like the Gauls and Germans on either side of the Rhine.

Kid in the sense of a child is specially schoolboys' slang. But it is found in a word which does not come under this category, viz. *kidnapper*, though the component parts are both slang, *nab*=to steal, *kidnabber* being the original form.

Hocus pocus means a juggler's trick. Addison, in "The Drummer," says, "If thou hast any hocus-pocus tricks to play, why canst thou not do it now?" Tillotson, I believe, supposed it was a corruption of *hoc est corpus* from the Latin Mass. Hence we get the verb to *hocus*, i.e. to deceive by tricks.

Similarly, *bloody* so painfully frequent in the language of the vulgar, is said to be a contraction of "by our Lady." (Cf. French *dame*!) So we have the expression *gadzooks*, i.e. God's hooks, viz. the nails on the cross; *sounds*=God's wounds; *odsfish*=God's flesh.¹ A less objectionable contraction is the familiar "good-bye," i.e. God be with you. So Fr. *adieu*, It. *addio*, &c.

The derivation of *snob* is uncertain; while Trollope explains its meaning: "A tuft-hunter is a snob. A parasite is a snob. The man who allows the manhood that is in him to be awed by a coronet is a snob. The man who worships mere wealth is a snob." Thackeray calls George IV. a snob because he assumed to be the greatest gentleman in Europe, while his acts did not correspond with such. *Sine obolo* has been suggested as a derivation; as we say, "without a farthing in his pocket"! but this is untrue. Another is that it=*senobilis*, not noble! Compare *secure*=without care. *Sinecure*, on the other hand, properly signifies an ecclesiastical benefice *without the care* or *cure* of souls; so that a sinecure in one sense may be said to be *secure*. For this use of *se*, cf. sober, i.e. sobrius=*se-ebrius*, not drunken.

Hundicap is said to be a contraction for *hand in the cap*, i.e. for the purpose of drawing lots as to one's position in a race, &c.; though

¹ "Cock's bones" is another form of the oath.

Chambers refers it to a method of settling a bargain, or exchange, each party putting his hand with money in it into a cap.

Nincompoop, abbreviated into *ninny*, represents the Lat. *non compos (mentis)*, one not in his right mind.

Zany is from St. *Zanni*, a contraction of *Giovanni*=John. It properly means a merry-Andrew, which latter derives its existence, it is supposed, from one Andrew Boorde, a facetious physician in the time of Henry VIII.

Ladies no longer indulge in the *jasey*, which was a wig made of *Jersey* yarn; but Thackeray, in "The Kicklebursys," says, "Lady K. wears a front and, I make no doubt, a complete jasey."

The word *passion* is interesting from an ethical point of view. Its primitive sense is *suffering*. (Cf. Litany, "By Thy Cross and Passion"). By an easy transition it came to signify any emotion which acts upon the mind, such as anger, love, sorrow, &c. We speak of the tender passion, a passion for war, lucre, &c. But when we say "he flew into a passion," we restrict it to anger, rage, or fury. A passionate man, therefore, is not a strong man doing something to another, but he is actually a feeble man suffering under the ungovernable impulse of his irascible emotions.

In Butler's "Hudibras," l. 3. 14, we read :

And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was *cock-a-hoop*,"

i.e. elated. This is the French *coq à huppe*, *i.e.* a cock with a crest, alluding to gamecocks crowing after a victory, with elevated crest. By the way, the expression "a cock-and-bull story," meaning one that is incredible, is said to represent "a *concocted* and *bully* story," while some refer it to the *Æsopic* fable.

It is usual to describe as a *cockney* one who has been born within the sound of Bow bells. It was originally applied by country people to those who lived in the luxurious city *Cocagne*, or *Cockaigne*, the land of cookery (Lat. *coquo*) ; though others derive it from A. S. *æg*=egg, and *coke*=of cocks, *i.e.* a fabulous place of plenty, Lubber-land. For last cf. Carlyle's "Sartor" : "Though a whole celestial Lubber-land were the price of Apostasy."

The words above selected will, I think, adequately prove what a wealth of history, anecdote, and instruction is embedded in our English language, and how well it repays all those who choose to delve in this inexhaustible mine. The theologian, the moralist, and the philosopher will find therein matter for deep meditation and wide-reaching instruction. The richness of our language, built up

as it is from so many elements—Anglo-Saxon, French, German, Latin, Greek, and even Arabic—makes it more interesting and fruitful than probably any other in the world. Such study teaches us to value our words, and not to regard them as mere counters for daily use, for, as the Wise Man tells us, “the words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies.” In the hands of the poet they become pictures full of life and harmony, reflections of the bounteous Nature which encircles us, familiar, and yet pregnant with deepest thought, when

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o’er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

LAUNCELOT D. DOWDALL.

THINGS THAT ARE MADE AT HOME.

THERE are certain old-world instincts in human nature that give a poetical significance to the simplest acts of daily life. It is in virtue of these that we find so great a charm in the word "home-made," although it is employed, as a rule, with reference to the most commonplace activities by which we make up the round of our existence. If it is used in connection with anything less commonplace, indeed, than eating and drinking, it loses its charm. When we talk of home-made furniture, or clothes, or mechanical contrivances, the familiar word has none of the sweetness which, let us be as lofty as we like, we cannot help finding in it when it is used with reference to such things as bread and scones and preserves and wines. Most other home-made articles have an awkward or slipshod look. But these frail cakes and evanescent wines have a pleasing quality which is not all due to the fact that we know what is in them. A sentiment attaches to them which we do not care to explain, and which may be irrational, but is not unreasonable. There is more interest in things which are made specially for us than there is in things which are made in commercial indiscriminate quantities, and are paid for straight away in hard cash. The home-made fare is much more nicely adjusted to our needs than the factory-made eatables.

We feel this irrational delight in things that are made at home more keenly in these days than we did in the bygone times. We are letting our individuality get merged in the swell and surge of the hurrying city life of the day, and we need the particularising picturesque touches that the crafts of domestic life put into the gaudy dramas we are all enacting, to make us feel that we have an individuality worth cultivating. There is, therefore, something peculiarly satisfying in what is made in accordance with the thoughtful plan of the housewife who determines with zealous interest the needful conditions of our lives. At this critical time, too, we are in considerable danger of letting domestic skill of the

individualising sort become old-fashioned. Even the home sentiment is not so strong as it was. The novels of the day, which undoubtedly display its true features, in spite of many distortions and exaggerations, conspicuously neglect the love of home, which was one of the leading motives of the fiction-writers of the greatest novel-producing period of the nineteenth century. We have journeyed far enough from home now to discuss co-operative housekeeping with serious intent, and even to live in hotels and flats. These changes have partly been wrought, no doubt, by the rebellious and disobliging servant-maid, of whom we speak nowadays with so much disapproval. But it is also true that the mistresses have not quite the same love of home which they had. Yet those who love home the most do not regret this turn in the tide of women's affairs. In the end it will mean better management in our homes and less friction in the doing of the many little acts which constitute their history and promote their health. Our wives are and have been domestic bunglers rather than domestic artists. Perhaps we shall wish them in the future to give us better home-made things of all sorts than they have given us, and then we shall round the horizon of women's lives to the full human circle, and expect some of them to enjoy to the utmost the duties and rewards of public and professional life, and only some to be thoroughly trained domestic scientists and artists. Then, doubtless, we shall have many of those things for lack of which Emerson said that our housekeeping did not hold men sacred.

That good food will be among the benefits that will help to make our days peaceful and progressive we are not ashamed to hope, for in this age we have "no scorn of common things." Partly, maybe, because our women have a more healthy training than we used to give them, we have long ago recovered from the eighteenth-century disease of affectation, which, as Lowell remarked, turned a boot, in the language of some unhappy poet, into

The shining leather that encased the limbs,

and coffee into

The fragrant juice of Mocha's berry brown.

Thus it is that we can find few more charming passages in Washington Irving than that which describes "the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cake of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives ! There

was the doughty dough-nut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies, besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces; not to mention boiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapour from the midst. Heaven bless the mark!"

George Eliot, who admired thrifty housekeeping so much and was so capable a housekeeper herself, is another writer who has given us many a pleasant glimpse into the mysteries of home-made things. These pictures were, of course, reminiscences of the early life which taught her so many home secrets that were worth knowing and brought her into contact with so many domestic geniuses. The homely details which the training of her childhood enabled her to bring into her narrative do not disfigure her work, because they are so intimately associated with those sentiments that make up the best part of our lives. Thus, when she speaks of "such various and suggestive scents as of plum-cakes in the oven and jellies in the hot state," we do not feel that she is talking in a strain much less dignified than that of the famous passage in which she brings to our remembrance "the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us and transform our perception into love."

When they discussed things made at home George Eliot and Washington Irving were surely not far from writing poetry, although they were only talking about cakes and fruits and preserves. This poetry we are nowadays in a position to enjoy to the full. We can quite well appreciate the wish to have home-made bread which Carlyle expressed to his wife, as some people think so unreasonably. The desire was not mere caprice on the part of the philosopher. There are some kinds of food which remind us of the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. Such, for example, are the fruit plucked from the tree the history of which we know, the blackberry jam with the fragrance of the autumn woods in it, the bread kneaded by our own wife, the cakes baked on our own hearth. In these cases the common is not commonplace.

But food prepared away from home may be mere food. Some people think it is better food because the large firms that make and sell it nowadays command greater resources than are within the reach of the individual, and are able to use up-to-date apparatus for the making and distribution of it. But it is all manufactured for

profit, and it represents the least possible value that can be given for the money it fetches. It is made in the clever, sharp way which keen competition has necessitated, and has the mechanical finish which may hide many a dishonest flaw. Things made at home are prepared on a more generous plan. There is no meanness in their making, no grasping stint, and no busy indifference. Surely it is not a mere fancy that those ingredients of our food which give us most pleasure are put into it by people of our own household.

That we may have such women of skill about us at home is a matter for which we should care in these cheap days. Our home life in the old sense is breaking up, and the question is, Can we prevent things from taking this direction, and, if we can, would it be well for us to do so? Since the married women do not like housekeeping so much as they did, and the rebellion of the servants threatens to turn middle-class women into drudges and higher-class women into employers of a sort of foreign slave labour, would it not be better for us all to go and live in hotels? Probably the most sensible answer which could be given is that servants' work ought to be organised into a municipal service, the conditions of which would be regulated in accordance with economic laws, so that it would be brought into line with other occupations to which different classes of people are devoting their energies at the present time. Servants would then be contented, independent, capable, and well-paid members of the community. The work of their employers, too, ought to be a life career for which a special training is given and to which special privileges accrue. The toils of our households would then be wrought on a scientific plan. They would be many—though probably fewer than they now are—but they would be done speedily and skilfully and easily. Then we should enjoy home-made viands, and know that they were not prepared at the cost of much moiling and fuss, and old-maidishness, and sacrifice of culture on the part of either mistress or servant.

There would be many other things to enjoy as well in a thoughtfully planned house, with good appointments, which was governed by a thoroughly trained housekeeper; but among them the good things of the table would not be contemptible.

M. E. ROBINSON.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

THERE are, perhaps, many people who would be disposed to reckon cookery books among the *biblia abiblia*—books which are no books ; but it is worthy of notice that in Charles Lamb's list of such they do not appear. And, indeed, he who wrote with so much feeling, almost tenderness, about those savoury dishes which his soul loved would scarcely be likely to include these manuals of the gastronomic art with Paley's "Moral Philosophy" and chessboards bound and lettered at the back. An old cookery book is, indeed, quite fascinating reading. The more modern specimens are apt to be prosaic ; we cannot rid ourselves of the sense of their severely practical purpose. But when it has grown old and venerable with years it has a distinct charm, for with its assistance we can conjure up quaint pictures of the domestic life of the past. The background may be supplied by such old houses as have escaped the devastating hand of the restorer, and by those eighteenth-century chairs and tables which a credulous public is willing to believe that it can purchase in unlimited quantities in Tottenham Court Road ; but a cookery book will do something to breathe a life into these surroundings, and will bring before us a vision of the old-fashioned housekeeper in all her marvellous completeness.

And in this constructive spirit let us take up the "Art of Cookery" of the great Mrs. Glasse, a book that in the eighteenth century was a classic in its way, and was stated by some—such was the respect in which it was held—to be the work not of Mrs. Glasse at all, but of Dr. Hill ; which gave occasion to Johnson to remark "how much better the subject of cookery may be treated by a philosopher," and that "women cannot make a good book," even on such a peculiarly feminine subject as cookery.

It is a battered volume, clothed in that ambiguous unlettered calf that gives no clue to the contents, and may conceal anything from a collection of sermons to a Latin grammar. Our forefathers seem to have delighted in such bindings. But when once we have

penetrated this obscuring veil we find a characteristic frontispiece with this legend underneath :

The Fair who's Wise and oft consults our Book,
And thence directions gives her Prudent Cook,
With Choicest Viands has her Table Crown'd,
And Health, with Frugal Ellegance is found ;

and in the illustration (cookery, it seems, was not considered an unworthy subject for the fine arts) the Fair is depicted in a mob-cap eighteen inches high, giving, as prescribed, her written directions to the prudent cook, who stands by, in an inferior and servile species of mob-cap and buckled shoes, demurely to receive them. This "frugal ellegance" is much insisted on, and the authoress (we will assume that she was not Dr. Hill) dilates with a fine insular indignation upon the extravagance of French cooks. They will take, says she, the essence of a ham for sauce for a single dish ; a proceeding, indeed, which is almost Vitellian in splendour. As evidence of her own economical mind there are one or two delightful deceptions which she recommends. "If you have but one pheasant, and want two in a dish, take a large full-grown fowl. Keep the head in, and truss it just as you do a pheasant ; lard with bacon, but don't lard the fowl ; and nobody will know it." And again : "At the time of the year when house lamb is very dear take the hind quarter of a large pig ; take off the skin and roast it, and it will eat like lamb with mint sauce, or with sallad, or Seville orange." She has much to say with regard to pig ; which means, as in the *locus classicus* on the subject, not mere pork, but sucking-pig. There is, however, a lack of tenderness in her treatment. "Take a fat pig, cut off his head, slit and truss him up" ; the crude vigorousness of these directions is almost alarming. Pig was evidently a favourite dish in those days, if we may judge from the multifarious ways of dressing it, or, in the book's more vivid manner of expression, "him." "Now you are to observe," we are told, there are "several ways of making sauce for a pig. Some don't love any sage in the pig, only a crust of bread ; . . . some love bread sauce in a bason ; some love a few currants boiled in it, glass of wine and a little sugar." Again, certain epicures would tolerate no detraction from the majestic appearance of the animal ; for we read that "some love" (how that "love" would have appealed to Elia !) "a pig brought whole to table."

But there is, after all, but little scope for what is fascinating in dissertations upon mere roasting and boiling. These are but the groundwork of the culinary art, for which a special genius is

unnecessary. There is, however, a refinement in the direction to use no iron pans for boiling greens or roots, "for they are not proper ; but let them be copper, brass, or silver." The kitchen in old-fashioned houses is still resplendent with its rows of polished copper pots and pans ; but the vision of a cook boiling her cabbages in a silver pot is something more magnificent than the modern eye is accustomed to ; and one cannot but wonder that the palate which could be induced to mistake fowl for pheasant and "pig" for lamb should yet be able to detect the flavour of an iron pot in the vegetables.

In the chapter intituled "Of Pyes" there is more of interest, and we are reduced to the confession that the art of making "pyes" is one that must have lamentably deteriorated. We read of a "Shropshire pye" which contained, as pieces of resistance, two rabbits and two pounds of pork, but which had among its accessories cocks' combs, oysters, nutmegs, artichokes, and half a pint of red wine. For "A very fine sweet lamb or veal pye" we are to take, among other things, candied citron, orange and lemon peel, raisins and currants ; and to add when it comes out of the oven a "caudle" made of a pint of white wine and the yolks of three eggs, flavoured with lemon juice and sugar. A "Devonshire squab pye" apparently consisted of sliced pippins and "mutton steaks cut from the loin" in alternate layers.

But the most noble dish is a Yorkshire Christmas pie, for which we are to bone, by way of substratum, a turkey, a goose, a fowl, and a partridge ; but this is not all. The receipt goes on to speak of a hare and "woodcocks, more game, and what sort of wildfowl you can get." Truly there is need for the direction that the lid must be a "very thick one" and the crust well baked. Christmas fare suggests mince pies, which have, it seems, altered but little ; but we find among the season's delicacies no trace of our plum-pudding, but only the more ancient "plumb porridge," such as Sir Roger de Coverley's Dissenting visitor ate of so plentifully as to convince the good knight that Queen Anne's Act against Occasional Conformity was having its effect. Perhaps the receipt is worth quoting entire ; but it is not such as to make us deplore the disappearance of the dish : "Take a leg and shin of beef, put to them eight gallons of water, and boil them till they are very tender, and when the broth is strong strain it out ; wipe the pot and put in the broth again ; then slice six penny loaves thin, cut off the top and bottom, put some of the liquor to it, cover it up, and let it stand a quarter of an hour ; boil it and strain it, and then put it into your pot. Let it boil a quarter of

an hour, then put in five pounds of currants, clean, washed and picked ; let them boil a little, and put in five pounds of raisins of the sun, stoned, and two pounds of pruens, and let them boil till they swell ; then put in three-quarters of an ounce of mace, half an ounce of cloves, two nutmegs, all of them beat fine, and mix it with a little liquor, cold, and put them in a very little while, and take off the pot ; then put in three pounds of sugar, a little salt, a quart of sack, a quart of claret, and the juice of two or three lemons."

But the old-fashioned cookery was not content to attain a ponderous magnificence ; we are apt to picture a mere succession of enormous joints, beneath which the "mahogany" might not unreasonably groan, and to recall that monotonous *menu* which satisfied Pope's Balaam in his less ambitious days, when

One solid dish his weekday meal affords,
An added pudding solemnised the Lord's.

But we read of a "marinated fowl," beneath whose skin are inserted a veal sweetbread, an anchovy, and a few mushrooms, with spices and lemon-peel and yolk of egg ; besides which "what oysters you please" are to be stuffed into the body, and the breast larded with bacon : truly an elaborate confection ! In a simpler mode of cooking chickens, for which a silver or pewter dish is to be used, there is merely a little mace by way of flavouring ; but this, we are told, is "a very pretty dish for a sick person, or for a lying-in lady. For change it is better than butter, and the sauce is very agreeable and pretty."

There is a whole chapter on made dishes, such as the most fantastically minded cook of modern days need not despise. We do not call them "made dishes" now, nor do our *menus* designate their choicest delicacies by such names as "Snipes in a surtout," or "Pigeons transmogrified" : which last "will eat exceeding good and nice, and will yield sauce enough of a very agreeable relish." But, at any rate, the eighteenth century was not a time when alternate sirloins and legs of mutton composed the housekeeper's ideal. The bill of fare was varied enough, as the monthly list will testify. It may somewhat shock our ideas of propriety to learn that our ancestors were accustomed to eat, in July, "young partridges, pheasants, and wild ducks called flappers or moulters" ; but the catalogue of fishes is still more amazing. That for the Midsummer quarter, beginning with "turbots and trouts," includes "grig, shafflins, glout, tenes, dolphins, flying fish, sheephead, tollis both land and sea, sturgeon, seale, and chubb." Perhaps some of these by other names may

smell as sweet to the modern epicure, but the Billingsgate of our days knows them not.

But the art of cookery had a lighter and more fantastic side. There was not only the kitchen, but the still-room, that mysterious region sacred to the preparation of the more trivial delicacies, the very fripperies of food. The name survives, but it is merely a name; the good housewife no longer includes distilling and its kindred arts among her accomplishments. A hundred and fifty years ago things were different, and in the proper season she was busily engaged in gathering and preparing those various strange plants and flowers which constituted the raw material of those syrups and wines and conserves and waters which were the pride of her heart and the foundation of her renown. The "Rambler" tells of a visitor to a country house, an admirably ordered country house, who found the floor of his bedroom covered with sieves of leaves and flowers, which before the process of distilling had to be dried, and to that end were placed in the guest-chamber, because "no other room so conveniently received the rising sun." And, indeed, the receipts of the period presuppose a knowledge of botany at which the housekeeper of our day would stand aghast. A receipt for one of these "waters"—a medicinal water, it is true—contains some sixty kinds of roots and flowers and seeds, among them such things as maidenhair, origany, winter savoury, colt's foot, saxafrage, motherwort and sentory. The commoner ingredients of course are there: mint, rue, poppies, fennel, and so forth; so if this was the water which the Rambler's hosts were about to distil, it is not surprising that the best bedroom floor was three parts filled with the materials. A curious compound is "Hysterical water," for which we are directed to take betony, roots of lovage, seeds of wild parsnips, "mistletoe of the oak," myrtle, and a few other things, and, finally, a "quarter of a pound of dried millepedes." The preliminary herbs are not altogether encouraging; but "dried millepedes" present still fewer attractions as an article of diet; perhaps their flavour was in some degree obliterated by "three quarts of mugwort water and two quarts of brandy" which were to be added. The compound is to stand for eight days, and then be distilled, and wine pints of the invaluable product drawn off, sweetened, and bottled up for use.

There were many such waters as these, but perhaps the most inviting is "Black cherry water." The ingredients of this include, besides its eponymous black cherries, rosemary, balm, marigold flowers, and dried violets. A distillation of red rosebuds has also a picturesque sound; but most of the waters—treacle water, milk water,

walnut water, and the rest—contain a similar foundation of strange and uninviting herbs. True, there is generally some more potent ingredient—French brandy as a rule, or Canary wine. For “Stag’s heart water” the first necessary is a stag’s heart covered with “Rhenish,” to which are added, among other trifles, rosemary flowers, sweet marjoram, lemon and orange peel, hartshorn and cinnamon. Some of these preparations were obviously medicinal, but as to the others the modern mind is somewhat at a loss. To what purpose were they with so much labour made and bottled? Did our great-grandmothers intend them to please their friends or poison their enemies withal? Were they to be handed round as delicacies and especial marks of favour, or were they designed to cure strange obsolete ailments, like the vapours, from which all persons of genteel pretensions were accustomed to suffer? The cookery book tells us not; it goes no further than the directions for bottling, and has not contemplated the possibility of such ignorance as that of the twentieth century.

There is a receipt for mead which is less mysterious. Five gallons of water and one of honey are to be boiled together, and a little bag of bruised ginger, cinnamon, and nutmeg placed therein. The mixture is to stand and cool, with enough ale yeast put in to make it work, and then kept in a warm place; “when it hath wrought well,” the directions continue, “turn it up; at two months you may drink it, having been bottled a month; but if you keep it four months it will be better.”

There are certain delightful syrups, too, whose names are quite fairylike. It is hard to believe that such confections as “Syrup of peach-blossoms” or “Syrup of clove gilliflowers” can be intended for the refreshment of mere gross humanity. Conserves of hips and of red roses too suggest a banquet for Titania rather than for mortals; and what are we to say of so picturesque a dish as “Cowslip pudding”? In this last, however, the peck of cowslips seems to be somewhat overwhelmed with the less ethereal flavours of sixteen eggs, three pints of cream, and Naples biscuits. Home-made wines also are included in the manual as among the necessary productions of a well-ordered household. Currant wine and gooseberry wine and cowslip wine (the cowslip seems to have been regarded as peculiarly suitable for an article of food) even yet survive; but such a decoction as turnip wine is something of a curiosity. However, we find that to every gallon of juice (one is not prepossessed by the sound of turnip juice) there is added, besides sugar, half a pint of brandy; so the skilled maker of home-made

wines was not above fortifying her productions, and perhaps the flavour of the "turnip juice" was not predominant. There is a pleasing old-fashioned sound in a "sack posset," for the making of which four Naples biscuits are to be crumbled into a pint of new milk (another more luxurious receipt says "cream," and adds the yolks of two eggs), and then, when it has boiled, we are to grate in some nutmeg, "sweeten to your palate," and add half a pint of sack. Syllabubs, too, and flummery are among the dainties described, the former, in order that it may be made to perfection, needing the actual presence of a cow; and there are all sorts of things such as we call trifles, and tipsy cakes and other frivolous viands; certain elaborate dishes, too, known as "Moonshine" and "Hedge-hog," which are designed not only to please the palate, but to "look pretty in the middle of a table for supper."

But our cookery book, in spite of its expressed determination "not to meddle in the physical way," cannot resist giving two receipts, one for a specific against the plague, and the other for the cure of the bite of a mad dog. In time of plague we are to infuse rue, sago, lavender, and other herbs in white wine vinegar, with some "camphire," wash our mouths and temples with the preparation, and carry a sponge dipped in the same, "in order to smell to on all occasions." The cure for the mad dog's bite commences with bleeding and the taking of a strange powder in cow's milk, warm; it then directs that the patient "must go into the cold bath or a cold spring or river every morning, fasting, for a month," but, lest this vigorous treatment should appear too terrifying, we are told that he may keep his head above water, and need not stay in longer than half a minute if the water be very cold. There is, moreover, a "Powder for the heartburn" described which savours of the old-world type of medicines, for a conspicuous ingredient is the "eyes and claws of crabs." Then, by way of appendix, we find an extremely trenchant method of dealing with bedsteads with a view to cleanliness, and a few miscellaneous receipts for lip salves and hair restorers.

Truly there was a marvellous comprehensiveness in the art of the old-fashioned housekeeper. She knew not only how to cook, but how to brew and to bake, to make her syrups and waters, her preserves and her essences; she would gather her herbs and prepare her simples, and pickle everything that was capable of being pickled, from pork to cucumbers; she would supply her medicine-chest and the supper-table at her assemblies, even her wine-cellar, with the productions of her own ingenious hands. We can imagine

what would be her scorn of her degenerate successor, who buys her hams ready cured and her fruits ready bottled, and even gets her jams from the Stores. The "Fair" of the present day thinks it no shame to be ignorant of the right composition of rose-water or ketchup, and is not content with such renown as good Mrs. Primrose won by her inimitable gooseberry wine ; she aims at other distinctions than that of the excellent housekeeper in the "Rambler" who filled the house with dried flowers, and whose receipt for a certain orange pudding was kept so strict a secret that fears were entertained of its dying with her ; yet who promised her favourite daughter that if she married to her liking it should be divulged to her, as an invaluable dowry, upon the wedding-day.

LENNOX MORISON.

TRAITS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT GERMAN LIBERAL.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II. SOJOURN IN PARIS.

LOUIS BAMBERGER and his wife reached Paris safely, and for a short time stayed at a small hotel or *pension*, "Des Trois Frères." The place is described by Louis as follows: "The landlady, as is generally the case, was elderly, and had some traces of past beauty and the equivalent experience of life. There were a few *habitués* at the *table d'hôte*, among whom the usual half-pay major was not missing. The furniture, like the lady and the major, was worn out and not particularly clean. A smell of rancid butter and burnt fat met one on entering the house, and remained so intimately connected with the place, that to this moment whenever I smell burnt fat I think of the Hôtel des Trois Frères. But I liked the place for all that. What happy hours we spent there! How we laughed! Were I not afraid of the *laudator temporis acti* I should be tempted to say, when I read modern sentimental and social novels and dramas, that at that time we looked at the world with more cheerful eyes, although we were refugees cast out of our Paradise."

Later on the Bambergers took an apartment in the Place Vendôme. Louis did not escape the attention of the police, though it was only after he had been in Paris for some time that he was one day summoned to appear before the Directeur de la Sûreté Publique. He took with him sufficient credentials, and soon entered into a friendly conversation with the Directeur, who asked Bamberger whether he would like to see his *dossier*. And a document was produced inscribed, "Bamberger, Louis, chef des bandes qui ont ensanglanté le Palatinat."

Bamberger's old friend, Moritz Hartmann, was in Paris and lived at the same hotel. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and

gathered round his invalid couch a number of distinguished or interesting persons to whom he introduced his old schoolfellow. Hartmann was completely ruled by his physician, Dr. Gruby, whose death and eccentricities were fully reported in the London papers. Dr. Gruby was an Hungarian. He was fond of vivisection. He cured many of his patients by "suggestion," and it is told that he ordered one of his lady patients, who suffered from chronic sore-throat, to buy a bunch of Spanish grapes every day at a particular shop, take them with her to the garden of the Palais Royal at the hour of twelve, and at every stroke of the clock to swallow one grape without bursting it. The lady, it is affirmed, was cured.

The immense variety of Parisian figures which pass before us in the "Recollections" cannot possibly be done justice to in a paper of this sort. We must perforce restrict ourselves to what is most likely to be interesting to English readers.

A striking personage was Ivan Turgenieff, the Russian author, who often visited Hartmann, and whose herculean figure was generally present at New Year banquets. He had a noble leonine head, with beautiful locks like a lion's mane; softly beaming eyes, and a silver-toned voice. He was very modest, and his celebrity as a writer was cast into the shade by the charm of his manner.

Until his death, Louis tells us, Turgenieff lived in the closest friendship with Pauline Garcia Viardot. Louis heard the latter sing in the rôle of "Orpheus" when she was forty years old, and was so delighted with her voice and acting that he went to six performances of Gluck's opera, and enjoyed the last as much as the first. Personally, Pauline Garcia made on our friend Louis an impression of great power such as he else only found in George Sand. Both women smoked cigarettes while conversing. While George Sand was a true Frenchwoman, speaking only Italian besides her own language, Pauline Garcia, the Italian, was a cosmopolitan, and spoke French, German, and English perfectly.

Once, at Baden, Louis Bamberger, Moritz Hartmann, and Turgenieff met in the street a Russian officer, an acquaintance of Bamberger, who suddenly, then and there, went mad. It was the first time that Louis had ever seen an outburst of insanity. In order to persuade the poor man to go to an asylum, his friends told him that they wanted to take him to see a château which he ought to purchase. He agreed, and on the way was very talkative and cheerful, relating incidents of his life, and from time to time singing a song in a very musical voice. As they led him through

the courtyard of the asylum he began to hum the joyous air from the "Barber of Seville," "Ecco ridente il sole." Bamberger says that he could never forget the cruel comedy of that moment. The insane Russian only lived a few months longer. This first sight of a lunatic asylum made a terrible impression on Louis, for among the female inmates he recognised a young woman whom he had known as a blooming girl, and who was now a drivelling idiot. As he returned home, all the people he met seemed to him insane. But his companions commenced a literary conversation, and Turgenieff betrayed such a splendid memory and intimate acquaintance with German literature that Bamberger was quite astonished. Turgenieff recited on the way a long poem, "Der alte Thurmhahn," from beginning to end without one mistake.

Recalling this incident of the asylum our friend tells of an adjuration addressed by Maxime Ducamp to the director of a German lunatic asylum in which Madame H., who became insane in consequence of the outbreak of the Franco-German war, was confined. "Sauvez-moi, Madame H.," cried that ardent Frenchman, "et je vous donne l'Alsace et la Lorraine !"

Speaking of sensuality in France, Bamberger observes : "All over the world sensuality is powerful as a goddess, but in France it has a peculiar stamp, mixed of love of beauty, refined taste, and sexual feeling, with even a touch of intellectuality. Immorality in France is only one side of the universal and acute sensuousness of the French race. This disposition easily leads to excess, but at the same time even moral and refined people feel its power. The ties of kindred are much stronger in France than in Germany. In French romances the mother constantly plays a part. The attraction of the 'eternal feminine' shows its power in the worship of mothers by their sons, that relationship being very tender in France. In three recent autobiographies, those of Renan, Gounod, and Meissonier, this sentiment is very unaffectedly expressed. How cold, by comparison, seems Goëthe's affection for his excellent mother !"

Space fails us to note here all that we find on these subjects in the pages before us, and also much that is interesting concerning the practice of law in France, and the manner in which Parisian judges could be "influenced," if not bribed.

We will again approach the sick-bed of Moritz Hartmann, and watch the figures gathered round it. Prominent is the Comtesse d'Agoult, the friend of Liszt and mother-in-law of Richard Wagner. She lived separated from her husband, the then director of the Banque de France. She was a Mademoiselle de F'avigny and was

born at Frankfort in 1805. In her "Memoirs" she depicts her childhood, passed in that town. Later, when in France, she kept up a close connection with Germany and the Germans. She wrote under the pseudonym of Daniel Stern. Her principal work was a history of the Revolution of 1848. When she visited Hartmann, she was generally accompanied by her two daughters, Cosima and Blondine. Of the former we know that she became the wife of the great German composer; Blondine married a Monsieur Ollivier. Madame d'Agoult was a self-important, commanding woman.

Soon after settling in Paris, Louis Bamberger procured an introduction to Heinrich Heine, but, the poet being then terribly ill, Louis did not venture to intrude upon him, which he regretted afterwards; for he says, "When some celebrated man has died, one is always sorry to have missed any opportunity of speaking with him."

The most distinguished painter in the circles frequented by Louis was Gustave Ricard, now better appreciated by the world than before his death. He has often been compared to the great German painter, Lenbach; but Ricard is more objective and discreet in his "psychology" than Lenbach. Bamberger considers his masterpiece to be the portrait of Madame de Calonne, the wife of the founder of the "Revue Contemporaine." She was a Pole, a highly remarkable woman, and the intimate friend of Ricard, which is perhaps the secret of his catching the *spirituel* expression of her face.

Ricard was a most careful worker. He would toil for months to obtain a certain mixture of colours, and spoke of vermilion and bitumen as if they were sacred gifts. He carefully studied the treatment of colours by the old masters; and would rise in the middle of the night to add a touch to a picture. It was he who taught our friend "to see."

Ricard was a handsome man, and possessed the "finest intellect" Louis had ever met with. Coming into contact with many Germans, Ricard had learnt the language, and took great pleasure in reading "Faust," the dedication of which he knew by heart. He lived in great retirement, and considered it a misfortune to be obliged to go into society.

Paul Chanavard was another artist-friend of our author. He was born at Lyons in 1807, and lived to be eighty-seven years of age. He looked like a Roman senator, but his imposing appearance was spoiled when he opened his lips, for he was always hoarse, suffering from chronic laryngitis. Yet he was a great talker, and when in society no other man could get in a word. His rival in this respect was the astronomer Babinet, and when the two met

there was a regular fight as to which should speak. Their friends used to say that the man who *sneezed* was lost, and once, when Chanavard was speaking and suddenly obliged to sneeze, he quickly placed his hand on Babinet's mouth, who was sitting next him, and held it there till he had finished sneezing and could speak again. Babinet, on the other hand, while talking, was quite oblivious of what was going on around him. Once, at a dinner, his friends jokingly offered him the same dish thrice running, and each time Babinet helped himself copiously, eating the food mechanically, and unconscious of the trick. Chanavard had no love of nature, and thought it very odd that people liked to take walks. Once a friend rushed into his studio and railed at him for staying indoors in such splendid weather. He dragged him out, past the Tuileries into the Champs-Élysées, and kept crying, "Ah ! qu'il fait beau ! qu'il fait beau !" "I could not imagine," observed Chanavard when relating the incident, "what there was to admire !"

A tender friendship existed between Chanavard and the composer Rossini, though the former was never satisfied with what he had done, and the latter was a joyous epicurean who rested on his laurels quite early in life, and enjoyed his own celebrity. The authorities had presented Rossini with a villa in the Bois de Boulogne, which was decorated by Chanavard. In winter Rossini lived very near the Bambergers in the Chaussée d'Antin, and they met almost daily. The exceeding comfort expressed in Rossini's whole figure was always a delight to Bamberger. Rossini looked more like a Neapolitan comedian than a Roman senator. His portly chest was covered by a many-coloured velvet waistcoat, over which hung a thick gold chain ; his face wore an expression of good-natured irony, and he overflowed with *bons mots*. In this, however, Chanavard was his match.

Among other celebrated artists with whom Louis Bamberger came in contact, he describes Doré as an elegant little man of no imposing aspect ; and Meissonier as an ordinary-looking blustering fellow with a thick-set figure, who would have been greatly surprised could he have known that after his death William II. would wire deep-felt condolences to his widow, for the French artist and the German Emperor had no sympathy for each other. Meissonier was fanatically French, and after the war hated the Germans with all his heart. Bamberger mentions that later on the great German painter, Menzel, met Meissonier in Paris, and that it was very funny to witness the interview, for the one knew no German, and the other no French.

It was also after 1871 that Bamberger met the great historical

painter Jean-Léon Gérôme.¹ "Gérôme," he says, "is one of the most splendid heroic figures I have ever seen. The sunshine of French *bonhomie* rests on his features, and he has the amiability and refinement proper to the most elegant *mousquetaire* type. Native polish and a joking self-depreciation give piquancy to his conversation. He is still a mighty hunter, and full of youthful elasticity at seventy years of age."

A number of musicians and their relatives also pass before our eyes: the widow of Cherubini, "a stately, pleasing old woman"; and the Italian musical critic Scudo, greatly feared because of his severity, who looked like an old officer. He was once at a dinner-party given by Bamberger, and led the conversation. For some trifling cause he grew angry with his host, and said some insulting things, to which Bamberger replied moderately, wishing to avoid a scene. The other guests were surprised at Scudo's behaviour, as he was known to have good manners. He remained a little while after the others had left, and when he was gone, Mrs. Bamberger told her husband that he had kept her talking for some time, and had exclaimed in an excited manner, "You see in me the greatest and happiest man in the world!" Next day news came that Scudo had gone mad that very night, and had been taken to a lunatic asylum. He never left it again. This was the third time that Louis Bamberger had witnessed the outbreak of insanity, and he was not spared the sight of another breakdown of intellect, to him the most tragic of all. "I was the first," he says, "to perceive that all was not right with Lasker's brain. But this time it was rather a failure of the power of thought than absolute lunacy. It was probably the tardy result of a violent attack of typhoid from which Lasker had suffered in 1874, and of the want of proper rest afterwards."

The "Recollections" then wander to the subject of the *claque*, and our author discusses it at full length. He remarks that, as an orator is always something of an actor, he feels in a painful manner any indifference or inattention on the part of his audience, and infinitely prefers signs of disapprobation. A political speaker, he says, has far more need of a *claque* than an actor, and an appropriate "Hear, hear!" or "Quite right," thrown in by one of his party at the right moment, is a very encouraging and important thing. In Germany such encouragement is often neglected because of the "niggardliness of the German nature."

Returning to his musical reminiscences, Bamberger tells us how he became acquainted with the French *chanson* and the *chanson-*

¹ Jean-Léon Gérôme has died lately. He was born in 1824.—L. W. 1904.

neurs. In his time their head and prototype was the celebrated Nadaud, who was originally a mason, and afterwards a republican deputy, and who derived his musical fame from the songs he wrote, set to music, and sang. His "Deux Gendarmes" will probably be never forgotten. It describes two French sergeants marching at night along the highway with a recruit from Alsace. The sergeants praise the military career, and the recruit responds in broken French. As they march, day gradually dawns and the song ceases ; the sergeants have fallen asleep as they go.

Gérôme, the artist, was a patron of "Le Chat Noir," and took Bamberger there. They entered a small house in a narrow street, and, passing through a common drinking-room on the ground floor, went up some steps to a room above. A white cloth was stretched on one of the walls for the purpose of displaying shadow-figures, to which recitations and songs furnished the text. *Doubles ententes* and political skits entertained the spectators while they smoked and drank. Louis Bamberger found the whole thing stupid, and remarks that only the light-hearted temperament of Frenchmen could find pleasure in such slippery comedy and political scandal.

In the days of Napoleon III. the *frères Symnet* were as famous as Thérèse and Yvette Guilbert are now. These brothers were twins from the Low Pyrenees, and were well received at Court. Much later (in 1896) Bamberger resumed his psychological study of the Parisian *chanson* at "Les Tréteaux de Tabarin," the then new attraction. "All the world," he says, "rushed to the place. It was a room so small that smoking and drinking could not be allowed ; chairs were closely set for about a hundred persons. The audience for the most part was composed of people of the higher classes; the men appeared in evening dress, the ladies *en grande toilette*. One after the other, men in tail-coats stepped on to the small platform, and recited prose or doggerel in a sort of sing-song, to which accompaniments were played on a wretched piano behind the scenes. The worst songs went by the name of *chanson rose* ; there is no denying that it needs a peculiar talent for the invention, and especially for the recitation, of this kind of comic art. Its secret lies in the admixture of refinement and vulgarity, or rather of *canaillerie*." It was quite amazing, on coming out, to find a row of elegant equipages waiting in the street. Bamberger had the impression that the very footmen must have despised the taste of their masters. "But perhaps," he adds, "I over-estimated the lackeys."

Paris had a charm for Bamberger, he confessed, which no other city possessed. In 1853 he had the good fortune to pass there a

wonderful St. Martin's summer, the weather being quite magically beautiful. His first drive in the Bois de Boulogne on the first Sunday in November was a thing to remember. The Avenue du Bois de Boulogne did not then exist. The route lay on a rather dirty road to the left of the Arc de Triomphe ; but in the Bois itself the elegant equipages and bright blue sky dazzled the eyes.

At that time Bamberger had achieved a secure position. He had a guaranteed income of not less than 12,000 francs a year, and it was sufficient for the moderate needs of his wife and himself, even in costly Paris.

One of the clients of the bank was Lamartine, who was always in financial difficulties, spending more than his really large income. He liked to play the *grand seigneur*. A complete edition of his works was at that time published by subscription as a kind of national tribute to his genius, and the tale runs that the subscribers were received at the house according to the amount of their subscriptions ; those who had been liberal being taken into a room from the window of which they could see Lamartine walking in a neighbouring corridor, while those who had signed for only one copy of the poems might not penetrate further than the ante-room. Lamartine used to go to the bank to draw a pension which the Sultan had granted him, but it was never clear what services he had rendered Turkey.

Bamberger also met Van Heckerei at the bank, who had killed the Russian poet Puschkin in a duel. He was obliged to leave Russia and went to Alsace, but after the *Coup d'état* settled in Paris, where he made himself useful to Napoleon III., and was even sent to the different courts of Europe to seek for a fitting wife for the Emperor.

Another figure is that of the British statesman, George Goschen, who went to Paris to arrange the first Egyptian loan. He was at that time a junior partner. Bamberger never saw him again till, in the seventies, he met him in Berlin at a dinner given in his honour by Lasker.

By degrees Bamberger exercised a refraining influence on his uncle, who was of a too optimistic character, and apt to become a victim to project-makers. In this connection Bamberger tells us that Bismarck, the far-sighted statesman, was very liable to be imposed upon by speculators. "Most aristocrats," remarks our author, "have a liking for men who entice them out of commonplace business calculations ; and for this reason princes and counts may even be found at the head of our colonial societies ; and

medical charlatans live chiefly on the credulity of the Upper Ten. In his house at Varzin, Bismarck kept at the head of his affairs a confidential man who was a frantic speculator, and Bismarck believed in this man more than in the most respectable representatives of the merchant class."

Bamberger sums up the result of his Paris experience as having settled all his doubts as to the career he ought to adopt; practical knowledge of the great tasks of life, and daily intercourse with agreeable and highly cultured people of the most varied rank and profession, prevented him from feeling the prose of everyday business duties. He was also at the very root of all large financial operations and European politics. Each day the "Moniteur" and other official papers were eagerly opened in expectation of some *coup de théâtre*, and from people "behind the scenes" reliable reports of what was being secretly concocted could be obtained. To all this was added the charm of Parisian life to a comparatively young man; and a lively circle of friends. Still Louis felt an undertone of discontent. "My inclination for politics and literature lay apart from the path of my work, and it was impossible to lead it into a new path while on foreign soil. I did not at the time recognise the great advantage of the schooling I was receiving, and only later, when I entered political life in Germany, did I fully estimate the value of all the disagreeable oscillations in my career; and I often thought how much more content I should have been during my stay in Paris could I have foreseen in what light I should regard that period in after years."

In 1859 Bamberger entered into an agreement with his uncle that if, when he died, he could not leave his wife an income of 4,000 francs per annum, the firm would guarantee her a pension of 3,000 francs. At the time when this agreement was made, Bamberger was tormented with the fancy that he had not long to live, and would leave his wife without means. Her father, to whom she was then reconciled, was a miserly though rich man, and on him his son-in-law could never reckon. Neither would he insure his life, for he had come to the conclusion that the conditions of insurance were highly disadvantageous to the insured, and that people ought to have the moral courage to lay by what was necessary, without pledging themselves to pay premiums.

Two years later Louis was scarcely better off. He had been in the Paris firm for eight years, and, during the last three, quite alone at the head of the bank; but in all that time he had only saved 77,000 francs. He had kept his annual expenses down to the low figure of

12,000 francs, although he received many guests, and rented a small country house in the neighbourhood of the city ; all which goes to prove how cheap life then was, and how, with prudence, a small family could live pleasantly on moderate means. His wife helped him efficiently. She made a pretty interior and wore elegant toilettes, while at the same time her culture and intellectual interests were equal to those of any learned blue-stocking. The modesty of Bamberger's position in a great banking-house is explained by the fact that he had no capital invested in the business.

Towards the close of his stay in Paris, several good years made up for the previous eight. In 1866, when he decided to go back to Germany, he had got so far that he could live well on the income derived from his savings.

By this time he had obtained a keen insight into the political and financial affairs of the world, as well as into the special intellectual and social life of France. During all this time he had contributed articles to the German papers, and in 1864 his paper on "Berlin in Paris," and a review of Renan's "Life of Jesus," had excited great attention, and kept up his connection with North Germany. The review called forth a letter from Ernest Renan, which is quoted as follows :

"Paris: 28 novembre 1869.

"Cher Monsieur,—Je ne veux pas attendre la fin de votre beau travail pour vous dire combien je suis fier d'être comparé à de tels maîtres, et de recevoir cet honneur de vous. Votre travail fera bien comprendre au public français des vérités qu'il ignore trop, et dont l'ignorance le mène à de grandes fautes. Je suis effrayé de l'avenir d'une nation qui ne se reconnaît aucun ancêtre, aucun droit, aucun pacte, aucun devoir qui ait plus de 75 ans. Ce seront des voix grandes et sûres comme la vôtre qui le mèneront à une philosophie plus large. Je suis on ne peut plus heureux de vous avoir inspiré de si bonnes pages. Croyez à mes sentiments les plus sympathiques et les plus dévoués.

"E. RENAN."

Speaking about the attempts to reconcile the Alsatians with their fate after the Franco-German war, Bamberger remarks that such attempts could not succeed, even had the Germans been angels from heaven, and that the chief fault lay with the German officials, who believed that prejudice might be driven out of the Alsatians by harsh and arrogant treatment, and that they must be (allegorically) whipped into liking the German rule. But the fact was that neither severity nor kindness could effect this. The French language, mode

of thought, and manners had become a habit in Alsace, and as all of these had many attractions, while the North German habits and ways had many disagreeable qualities, the feeling that resulted was decisive, and the Alsatians keenly missed the want of a share in French life and government. "This is a fact," remarks Bamberger, "which, apart from all praise or blame, stands on its own feet. When Prince Hohenlohe-Schellingsfürst," he goes on, "became Governor of Alsace, he spoke to me about the difficulty of his task. 'Take things as quietly as possible,' I advised him, 'and do not believe that things can be changed by acts of government. No god or devil can make the Alsatians really content with their fate. Spare yourself and your assistants all useless worry, and lead as easy a life as possible.' I believe the prince appreciated my advice, for he lived in harmony with it, and often felt himself to be in contradiction with the severe orders that came from Berlin; but he thereby earned the gratitude of the province, which saw him depart with regret."

We pass on to a description of Lesseps. Bamberger writes: "At the time when the Panama Canal brought thousands of francs into his purse Lesseps had established a truly royal household, and at more than sixty years of age married a young and beautiful creole, who bore him many children. The old man was very fond of her and them. I can still see him, not long before the great catastrophe, riding in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, with his white locks waving in the breeze, accompanied by his wife and a whole troop of sons and daughters on horseback, attracting the gaze of the bystanders. But even then a clever friend remarked to me, 'There he goes in all his glory, his robust old age, and world-wide celebrity! But in his moral character he is ripe for prison.'"

Louis Bamberger was intimate with M. Adam when the latter's friend and future wife, Juliette La Messine, was already separated from her first husband, a reputed ex-monk. Juliette still called herself by his name, but wrote under the pseudonym of Juliette Lamber. She was a very beautiful and amiable woman. Her notorious connection with Adam prevented her from entering the highest society, so that both were all the more pleased that she was admitted to the smaller circles in which Bamberger made her acquaintance. Her romances were very poor, but Adam's position in the journalistic world procured for her entrance into the feuilletons of the great papers. When M. La Messine died she married Adam, and soon opened a political *salon* in their large house in the Boulevard Poissonnière. Juliette Adam, the mother of a very brilliant and beautiful daughter, soon collected together a circle of literary

celebrities and the flower of the Republican party. Bamberger felt very much at home among them. After the fall of the Empire, M. Adam became Prefect of Police ; then a member of the *Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale* ; then deputy and senator, and died in 1877. Madame Adam was a public figure during the Franco-German War. She did all she could to keep up the courage of the Parisians during the siege, going out on to the boulevards and addressing the people with great enthusiasm. She hated the *Prussiens* intensely, especially Bismarck, to whom she said she bore a personal enmity. This feeling disturbed her friendship for Bamberger, whom she even accused of betraying Paris to Moltke. Louis Bamberger bore her no grudge for this, as he thought her conduct natural to a sentimental woman who had conquered for herself an heroic public rôle. But after that period he never saw her again, while she, on her part, gradually lost all anger against her old friend. Her *salon* rose to greater glory, she founded the "*Nouvelle Revue*," and after the death of her husband entered into close relations with Gambetta, so that it was even reported that he would marry her. She had really great influence in the political world ; many prefects and sub-prefects were created in her *salon*. "It is a fact," says our author, "that the Russian alliance was talked of in her *salon* as an aim to be attained. Madame Adam even went to Russia to help in its achievement, but was not received as well as she expected. And afterwards, when the Russian fleet came to France, and also during the visit of the Imperial pair to Paris, Madame Adam was of no account. Her mission to Hungary also ended in smoke. Her intimacy with Gambetta had ceased some time before his death, and had probably never been anything more than friendly, for he had at that time a *liaison* with another woman."

By far the most interesting literary lady Louis Bamberger ever met was George Sand. She impressed him as remarkably unaffected, and at her own home appeared exactly as one knew her in her letters, without a trace of self-esteem. She was already aged, but well preserved, rather stout, and very lively. She smoked cigarettes constantly. The conversation turned on the Arago family, whom she knew very well. She described Emmanuel Arago, the ambassador, and his uncle Etienne, the author of some *vaudevilles*, as very unripe men, and ended her disrespectful observations with the words, "Emmanuel is five years old, and Etienne three."

Bamberger thought the aristocratic society of this time more moral than that under Louis Napoleon, who has indeed been often reproached for encouraging luxury and corruption.

In another smaller Parisian *salon* the principal figures were Littré and Henri Martin. Littré was the model of a philanthropist and *savant*, exceedingly unassuming and amiable in manner. He was a small man, of about sixty years of age, but his smooth long hair was still jet-black. He looked clever, but not distinguished.

Henri Martin, a very tall man, was equally unworldly, and Bamberger's uncle used to say that Littré looked like a cobbler who had sold his stall, and Henri Martin like the man who had bought it.

Littré, as is well known, was the interpreter and principal propagator of Comte's philosophy. His relations to Germany were shown by his translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and his character by his mode of life. He occupied, with his wife and daughter, and without any servant, a very cheap apartment at one end of Paris. He obstinately refused the order of the Légion d'Honneur. A medical man who had left off practice, he nevertheless made an exception in favour of the poor in his neighbourhood, whom he would attend when asked. He had fought on the barricades in the July revolution of 1830, when he was twenty-nine years old. Bamberger remarks that he never saw a man who gave such an impression of being a deep thinker and noble philanthropist. His mildness and unselfishness were really touching.

Henri Martin was also stamped with the impression of exceeding goodness. He was never so great as Littré, but he was a celebrated historian. He was thoroughly romantic, and one of the first to glorify the "Celt" in the national character. His nature was tender and mystical.

Another personage was Ruffini, the author of "Doctor Antonio." He was a refugee of the thirties, and lived a long time in England. His soft, melancholy eyes, noble head, and tall figure made him look like a martyr.

Eugène Forcade was also one of those whom Bamberger knew well. He was a master of delicate irony, and his articles in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" were eagerly expected, and became the talk of the hour. He had one great fault—laziness, and his editor used to lock him up until he finished a promised paper.

Once Bamberger spent with him a few days in Turin. Speaking of Pio Nono, Forcade laughingly said that people in Rome believed that the Pope had the evil eye, and told many funny stories in proof of his assertion. Yet, as he talked, he held his hand under the table and made the sign against the evil eye, believing that Bamberger would not see the gesture.

At the time of our author's residence in Paris, Wagner was never

mentioned, and Gounod reigned alone in the musical world. No one, says Bamberger, ever sang Gounod's songs so charmingly as himself. Bamberger chanced to hear him under peculiar circumstances. The celebrated Dr. Blanche kept a *maison de santé* at Passy, to which nervous or over-worked people used to go for a month's rest. *Soirées* took place, to which even the patients suffering from melancholia were admitted, and these *soirées* were also a favourite pastime of artistic and literary Paris. Gounod not infrequently suffered from attacks of melancholy, and one evening the Bambergers met him at Dr. Blanche's institute. The whole company begged Gounod to sing, and he complied, singing a number of the songs from "Faust." His personal appearance increased the charm of his singing. He had a beautiful face and head, crowned with abundant grey hair. It struck Bamberger that many musical geniuses had this peculiarity.

Louis Bamberger also met Sainte-Beuve, at that time nearly sixty years of age. He was the true pendant to Littré. Both were stupendous workers; each was absorbed in his literary mission; both lived in great retirement, and yet were on friendly terms with the world. They were a mixture of Benedictine monk and amiable philosopher.

Sainte-Beuve looked like a priest, the result of his mode of life. He dwelt alone in a small house in the Rue du Mont Parnasse. His room was bedroom, parlour, and study in one. He was a short, rather stout man, with a round face and rosy complexion. His oguish eyes sparkled when he welcomed his guests. He wore a velvet cap on his bald head. The middle of his not large room was occupied by an immense square writing-table, heaped with books and papers. The bed was in an alcove. The walls were hidden by bookcases. Sainte-Beuve once told Bamberger that he envied him his knowledge of languages, for he himself knew only his own. His household consisted of his secretary and three female domestics, one of whom had only one arm.

Of Prosper Mérimée, Bamberger tells us that he looked like an English M.P. His manner was rather cold. He was a man of the world, going a great deal into society and to court, for he was an intimate friend of the Empress Eugénie and all her family. He was a great admirer of the leaders of the *demi-monde*, such as Madame de Paiva, who was the daughter of a Jew tailor from Moscow, and the owner of a magnificent palace in the Champs-Élysées.

We must linger a little on the figure of Madame Caroline Joubert, with whom Bamberger formed a friendship that lasted till her death.

She was born in 1803, and at fifteen years of age married a man much older than herself. She had a charm which she retained until old age. She was very small, even for a Frenchwoman, with tiny hands and feet of which she was proud. She had regular features, and such magnificent eyes that one could look at nothing else. The expression of her face was clever and slightly malicious. At first meeting her, Bamberger felt uncomfortable, and found later that everyone had the same impression. She had one child, a daughter, by her first husband, and between this daughter and her mother, who was only sixteen years older, there existed a tender and close friendship. Though both ladies were widows when Bamberger made their acquaintance, they kept separate households under one roof in the Rue Montaigne. They neither of them cared about food, and considered eating a disagreeable necessity, but when they had guests they took care to provide an elegant, abundant, but not luxurious table.

Madame Joubert had large experience, was wise, highly cultured and far-sighted. Yet she believed in table-turning and clairvoyance, and was totally unlogical. When Bamberger first knew her, she was not at all a public character, but she was a type of the older aristocratic generation. Very interesting was her connection with Alfred de Musset, who was younger by ten years. But according to Parisian notions she was still a gay, charming, and beautiful woman. Her regard for de Musset was a mixture of flirtation and motherly friendship. One evening, when her guests took a fancy to give each other nicknames, she called de Musset "le prince Phosphore de cœur volant," and the name was enthusiastically adopted. In return, he dubbed her *ma marraine*.

Bamberger met the Countess Kalergis (who was adored by Alfred de Musset) at a *matinée* given by the Prince and Princess Tribelzkoz. The countess wore a bright summer toilette, with a large straw hat crushed into all sorts of shapes on her beautiful head and fair hair. She was laughing, and talking loudly, the very picture of a lovable and much-admired beauty.

When de Musset fell into the deplorable habit of drinking, his *marraine* made an attempt to save him. She invited him to a serious interview. That was in August 1844. But de Musset managed to contradict the accusations made against him, and represented himself as calumniated. Madame Joubert subsequently wrote to his brother Paul saying that she had been quite reconciled to "the poor boy," and that he had written a sonnet to her the next day which had moved her to tears. Her friendship with him was perfectly

innocent, but at last she felt that she had been mistaken in him, and during the last years of her life she always changed the conversation when it happened to touch on her former friend.

She was also intimate with Heinrich Heine, but not in the same degree. However, she inspired him with one of his poems, for she took the Countess Kalergis to visit him on his sick-bed, and the following day Heine wrote the verses on the "white elephant" in the "*Romanzero*." Heine called Madame Joubert "*ma petite fée*," and her small foot is often mentioned in his letters. He paid her his last visit in January 1848, when he had to be carried up the stairs of her house, and no sooner was he placed on a sofa than he was seized with alarming convulsions. When he came to himself, and Madame Joubert reproached him for having made such an effort and leaving his house, he replied that it would certainly be the last time he could do so, and that his case was hopeless. He had come, he said, purposely to make her swear that she would henceforth visit him regularly, and if she refused he would come and frighten her again. Of course she swore, and kept her oath faithfully. She became his *confidante* in domestic matters and in what concerned his wife Mathilde, to whom, in spite of some difficulties, Heine remained kind to the end of his life. Madame Joubert afterwards related that Heine, in his testament, declared that his cousin Charles had solemnly promised to take care of his (Heine's) widow; but Charles told Madame Joubert that it was all an invention, and done to touch the honour of his rich relations and induce them to take care of Mathilde.

Through his acquaintance with Madame Joubert, Louis Bamberger obtained great insight into French life, and had many opportunities of studying the past and the present; the *ancien régime* and modern society; literature, art, and politics; all within the compass of one small *salon*, in the company of a hostess who was a close observer, and to whom the study of mankind had become a vocation.

Our author describes the pleasant garden-room in Madame Joubert's summer villa Courvolant, near Marly, where the old servant Marie was on confidential terms with the guests; and the cosy, warm room in the Rue Montaigne in winter, with the glow of its open fireplace. His intimacy with the hospitable mistress of these pleasant homes lent a charm to the last ten years of his life in Paris. During and after the Franco-German war the friendship continued unimpaired. When hostilities commenced, Madame Joubert, her daughter, and granddaughter went to Lausanne, whither Bamberger took his wife, leaving her with his old friends when he returned to Versailles.

They felt the separation deeply, but were able to correspond without interruption. Mrs. Bamberger remained at Lausanne until the following March. In 1873 Bamberger welcomed Madame Joubert and her family back to Paris. But this time their acquaintance was carried on with some secrecy. Still later, correspondence by letter was continued until the death, first of Madame Joubert, later till that of her daughter; while up to 1898 it was continued with the old lady's grandchildren, and in that year, too, the "Recollections" we have been skimming come to an end.

In 1863 Bamberger had left Paris to go to some friends and relations at Baden-Baden. He was then forty years of age, but felt "very young" and quite ready to begin a *vita nuova*, for in France he had never been able to get over a feeling of strangeness. His mode of thought had always been so different from that of his French friends, and, besides, he was cut off from all active participation in politics.

Speaking of the beginning of his new life when he returned to Germany, he says: "If anyone had shown me in perspective the picture of things which three years later were to be realised, and had told me that the time would come when I should be reproached with advocating French and personal advantages, and even with having a Jewish conception of things, I should have thought him mad!"

Henceforward Louis Bamberger was very active in journalism, contributing to the "*Kölnische Zeitung*," and expressing his indignation at the cruel, humiliating treatment to which political prisoners or accused were subjected. To the end of his life he fought against such horrors as practised in Germany. His article dated October 15, 1865, on this subject is fully quoted in the book before us, and may be read even nowadays as a useful lesson.

We are now close to the termination of the "Recollections," and everyone must wish that they had been carried on to the end of their author's life.

In the summer of 1864, Bamberger intended to go to Germany for a long stay, but his health was so impaired by overwork that he was ordered by his medical man to go to St. Moritz. On the return journey he and his wife stayed at Interlaken, where, in the Hotel Jungfraublick, they met with some old friends, among them Lasker. On his return to Paris, Bamberger became absorbed in the business of the bank, and his literary efforts were considerably reduced. He now saw his way to retiring from business with a sufficiently large fortune. But the sharp conflicts between Bismarck and the Prussian Chamber more and more hindered Bamberger's

intention of returning to his fatherland and entering into political life. The news from Berlin was very hopeless, and Bamberger remarks : " It is very characteristic of the fundamental feature of German development that *Junkertum* is seen like a red thread running through my fifteen years' correspondence with my political friends, and till this very day that thread is not broken, but is stronger than ever. When during the good years from 1868 to 1874 I happened to converse with an old acquaintance, a Catholic Democrat from the Rhineland who disagreed with my enthusiasm for empire, he remarked, ' My dear friend, you do not yet know the Prussian Junker ! ' How often since then have I remembered those words, and how unhappily they have been justified ! "

With this last utterance the " Recollections " suddenly come to an end, and with them perforce our gleanings from this highly interesting sketch of a portion of a great man's life and experiences.

LILY WOLFFSOHN.

TABLE TALK.

VIOLINS.

AMONG the forms of craftsmanship most closely allied to art is the manufacture of stringed or bowed instruments. Violin-making is, of course, a mechanical occupation ; and beauty of design, though welcome when it is exhibited, is not the primary aim or the highest accomplishment of the craftsman. Symmetry of shape is, of course, an enhancement of value and delight ; and though the statement of Leopold Mozart, father of the great musician and author of the *Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule*, is true—that the choice of a fiddle on account of its beauty of shape and its varnish is like the selection of a singing bird for its gay plumage—yet grace of colour and design will always attract the collector who is not also an expert. It is something more than a coincidence that the violins and violas of the best makers are artistically the loveliest works, and that (to select the very best) a Stradivarius of 1710 is, apart from its tone, an object on which the eye will lovingly rest. Older forms of the instrument, popularly known as the “crowd” or the “rebec,” are not wanting in elegance of shape, though the movements they exact from the performer have no corresponding grace ; while if we go back still further to the primitive viol we find instruments with little more claim to shapeliness than that resonant frying-pan, the modern banjo. It has been held that violin-making was, to some extent, a lost art, and I have myself been under the impression that the craft had all but perished during the last century. It comes, then, as a relief and a comfort to learn that the renaissance which distinguished in this country the latter half of the past century extended to violin-making, and that fiddles are to be found of modern make which are as fine examples of the luthier’s art as the world has ever produced. This encouraging assertion I derive from the *British Violin-makers, Classical and Modern*, of the Rev. William Meredith Morris, B.A.,¹ the best and most authoritative work on the subject of the British craftsman with which I am acquainted. It is not, like the noble *Antonio Stradivari* of Messrs. Hill, devoted to the glorification of one individual, or even of a school ; but after a few introductory pages on schools of violin-making, on wood, varnish, workmanship, the bridge, and on theories concerning tone, it develops into a biographical and critical dictionary of violin-makers, from the foundation of the classical school until to-day. As it deals largely with men still

¹ Chatto & Windus.

living, and supplies particulars of the measurements of instruments, it is to some extent a trade organ. It ranks, however, as a work of reference, with such useful compilations as Mr. Britten's *Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers*, or Mr. M. L. Solon's *Brief History of Old English Porcelain*,¹ just issued. This is not the place in which to attempt a criticism of the book. I may, however, state that nearly five hundred names appear in the index, and that the majority of them are still living. Having no personal knowledge of modern work, I must take on trust the eminently favourable estimate Mr. Morris puts forth. Outside London, Scotland and the northern counties supply most of the makers. In Yorkshire and Lancashire they are abundant; Leeds seems to have a flourishing community of violin-makers.

AN EXPERT IN BOOKS.

A CERTAIN measure of interest generally attends privately printed books. This is especially true of privately circulated biographies of men whose functions in the world have been useful rather than brilliant. Such a man was Benjamin Franklin Stevens, a Life of whom, by Mr. George Manville Fenn, has just been issued for private distribution by the Chiswick Press. To the average reader the name conveys little or nothing. Within a certain circle, which can scarcely be regarded as narrow, Stevens is remembered as an assiduous and indefatigable worker, to whom the public is more heavily indebted than is believed. His relation to the founder of the Vermont Historical Society, whose son he was; his marriage into the eminent family of the Whittinghams; his association with George Peabody, and consequent connection with the famous Trust; and the position he occupied as Dispatch Agent in London of the American Government, would in any case have secured him from obscurity. Apart from all question of moral worth and personal popularity, the work he accomplished with regard to the international dissemination of books justifies me in devoting a paragraph to his memory. As helper first, then agent, and afterwards in association, he aided his brother, Henry Stevens, in the purchase of American books for the British Museum; the result of the associated labours being that the institution named is richer in works of the class than any single library in the United States. With this occupation was combined that of purchasing in the English market scarce books for the great American libraries, with the result that in *Book Prices Current* few names appear more frequently than his opposite works belonging to Tudor literature and the like. Booksellers knew him well, and to him more than almost any other is due the increase in the prices of early editions of English classics. More may not be said; but none who knew him will grudge the passing tribute to a loyal, hard-working, and conscientious expert.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Bemrose & Son.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1904.

IN CAMERA.

By GEORGE B. O'HALLORAN.

THE Hon. Peter Crackthorpe had retired to his estates, owing to a difference of opinion betwixt himself and the Admiralty on a point of duty. The point in question was of a most difficult and delicate nature, something too remote from everyday derelictions to be profitably adjudicated upon by the matter-of-fact mechanism of a court-martial. Yet the court had seemed to discover no important obstacle in the path of its decision; and the gallant officer (who, be it remembered, had voluntarily placed himself under arrest) was "honourably discharged from his Majesty's service without a stain upon his character." The paradox of honourably discharging an officer for an infraction of duty does not seem to have presented itself to the martial and courtly mind. The President was a mighty seaman, in whose training the detection of logical errors had formed no part—splendid with grape and canister, but no good at ethereal subtleties.

"You tell us," said President to prisoner, in the course of the trial, "that on the one hand there were fifteen spirit-smugglers, with scarce a cutlass amongst them, and on the other hand—mark me now, sir—on the other hand, you and your forty marines with muskets and full rounds of ammunition; the whole lot of you thrown together by the act of God on a fifty-foot cutter—kinder act of the Almighty I never heard of—on a fifty-foot cutter, I say; and what repayment did you make Providence? Pray tell the court."

Lieutenant Crackthorpe bugled in his throat for an appreciable

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space, in the manner of most speakers who are uncertain in their oratory.

"H'm. It must always be remembered—yes, remembered—that these fifteen fellows—these fifteen *brave* fellows"—with a look of circling defiance—"had saved the lives of my marines"—too modest to mention his own insignificant existence in such exalted company—"yes, of my marines, at great peril to themselves. That's the precise situation—I would repeat, at great peril to themselves——" The President rose, full of speech.

"But placed as they were, Lieutenant Crackthorpe—consider it—by a tender Providence—under the barrels of his Majesty's muskets—on a fifty-foot cutter, where they might, every man jack of them, have been shot down in case of resistance—and you let 'em off!" The speaker writhed at thought of the wanton act, and torture was written on his face.

The other members of the court interjected "Certainly" and "Of course," which the gallant Lieutenant gradually discovered were not signs of agreement with himself, though at first sight they had all the appearance of it.

The examination of the prisoner ended at length, and he was conducted from the court, whilst the judges proceeded to "find" the verdict which was immovably set up in their minds before the trial commenced.

After a sufficiently ceremonious interval, the prisoner was brought again into the court-room to face once more the imposing figures in blue and gold; and before this shining assembly the President handed Lieutenant Crackthorpe's sword back to him in the manner of one who might wish to deal the receiver a shrewd blow on the knuckles; all performed in a fitting silence, with acquiescent motions from the naval uniforms around, solemnly convened for the purpose of assenting. The gallant officer, after being re-belted, left the court amid an elaborate exchange of bows, endowed for all time with the liberty of wearing naval costume anywhere in the universe save on His Majesty's vessels of war. The solatium added was a captain's rank, which, the President intimated, had been extorted from a merciful king.

Sufficient reason then for Captain Crackthorpe retiring to his estates. With a vengeance, his occupation was gone; for although no Frobisher—as his distinguished elder brother, the Marquis of Gonscilly, insisted on regarding him—his heart's desire was towards the sea and its mystery; whatever strength of ambition was in the man, and whatever courage and pride of race coursed in his veins,

all were focussed upon an ungrudging service to England's navy. And this, in the end, was the nation's return and thanks for the best that was in him! Small wonder that his dismissal gnawed upon him with incessant tooth, consuming by degrees the inner happiness of one who wore always a somewhat misleading exterior of misery and severity.

On a certain spring morning, the Captain, having had a very comfortable breakfast, was turning over the bitter cud of reflection, and pacing his verandah in the manner of a commander parading the quarter-deck. His boots shone with as fine a polish as could have been seen in Pall Mall, and his civilian stock was radiant with whiteness. There may have been house dust in those days somewhere in Gloucester county, but there was none on the apparel of the owner of Bulwark Abbey—rebaptised since the Captain took up his quarters there. From a trim flagstaff in the centre of the lawn there streamed a long pennant, hoisted at sunrise and lowered at sunset, to betoken that the Captain was on board, or, at least at home.

"Odgers," cried the gentleman to his bailiff, who was making his way along the inner path, rent-book under arm.

"Sir?" replied the man, coming to the salute with the ease of long experience.

"Come on deck, Odgers." And Odgers mounted the stairs leading up to the verandah with that peculiar action which seamen make use of when mounting a companion ladder at sea. Not that there was any motion of the house to justify the flank-foremost ascent, but habit is everything.

"I think, Odgers, I'll take a glance—just a glimpse, you know—at the rent-book. No want of confidence—you understand me—nothing of that, but just a——" In a moment he was deep in the accounts, wrestling with quarters' rents, rebate for services, tithe and glebe charges, and a few more of those statutory institutions which have been prudently preserved for the benefit of lawyers.

Odgers stood by silent, heels well together, thumbs religiously in touch with breeches seams. It was plain to gather he had had traffic with the sea, and in point of fact the Hon. Peter Crackthorpe had bought him out of the service, from his own good ship "*Argus*" (where he had adorned the office of boatswain), and had brought him here to act as bailiff and right-hand man.

There was no deception about Odgers. He did not pretend to be anything more than a simple son of a gun; and though a burly fellow and fat, the stolidity of the man was relieved and discounted by

a pair of well-opened eyes, blue and pathetic. It was commonly reported that those eyes were the cause of fluttering in many a dovecote, and if confirmation were needed it might have been obtained from the housemaids of Bulwark Abbey itself. But the bailiff had been found again and again to be strongly averse from marriage, until at length the dames and damsels of the neighbourhood took on the conviction that celibacy would be his awful doom. In the meantime, he collected the rents of the estate with a great amount of success, a result which had never been accomplished by his predecessor in office. Whether such success had any connection with a certain percentage allowed him on the aggregate rentals, history does not record.

The Hon. Peter had suddenly ceased making headway through the rent-book. From his expression it could be seen that he had come across an account that gave him no pleasure.

"Odgers."

"Sir?"—not forgetting the salute.

"Woodbine Cottage—Lady Day rent not yet paid—Woodbine Cottage—in the Dingle. Where the devil *is* the Dingle?"

"NNE $\frac{1}{4}$ E in a straight coorse from here, as near as may be, sir. Just beyant the lake." (Odgers hailed from the Midlands.) "On'y when you get to the lake, you'm just got to luff a bit to strike the cottage true."

"Of course. I quite remember," responded the Captain. "And this Mrs. Peterson—that is, this woman, this tenant—why don't she pay? What's her excuse?"

A meaning look came into the bailiff's eye.

"Drefful stubborn woman. And don't give excuses neither."

The Captain's eyebrows became unusually arched. "Am I to understand—d'ye mean to say—that she gives neither rent nor excuses? Great ged—is it possible? Does she know who I am, pray, my man? Tell me, how does she imagine a gentleman can—can—live up to his rank if his tenants won't pay their rents? How is it to be done? Did you ask her that, my Odgers?"

"You'm just got the question I axed her, sir. Says I to her—supposin' for argyment I'm myself and you are Mrs. Peterson standin' saucy opposite——"

"Be hanged to you, sir," the Captain jerked out with a roar, to show how he resented the familiarity of being jigged about like a puppet to personify a defaulting tenant, even in the sacred name of "argyment."

"Let me hear her reply, my man, and cease your nonsense.

Or never mind at all. I don't want to know " And Mr. Crackthorpe suddenly repented of his anger as the blue and pathetic eye of Odgers rested on him at short range, well charged with an appeal to his feelings. Odgers was the only man in creation who had the knack of pacifying the autocrat of Bulwark Abbey in mid-career of anger. It was all accomplished by the appealing eye ; and the bailiff had often proved that the Captain harboured a highly sensitive heart behind his armour-plated exterior.

"But tell me at least one thing, my Odgers. How is it—how does it happen, now—that you did not bring this—this delinquent before my notice?"

"Wanted to save ye the trouble, sir, of coming in contact with the stubborn woman. A wilful, stubborn woman. I been tryin' myself to 'sua'de her to see things c'rectly ever since, but she still holds out awful strong, sir, though I call—I sh'd think—every day of the year."

The Captain mused for a few moments before speaking.

"I think I've hit it. You are—you see—I'm quite certain—you're too yielding—too gentle, I may say. I myself have observed women closely—very closely—that is to say, at a distance—always at a distance for safety's sake. But still, closely at a distance. And I find, my man, that first and foremost they want firm handling—I may say, *very* firm handling. Otherwise they are—in a word, elusive—distinctly elusive. Your golden rule with them should be : never—under any pretence—never take No for an answer."

Odgers felt the strengthening advice of his chief course through his veins like a cordial, and his eye brightened to the Captain's gaze with a glow of hearty gratitude and acquiescence.

"Now see to it, Odgers. A little firm insistence. And report to me without fail at the end—that is, at the end of the week, of course. And take your motto in business from this—that all women are—are—well, are natural liars—at least, nearly all of them."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the bailiff.

The remainder of the rent-book was rapidly examined, but there were no other overdue rents to animadvert upon, and the book was handed back to the bailiff with a final recommendation.

"Go to the Dingle to-day, Odgers, or, at latest, to-morrow ; and—" with an accentuating finger—"once there don't come away, my man, until—until, I say—you've got what you went for. There, that's determination."

"Sorry, this aft'noon, sir, I've to get Farmer Black's ewes out o'

the five-acre meadow, where they've bruk the hedges summut terrible—and to-morrow, must go 'arly to Gloucester City to get the sheep-dip. Expectin' to be back home round noon."

A gesture from the Captain was intended to intimate the pity of deferring for two days the firm handling of a stubborn woman; but he instantly assumed a look of injured resignation, and dismissed his *fidus Achates* from the quarter-deck.

The bailiff retreated with the air of one not ill pleased with his lesson, and it should go hard indeed but he would better the instruction. With this in his mind, he struck out for the five-acre meadow, and was soon lost in the half-mile distance.

The hours followed one another with sunny feet this shining morning of early summer. There was sunshine everywhere possible: beetles, warmed to unusual activity, came up from earth cells and crawled in it; little green lizards emerged from chambers in old walls and spread themselves on sand patches in it, with what eloquence of the body they employ when begging for more; the minstrels of the air swam in it, wing wafted, and silenced their song; butterflies, in bright display of many colours, ranging from gold to purple, from crimson to white, pirouetted in it on viewless feet, the while they made progress in the wanton way of the joyful; even the yellow carp in the fountain pool were almost lured from their suspicious attitudes, and came under the full glare of it, though with a watchful eye betokening a constant readiness to race back to the shadowy fastnesses of their deep.

There seemed, indeed, to be no excuse for discontent in any living thing: they were all well content, and all had come to testify in the sun—all save one. That one remained obstinately in the shade of the verandah, was discontented, and bit finger-nails to the rolling of the sunny hours. That one was the Hon. Peter Crackthorpe.

He bit his finger-nails incessantly; mind, as well as teeth, was incessantly at work. He was agitated—that at least was evident. He got up, he sat down. He walked, he stopped, and restarted. There were interjections profane and ordinary floating in his immediate air. "No," "Yes," "Ged of us all!" "Must be no delay," and similar phrases were indulged in, which were quite unintelligible to the green lizard sunning himself hard by.

All at once the little green lizard shot away to the protection of a flower bush, and, two moments later the sole of a highly polished military boot crushed on the sand patch. Captain Crackthorpe had fetched his hat and cane, and was now stepping out briskly and

with purpose. Turning the house-corner, he balanced a small compass in his left-hand palm, took a glance at it, and then strode off NNE $\frac{1}{4}$ E.

The owner of Bulwark Abbey had been thinking over the subject of his recent conversation with the bailiff, and had decided to take the matter into his own hands ; and, quick on the heels of his resolution, had set out for the Dingle without delay. Here was a case, he pondered, in which discipline must be enforced and maintained ; here was a case in which an example truly clamoured to be created. " Dreadful stubborn woman," he muttered ; " must be broken. And—by ged—I'll break her ! Yes, my gentle Odgers, you shall once more see what naval discipline means, and what can be accomplished—in short, effected—by a little firm handling." And the head which had rested chin on breast at the angle of meditation now resumed its usual elevation of defiance and pugnacity.

He walked forward more rapidly. The heat did not affect him. A long apprenticeship to the sea and its iron discipline had tanned him into leather. And people who thought themselves judges of human nature were not slow in averring that he was leather all the way through—solid leather. At the same time they felt bound to admit, with that abundant charity which floods the arteries of all such critics, that leather was not the worst thing in the world.

Arrived at the lake, after half an hour's walking, he luffed, in accordance with Odgers's instructions, and in a brief time was at the gate of Woodbine Cottage itself. His hand was on the very wicket, the latch was lifted, when suddenly a fresh, invigorating thought " came like a full-blown rose." He stopped dead and stood like a statue, what time two tiny children fell speechless at their play, and gazed and gazed at him with much solemnity. Presumably these were the children of the woman Peterson. They looked plump and happy, and the fact was noted.

It was but a few short moments before Captain Crackthorpe leaped out of his petrification and turned homewards again at a fine swinging pace. There was elation in every step. There was an extra springiness in the turf. There was a delicious comfort in the sunshine hitherto unknown to him. Warmth, and indeed every kind of personal comfort, had never been welcome to him—sea-dogs are not bred on comfort ; but now there was a perfect root-change in the man, and the sunshine was not resented.

In point of fact, he never felt so well in his life, never so uplifted, never so inspired. For inspiration had come to him at last, with its strong wine to intoxicate. Yes, the inspiration had come in the

form of a question, tempting like the most delicious of all fruits on the tree of experience.

This woman Peterson—why should not she be court-martialled? And why should not he, Captain the Hon. Peter Crackthorpe, be her judge? The idea was irresistibly attractive. The “bloom and the beauty” of it filled his soul with thanksgiving.

Here, then, was his chance of revenge upon Fate—Fate who had put him through the same ordeal with such disastrous consequences. And now he was about to usurp Fate’s place of power—about to snap his fingers in Fate’s face—about to become, to all intents and purposes, Fate herself.

Should he demur because in this particular instance of necessity the prisoner happened to be a woman? By no means. He knew his mind and duty too well. Women should be firmly handled; and nowhere, he opined, could this end be more conveniently achieved than in a court-martial. Let those laugh who might; he at least had the courage of his opinions: women had too long evaded the responsibilities of existence. Granted that such an operation had never before been heard of, it was still nothing to Captain Crackthorpe; for, he argued, all good customs have a beginning, and he did not object to being exposed to a little ridicule amongst his compeers if he could once establish a usage of which civilisation stood in dire need.

With many thoughts like this agitating him, he reached the flower gardens of Bulwark Abbey, still highly elated. A bee, in pursuit of its splendid industry, hummed swiftly by his ear. He made a savage cut at it with his cane, but with naught of resulting tragedy.

“That’s the method,” he muttered. “That, I *think*, will put the—the—the relationship of the sexes on a basis of—of equity. Yes, of equity. And, mind you,” addressing a second bee who hummed serenely away after widely escaping the swishing cane of destruction, “mind you, I shall give her justice—yes, indeed, justice she shall have, and plenty of it.”

Within an hour Mrs. Peterson received from the hands of one of Mr. Crackthorpe’s servants a portentous document citing her to appear at Bulwark Abbey without fail on the morrow at eleven o’clock of the morning, before court-martial specially sitting, to show reason why one quarter’s rent of Woodbine Cottage, the Dingle, due Lady Day, had not yet been paid. The document was duly signed and dated by the President of the court.

To resist such a citation was the very last thing to have entered

the woman Peterson's mind, for in those days the tenants of large landowners had by no means entirely freed themselves from the personal and moral bondage which still existed in face of the boasted liberty of the subject. Such heavy fetters of personal slavery are not disposed of for many a generation after the law that sanctioned them has been struck from the Statute Book by an indignant Parliament.

The morrow dawned, but with no sun of steady cheer. It was a day of deep gloom and sudden glories—a day of calendared summer, when a gruff wind from the eastward roars mysteriously in the chimney. Beetles and lizards had all retired to their secret fortresses, to await the return of better times. Only the rooks seemed satisfied with the existing state of things, as they navigated the airy regions above the woods of Bulwark Abbey in amazing squadrons: forth with a dash to some distant intangible rendezvous in the atmosphere, wheeling thence upon a perilous parabola which should carry them to infinity, changing their course for an arc that somewhere must reach earth, floating effortless upon air currents unguessed by earth-held creatures, twisting, reversing, swiftly falling as though without control to a percussive doom—these were the ways of the rooks.

Beneath these squadrons the imposing Abbey offered its side to the keen wind, and in the end room, in the rear of the east flank, the court-martial was to take place.

As eleven o'clock struck, the woman Peterson was shown into the court room by one of the servants; the door was quickly closed, and she found herself face to face with her judge.

She had never before been inside the house, but the picture that met her eyes was that of a lofty panelled chamber whose walls were pierced by two windows sunk in deep embrasures. In the centre of the floor stood a very long table. At its head sat Captain Crackthorpe in full naval uniform of blue and gold, with epaulettes of heavy gold lace, combining in his single person the double office of judge and jury. Upon the table, immediate to his hand, lay his sword. He presented to the casual spectator a spare visage, lined strongly with self-discipline and masterfulness, and underlined with sore displeasure; to the woman Peterson he seemed to wear the brow of Rhadamanthus himself. At sight of him she paled to ashes, as though having read over the portal of entrance, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

The President motioned the prisoner to sit down at the foot of the table; and, indeed, she must have sunk to the floor had she not

been permitted to seat herself upon a chair. The proceedings commenced at once.

"Now, ma'am, your name, please," began the President, who, like all presidents, is supposed not to know these things.

"Peterson," was the reply. A pencil note was duly made.

"You have received, ma'am, the citation of the court. And now—the court—that is—what have you to say?"

His keen look rested mercilessly on the prisoner and deprived her of speech. She made two attempts, but the best was only so faint a whisper as not to traverse the length of the table. The President drew in a long breath through his teeth; it was eloquent, though inarticulate.

"Nothing to say." Another pencil note. Then the prisoner made a third attempt, which was only partially successful.

"I paid Mr. Odgers, sir, on quarter-day, and he——" She could get no further. The President took her up with an enigmatic smile.

"You paid Mr. Odgers? Then why—pray inform me—why the payment you have made—or, to be correct, you say you have made—does not appear, I say, in the rent-book." A pause, during which the prisoner looked only blank. "And where, ma'am—where is your receipt for—for this payment?"

"He promised most faithful, sir," replied the woman, who was now finding her speech, "to bring me a receipt the next day; and I've never had it yet, although I ask for it every day when he calls."

"Ma'am, I fear—indeed, I very much fear—that you are convicting—yes, convicting yourself out of your own mouth. For why—in the name of all that is seamanly—why should he call every day except to—to urge you, ma'am, to discharge your debt to your landlord? Pray inform me."

"It's not for that he calls, sir," she replied, with much hesitation. "He comes every day to ask me—to——"

"To——" continued the President, like Rhadamanthus in a coaxing humour.

"To—marry him!" She had said it.

Captain Crackthorpe uttered not a word. He just looked at his victim without relaxing a muscle. She went on a little.

"And he always says, sir, that if I don't consent, sir, he'll get me into trouble for not having my rent receipt."

"Now consider, ma'am. Am I to believe that? Consider, before you answer."

"Yes, please, sir," she replied simply, without further consideration, and answering his question literally.

It was an answer he did not expect, and it rather threw him off his balance. He began to look at the prisoner, for the first time, as a woman, and to weigh up the probabilities of her statements. She appeared to him upon scrutiny to be near upon forty, and, though a little faded, she must have once possessed extraordinary beauty—the kind of beauty that is pure womanly. In the lips was kindness, in the eyes nothing of deceit. But grief, he guessed, had written those lines about her mouth, and grief again had lightly inserted in her deep brown hair a few threads of silver. Still, he was not without some experience with women—or, at least, he thought so—and he reminded himself that the opposite sex, however apparently artless, was not the sex that guarded truth for its own.

“Then you are a widow?” he rather asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“When did your husband—er—die?”

“April twelvemonths, sir,” came the answer, on a thinning voice.

“Yes—April twelvemonths—yes. And what did he—er—die of?”

The woman shook her head, not by way of ignorance, but because of a sudden rush of blood and a choking at the throat.

“Well, ma’am—you really—well—surprise me: not to know what your husband died of—was—is—to say the least—curious. Think, now. What was it?”

But the woman still kept silence and was altogether motionless save for a continued gulping in the throat. He had seen that trick before, and it would not pass with him—certainly not.

“He died, sir, of—of—of his wounds.”

The word was like a trumpet-call to the old dog of battle. He sprang to his feet, and leaned as far as possible over the table. His eye flashed as though in salute of stirring recollections, and even a faint tinge of carmine showed on his leathern cheeks. He seemed so affected that his speech was barely articulate.

“Did I—I—understand you rightly, ma’am? Did he die of wounds?”

The woman was still at grips with that rising in the throat, but bowed to him the head of assent. This did not satisfy the President, who was athirst to know the further facts. So he lifted his sword, and brought it down with such a crash upon the table that the prisoner truly jumped in her seat.

“Tell me, ma’am—and without more delay—tell me—of these wounds. When were they got, and where? By accident or in

pursuit of duty? In what part of the body, and—and—inflicted by himself or another? In foul play or in fair? Quick!"

But Mrs. Peterson was sore pressed to restrain some painful workings of the mouth, and there was no getting speech of any kind from her. Meanwhile the Captain quitted the presidential chair, and walked up and down the chamber, cursing, not inwardly alone, the hysterical nature of woman. At length the agitation of the prisoner ceased, and the officer returned to his magisterial attitude of cold severity. His excitement was past or mastered: he was ice and iron again. He recommenced his examination with that sage air which ever hangs about judges.

"What was your—er—husband's name?"

"Peterson," replied the woman.

"Ah—yes—of course; perhaps I might have known. However," he continued, slowly and deliberately, "what was his work—his profession?" The Captain was indeed very deliberate and judicial; all personal interest and excitement had left him.

"Please, sir, he was only a gunner."

Even a fire can burn deliberately until fat be brought to it, and "gunner" was fat indeed to the presidential furnace. He at once became volcanic, and shot forth a lava stream of ejaculations which were neither coherent nor intelligible. At length a clear question escaped through the smoke and the smother.

"Gunner? What ship?"

"Please, sir, it was only the 'Dido,' a fri——"

"Frigate of five hundred tons," burst in the President, "lost to the French—captain Plover—very lofty—t'gallant yards. Poor Plover—too fond of—er—canvas—must have his stu'n's'ls set, light breeze or gale—warned him of it a thousand times. What was his rank—not Plover's, of course—but this gunner's of yours?" The speaker was torrential, and the poor woman could do nothing but sit tight on her chair for fear of being swept away. "Yes," he roared on, "what was his rank? Heavens, ma'am, how well I remember quite—quite twenty years ago—you must have been an infant in arms at the time"—Mrs. Peterson was verging on forty—"how distinctly I can see poor Plover coming into Port Royal with every stu'n's'l boom carried away—and his rags of canvas flapping, ma'am—actually flapping—from the gaskets—enough to make an admiral weep. And, egad, it did, ma'am—it did make old Admiral Trewithy weep—with rage. Ay! They court-martialled him—not the admiral, you follow me—but the captain, for hoisting stu'n's'ls in a gale of wind. A perfect scandal, if you believe me. A horrible thing to be court-martialled,"

with a reminiscent shudder, "especially, mark you, for hoisting stu'n's'sls on your own ship."

The Captain paused to take breath, and as his eye fell upon the presidential note book he remembered his position of dignified querist. He must try to suppress himself.

"That, Mrs. Peterson, is merely by the way. Now tell me, pray—once more—what was your husband's rank on the 'Dido'? Was he a good shot?"

"First of them all, sir," replied Mrs. Peterson, with a touch of pride and eagerness, "at the waterline mark, and highly commended with chain shot."

"Ah!" Captain Crackthorpe hugged the idea. "The waterline mark is more than useful, when it comes to—to—real business. Hole her there, in two or three spots fore and aft, and you shall see her—positively see her, ma'am—founder under your guns." His expression of face was of one who licks his lips.

The woman continued: "They made him chief gunner, and, the very day afterwards, they set to sea and came up with the French cruisers off Dunkirk. That's where he met death, sir."

There was a pause, and a solemn silence reigned for a few seconds. Then the Captain spoke, in a subdued, almost a gentle tone.

"Death—ay—yet nothing is better than to be allowed to—er—die for a—grateful country." And the officer cast a retrospective eye over his own career, too soon cut short. The mental view was charged with sadness, and brought back in all vitality those hopes of his earlier manhood which had borne so little fruit of realisation. He acquired for one moment the strength to fling off his irritable introspective habit, and to look at his career in an objective light. Poor, broken career! How it stretched before his vision—a road whose beginning led broadly forth from the temple of youth, but whose track for the most part was moss-covered and unequal, and whose end was abrupt upon the precipice of failure! How representative and how pathetic! The sight of it all in this instant of clear vision brought strange sensations about the heart of the spectator, and, for a brief space, streams of sweet feeling seemed to course singingly once more about his spirit's foundations.

He looked up, and the brown inquiring eyes of the woman read in him, with delicate feminine instinct, the summary of a life-history. The silence seemed to oppress them both, until one of the many squadrons of rooks from the upper air swung past the long windows with choral clangour, and broke the spell.

"Go on with your story, Mrs. Peterson. Tell me how it ended." His voice, acrid no longer, seemed almost to carry a kind of appeal in its tone.

"I was just saying, sir," resumed the woman, who was now eager to detail the glorious part her husband had taken in the defence of his country, "that they came up with two French cruisers off Dunkirk. And they fought from dawn till dark. William was well on the mark that p'tic'lar day, sir, and by noon"—transferring herself in imagination to the scene of action—"we had sunk the smallest of the Frenchmen. But two of them was too much for William, and not a crumb of bread the day through—the Lord rest his poor body ! Till at last, sir, we grappled ; and they were twenty feet above us, and emptied their guns right down through our decks. Oh, wasn't it cruel of them ? But William had no more shot left, and we *had* to surrender. The French captain said William fought splendid. . . . And then William was carried up on their deck nearly shot to pieces—and his last words were—'Someone take—take care of—of my sweetheart, Rose.'"

Pride in her husband's prowess and the courage begot of the recounted battle could no longer sustain her, and she broke down into a violent fit of weeping ; for prowess and fame must needs step aside before the appeal of grief coming quick on the trail of mortality to claim our tears. The woman rocked her shaking shoulders in a luxury of anguish, whilst the brave gunner's last request still rang in the breast of Captain Crackthorpe : "Someone take care of my sweetheart Rose."

The officer gazed with new feelings, since it had never before been his lot to behold a woman in the throes of real grief ; and he reflected that he was precisely the man to whom the dying gunner's words were directed.

He confessed, though perhaps only sub-consciously, that his duty lay very clearly before him ; that to a man of honour (he would never admit himself to be a man of feeling)—to a man of honour this appeal from the grave to protect the lonely must be affirmatively answered. He agreed with Odgers, too, in the description, "dreadful stubborn woman"—stubborn, yes, with splendid fidelity to a poor dead gunner.

Captain Crackthorpe soon began to find that, although not a man of feeling—certainly not—he was strangely disturbed by the convulsive sobs of Mrs. Peterson, who still swayed to and fro with passionate grief. He fidgeted on his chair, bit his nails, fidgeted again, and finally, discovering that it was impossible to remain

seated and retain reason, got up and paced the room two or three times with rapid steps. At length he came to a dead stop. Beside his own chair? No. Beside that of the woman of sorrows. And then, after one or two gulps for courage, behold this case-hardened martinet—whom many people had long ago ceased to suspect of being human—behold him placing his hand repeatedly with a soothing caress upon the woman's shoulder, and earnestly bidding her not cry, meantime casting fearsome glances over his shoulder at the long windows lest anybody should perceive him in a rôle so unlike that of Rhadamanthus.

There was a noise of wheels in the near distance, and presently Odgers was to be seen slowly approaching the house, seated in a farm trap. He had just returned from Gloucester City with the sheep-dip. As he was turning the house-corner, Captain Crackthorpe stepped to the window, and, opening the casement, summoned him to come inside. Odgers dismounted from the trap, and in a few moments entered the room and stood at the table-foot, erect, fat, and full of salute. He ought to have been surprised at the spectacle which met his eyes, and perhaps inwardly he was so; but no trace of surprise showed itself on his face. He was there simply for duty, not to evince surprise.

The Hon. Peter had resumed his chair, and with it the brow of Rhadamanthus. He intended that the remaining proceedings should be brief.

"For the last time I ask you—er—Mrs. Peterson—er—if you have paid your Lady Day rent?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Peterson simply, with the moisture of tears still in her voice.

"Very good," nodded the President. "That confirms your first statement. But in a court of justice—strict justice—both sides must be heard. So now, my Odgers, what do *you* say about it—mind you, on oath?"

"She di'n't," replied the bailiff, with a surly stress.

"Very good, too. Now, when one says Yes and t'other says No, what *is* a poor judge to do?"

Odgers saw he must settle this speedily, so he decided to be bold. "You was tellin' me on'y yes'day yourself, sir, that all women 's liars, an' I think I know *my* place too well to try an' deceive with falsehood an' that."

It seemed certainly a most distinct facer for the Captain, a palpable hit, and it nearly knocked all the morality out of him. But he rallied with an effort, vainly praying meanwhile that the woman

might have misunderstood what the bailiff had been so particularly careful to set out in the plainest of terms.

"Yes," meditated the Hon. Peter aloud, "true, true. That is to say—untrue—if I may be allowed another opinion. But do you not recall—my perfect bailiff—anything else I may have said in this—this connection?"

"Nawthin', sir."

"Then let me refresh you, my man. My last words on the subject were—'at least, nearly all of them.' So you see, my master, that although you learned—the rule conveniently well, you quite forgot the rule's exception."

Odgers saw that the game was moving rapidly against him, and he therefore played his best card. Stepping two or three paces forward in order to get within short range, he dilated his blue pathetic eyes and let them rest large and lovely upon the President. It had never been known to fail. Yet the steely gaze of Captain Crackthorpe softened not, and as the painful seconds followed one another the bailiff slowly perceived that even the rule of the blue and pathetic eye hath its exceptions. The charm was broken.

"May I be 'lowed to ask, sir, if this 'ere woman——"

The Captain raised a hand for silence, then sat down and quickly drafted a receipt for the Lady Day rent of Woodbine Cottage. He rose and handed it, across the bailiff's face, to Mrs. Peterson.

"I understand, ma'am, from what Odgers has not told me—hem—that the rent has been duly paid, and there is the receipt. And I may tell you in addition, ma'am, that my bailiff—that is Odgers—will not trouble you again—ever again, in my name—or, indeed, his own. And moreover, ma'am," the Captain continued, in rasping tones, "you will permit me to inform you that Odgers—faithful Odgers—has received his marching orders, and that if I might advise him—might pressingly advise him—he will even now right about face and march at the double, never stopping—mark me, ma'am—never stopping until outside my park gates. And further, ma'am," with a convincing thump upon the table which startled the already bewildered Mrs. Peterson, "further—I repeat—I am giving my keepers instructions to use solid ball in future against all poachers and trespassers upon my property."

One, two, three—the bailiff faced about, and was shortly seen proceeding along the main avenue at the double—a pace which he dutifully kept up until the park gates were closed upon him for ever. Thus ended the stewardship of Odgers.

Until the sound of his footsteps on the gravel had passed beyond

hearing, silence was kept in the court. The woman, still holding the rent-receipt in her hand, was meditating how best to put into words the gratitude showing in her eyes. The Captain felt it coming and manœuvred.

"Yesterday morning, Mrs. Peterson, when I chanced to pass your house on—on business, I saw in the garden two small—er—er—babies—I should say, children. They were——"

"Mine, sir, please," interjected the mother.

"Just so. And I've been thinking—would they—when old enough, of course—would they care for a career in the Navy? Because if so—you follow me—I could give you for their guidance this model of a battleship"—indicating a splendid frigate in miniature, rigged and armed—"so that they might—from their early infancy—you understand—become familiar——"

Mrs. Peterson gave a low little laugh and said, "If you please, sir, they're only girls."

"Ugh!" blurted the Captain, who had apparently built up a nice little scheme for the training of the Peterson generations, and who hardly relished so keen a shaft of disappointment. "I fear, ma'am, you'll never make gunners of 'em."

Mrs. Peterson seemed to agree in this conclusion, and tried to murmur a few apologetic words for her children's sex, and followed it up with a flood of grateful speech for her landlord's justice and kindness in the matter of the rent receipt. But Captain Crackthorpe retreated within his shell, and would have none of it. Indeed, having summoned the butler to his assistance, he gave instructions to set the prisoner at liberty and conduct her from the court.

Two days later a box arrived at Woodbine Cottage by courier from Gloucester City, and when opened was found to contain an array of toys for little girls.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OCCUPATIONS.

EMPLOYMENT as a test of prosperity has been a *pons asinorum* for many commentators on fiscal policy during the last few months. Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe, for example, asks in the "Nineteenth Century" for February: "What becomes of the large number of persons who, by reason of the steady shrinkage of agricultural employment, are driven from their only occupation and evicted from the soil?" Similar questions, applied to this and other industries, must have occurred of late to many casual readers of the crude calculations of unimaginative statisticians, and I do not think any systematic attempt has been made to answer them. Mr. Crackanthorpe's own answer is partly a truism, partly a fallacy. "Their destination," he says, "is obvious when we pass on to examine another set of statistics relating to our industrial centres. It is to these centres that they gravitate, and in the end a considerable proportion of them swell there the ranks of the legal poor, and are supported by the rates." That those who do not remain in the country go into the towns is, as Mr. Crackanthorpe says, obvious, but the suggestion that an increase of pauperism has followed the decline in agricultural employment is quite destitute of foundation. He makes no attempt to justify it except by the production of figures for one place (London) at one time (last Christmas) in comparison with the same place in other years. What are the facts for the whole country over an extended period? The returns of the Local Government Board and the Board of Trade show that during recent years the number of men in distress has been fewer than at any other time since the statistics were first issued. The Trade Union returns to the Board of Trade indicate, it is true, an increase during the last year in the number of men employed, and much has been made of the fact, but fluctuations of this kind are due to temporary causes, and no general conclusion can be founded upon them. It is sufficient on this point to say that during the four years 1892-5 the mean percentage of

unemployed shown in the monthly returns was 6·6, and in the years 1899-03 the percentage was 3·7. The figure can never fall far below this, as the number of Union members out of work owing to sickness and other disability is believed to average about 2 per cent. These statistics apply chiefly to skilled workmen; what of the mass of unorganised labourers and other workers not connected with the Unions? The condition of these may be inferred from the statistics of pauperism. I take from the last report of the Local Government Board figures showing for each year since 1848 the "mean number of ordinarily able-bodied adults, excluding vagrants, relieved in England and Wales," and averaging quinquennial periods find the following results: 1849-53, just under ten per thousand of population; 1879-83, just over four; 1899-1903, just over three. Taking all outdoor paupers, the proportion declined steadily from fifty per thousand in 1850 to 17·7 in 1902, the lowest rate on record. Yet this reduction proceeded side by side with an equally continuous decline in agricultural employment. The census of 1851 showed 1,253,786 agricultural labourers; in 1901 there were but 609,105.

It is clear, then, that whatever the solution of Mr. Crackanthorpe's conundrum, it is not the one he suggests. Before attempting to furnish the answer, I would point out that the question is only a part of a larger one which has been raised in various forms in connection with the fiscal controversy. Many misleading inferences have been drawn from a very bald and uninforming table included in the "Fiscal Blue Book," showing the number of persons employed at various periods in agriculture and in certain other leading industries. Mr. Wyndham, in a speech to his constituents at Dover, stated that if the whole of the occupations in the return are taken together it is found that the proportion of the population engaged in them is only 14 per cent., against 17 per cent. thirty years ago. "Now," he said, "I call that stagnation, and worse than stagnation. . . . At the end of thirty years, instead of there being more employment there is less employment, in spite of the efforts that have been made and the capital which has been invested in order to promote our industrial progress." Following up this line of thought, Mr. J. Holt Schooling has compiled statistics,¹ to prove that the number of persons employed in some of the principal industries (apart from agriculture, which was a large factor in Mr. Wyndham's calculation) is smaller than it would have been had the ratio to population remained stationary—that, indeed, several show an actual as well as a relative

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, January 1904.

decline. Fifteen industries are included in the return, and omitting "Machine-making and Shipbuilding"—a very important element which he is conveniently able to ignore on account of the absence of material for exact comparison—Mr. Schooling finds that in the other fourteen the number employed was in 1901 fewer by 438,000 than was to be expected; that is to say, so many fewer than would have been the case had the ratio to population remained the same during the last twenty years.¹ Excluding agriculture, and confining the comparison to what he calls the nine important manufacturing industries, he finds "a net shortage of 282,000." He claims that "these figures prove incontestably that our whole trade is drifting towards a most dangerous position, not merely our export trade but our home trade," and that "they show beyond doubt or question that we have suffered serious loss in our productive power during the last twenty years." Never was a conclusion so positive founded upon a basis more flimsy. Surely loss of productive power cannot be proved without evidence of diminished production, and this Mr. Schooling makes no attempt to supply. His fundamental error is that he overlooks one of the essential elements in the progress of mankind. This is, that with the advance of science and invention more and more persons are released from the elementary labour of providing for the absolute necessities of man, and are able to find profitable employment in ministering to his convenience, comfort, and luxury, while themselves sharing in the improved conditions of existence. A stationary ratio of employment in the old industries would indeed be stagnation.

Apart altogether from the question of fiscal policy, the facts as to variation in occupations provide material for the study of social conditions which has not, I think, been sufficiently appreciated. The General Report on the Census of 1901 has not yet (April 12) been issued, and the statistics of employment in the Summary Tables are not comparative, but an examination of them in conjunction with those of 1891, and with some statistics obtainable from other official sources, brings to light some curious and significant details which will help to a solution of Mr. Crackanthorpe's problem, and to a refutation of Mr. Schooling's hasty estimate of the condition of our trade and industry.

¹ I am aware that Mr. Schooling uses the word "expected" in its actuarial sense, but this limitation is not material, seeing that his case is founded upon the supposition that the expectation ought to have been fulfilled, at least approximately.

The Board of Trade figures do not prove decline even in those industries where the reduction in the number of workers is actual. In the wool and worsted trade, for example, there were 240,000 employed in 1881, and only 236,000 in 1901, despite the increase in population. This has been taken as one of the most convincing proofs of "stagnation, and worse than stagnation." The Fiscal Blue Book itself supplies the answer. It is there shown that the consumption of wool—home, colonial, and foreign—in the United Kingdom increased from 320,000,000 lbs. in 1881 to 540,000,000 lbs. in 1901, the *per capita* consumption growing from 9·21 lbs. to 13 lbs. What became of all this wool? When Dr. Blimber's dancing master propounded to Mr. Toots the problem which was supposed to demonstrate his sound knowledge of political economy, "What shall be done with the raw material when it comes into our ports in return for the drain of gold?"—the only suggestion Mr. Toots could make was that we should "cook 'em." Well, we certainly do not eat the wool. The plain meaning of the figures appears to be that the 540 million pounds were manufactured by fewer hands than were required to manufacture 320 million pounds twenty years earlier, and not only so, but the operatives are working shorter hours than their fathers and mothers worked, and for better wages. All the textile industries, and many others, tell the same tale in varying degree. Sir Thomas Glen Coats, at a meeting on December 1 of the great thread-manufacturing company over which he presides, said: "There has been great improvement in the method of doing business through the introduction of labour-saving and self-acting machinery, and twice the amount of work can now be performed by the same number of workers." It is surely a logical absurdity to assume so confidently a "serious loss in our productive power" without first taking into consideration facts so obviously relevant to the question. It may be said that the object of labour-saving machinery is to increase the output without reducing the number of workers, actual or relative. This has been the effect in many cases, but it is not the only or the chief advantage which follows improvement in methods of production. Society has other uses for those whose labour is not required to supply its primary needs. It wants workers in occupations which make life better worth living; it wants to see the young people in the schools and the women in the homes. Never were these results of the improvement of machinery, the specialisation of industry, and the expansion of employment into new fields

more abundantly manifested than in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

It is this feature of the significance of occupations that I have endeavoured to illustrate in some detail by a comparison of the Census returns. The task is not in all cases easy, difference of classification introducing occasional confusion, but so far as possible I have reconciled the figures by means of the data supplied. We find here evidence of a vast development in many directions of that interchange of service which is in some degree a necessity of all civilised communities. It begins when the tiller of the soil exchanges his produce for the spoil of the hunter of beasts, and it passes through infinite gradations until work is specialised in a thousand forms, a man of moderate means using or consuming every day a portion of the product of the labour of an incalculable number of his fellows. The marvellous interlacing of industries eases and simplifies the everyday life of the poorest of us. It would be impossible to analyse completely the complex effects wrought upon the employment of capital and labour by the introduction of new methods and new appliances—some effects palpable, some so subtle as to be imperceptible, though we know they exist. Who can say how far the introduction of the bicycle and the development of popular means of conveyance have damaged the trade of the bootmaker and the cobbler? They must have had as one of their effects a saving in the wear and tear of boots. Has electric lighting injured the match trade? Perhaps not on the whole, for if there are millions of lights switched on without the intervention of the match, the lights, on the other hand, will not communicate flame to a spill or a taper. Trivial as these examples may be, they illustrate the depth and extent of the influences which are constantly at work, affecting for good or ill the distribution of capital and of labour.

In comparing the enumeration of occupations taken in 1901 with that of 1891 it must be borne in mind that during the decade the population of England and Wales—to which the figures apply unless the contrary be stated—increased by 12·17 per cent.

There is a world of suggestiveness in the figures relating to "Conveyance of persons and goods." The group totals are misleading, as some classes have been taken out of the group and others inserted. Domestic coachmen and grooms have been transferred from road traffic to the domestic service group. Restoring them to "service on roads" for accuracy of comparison, we get the following figures for road traffic only :

—	1891	1901	Increase per cent.
Toll collector, turnpike gate-keeper	404	—	—
Livery stable keeper, coach, cab proprietor	11,371	12,876	13
Coachman, groom, cabman	176,393	200,802	13
Carman, carrier, carter, wagoner (not farm)	170,256	272,960	60
Tramway service	6,906	18,244	164
Motor-car driver	—	623	—
Others on roads	1,275	1,501	17
Total employed on road traffic	366,605	507,006	38

Small matters, as the figures go, but significant of much, are the disappearance of the toll collector and the arrival of the motor driver. These, however, illustrate notorious facts: what we do learn from the statistics is that, notwithstanding the great advance that was made during the decade in the use of mechanical traction on roads, and the universal adoption of the bicycle, the number of men having to do with horses for passenger conveyance more than kept pace with the population. The additional thousands engaged in the manufacture and sale of motor cars and bicycles, in the making of tramcars and tramways, and in working this traffic,¹ represented a clear gain in the matter of employment. Not needed in the elementary industries, these men were profitably engaged in making the lives of their fellows more easy and agreeable.

But the most astonishing figure in this table is the increase by nearly two-thirds in the number of carters and carmen. It suggests a grave deficiency in the methods devised by Government for showing year by year the state of the nation's trade and industries. We are provided with elaborate statistics of imports and exports, but the condition of our home trade can only be estimated by inferences, such as may be derived from these figures. Perhaps this is why the wrangle on the subject of fiscal policy has turned almost entirely on the question of external commerce. If this has been stagnant, what can the increase of sixty per cent. in the number of men employed in the conveyance of goods possibly mean except that the turnover in the home trade has increased to something like this extent in the short space of ten years? It seems a bold assumption, but in any case what can be said of an "inquest of the nation" conducted without reference to a fact like this?

¹ A Government return issued on February 4, 1904, shows that in the year ending June, 1903, there were 1,682,000,000 passengers carried on tramcar in the United Kingdom, and they paid in fares eight millions sterling.

It remains to be added that the total number of persons engaged on road traffic—under the same classification—in 1881 was 282,391, which shows that the advance has been in accelerated ratio. The increase for the decade 1881-91 was 29·7 per cent., and for the twenty years it was 79½ per cent. During the same period the increase of population was only 25·2 per cent. In other words, while in 1881 one person in eighty-nine was earning a livelihood in the conveyance of persons and goods by road, in 1901 one in sixty-four was so engaged.

The railway statistics may be extracted almost without comment. The following figures represent the growth of employment on railways during the decade :

—	1891	1901	Increase per cent.
Railway officials and clerks .	43,342	68,541	58
Engine-drivers and stokers .	40,008	66,135	65
Guards	12,892	20,829	62
Pointsmen and level crossings .	8,956	14,219	69
Railway porters and servants .	81,576	82,211	—
Signalmen	—	24,996	—
Platelayers, gangers, packers .	—	46,860	—
Railway labourers (not contractors' labourers) .	—	29,562	—
Railway labourers, navvies, platelayers	72,606	—	—
Total on railways . . .	259,380	353,353	36

The classification, it will be seen, has been varied in the lower grades, but actual work on railway traffic is fairly represented by the first three classes. The work has not, however, increased by 60 per cent., as might be inferred at first sight, for there has been a reduction of the burden on the individual, hours have been reduced, and wages advanced.

The figures already given show that in 1901 about a quarter of a million more persons were employed in connection with the conveyance of passengers and goods by road and rail than in 1891. A further examination of the "Census of Occupations" will show what has become of others who were "expected" to work in the industries which found employment for their fathers and mothers, and will at the same time serve to illustrate the growth of that great home trade of which no estimate can be made from direct evidence. The following table will provide food for reflection if we follow the advice of Sir Robert Giffen, and "use statistics merely as a guide for inquiring into the facts that lie behind them." The variations are, of course, still comparable with an increase of 12·17 per cent. in population.

	1891		1901		*Increase per cent.	
	Males	Females	Males	Females	Males	Females
Accountant . . .	7,930	50	9,026	2	13	—
Actor . . .	3,625	3,696	6,044	6,443	67	74
Agent, broker, factor .	36,288	765	41,108	1,279	13	67
Auctioneer, valuer, house agent . . .	11,740	90	13,934	86	18	—
Architect . . .	7,823	19	10,775	6	37	—
Author, journalist, shorthand writer . .	7,485	787	9,811	1,249	31	58
Banker, official, clerk .	20,793	92	30,069	223	44	143
Barrister, solicitor . .	19,978	—	20,998	—	5	—
Civil and mining engineer . . .	9,605	—	11,052	—	15	—
Civil Service (messen- gers, &c.) . . .	35,466	789	57,864	1,762	63	123
Civil Service officers, clerks . . .	31,560	8,546	42,475	14,312	30	66
Clergymen, Church of England . . .	24,232	—	25,235	—	4	—
Clerk (general) . . .	229,370	17,859	307,889	55,784	34	212
Commercial traveller . .	43,890	165	63,940	382	45	131
Cycle and motor work .	10,965	559	28,537	2,929	160	423
Domestic indoor ser- vant . . .	58,527	1,386,167	64,146	1,330,783	9	dec. 4
Drainage service . . .	2,194	6	7,189	—	227	—
Draper, mercer . . .	60,671	46,347	67,220	68,437	10	47
Druggist, chemist . . .	20,590	1,340	25,343	3,105	23	131
Exhibition, games— service; showman, performer . . .	8,095	1,000	12,516	948	54	dec. 5
Fruiterer, greengrocer .	30,462	10,501	40,706	11,927	33	13
Gas-works service . . .	30,729	—	47,028	3	53	—
Gilder, carver . . .	8,215	453	13,969	770	70	70
Goldsmith, silversmith, jeweller . . .	20,560	3,426	23,730	5,170	15	50
Grocer, teadealer . . .	135,577	46,279	151,184	42,385	11	dec. 8
Hairdresser . . .	24,063	1,274	33,911	1,745	40	37
Hospital and institution service . . .	6,952	15,501	10,653	26,341	53	70
Hotel, innkeeper . . .	55,173	22,840	76,210	23,705	38	3
House and shop fittings makers . . .	4,455	306	6,930	449	55	46
Insurance service . . .	30,858	579	54,013	1,375	71	137
Laundry and washing service . . .	6,912	185,246	8,874	196,141	28	5
Minister (not Church of England) . . .	10,057	—	11,572	—	15	—
Municipal, &c. officer .	13,662	5,165	26,444	10,426	93	101
Musician, music master, singer . . .	19,495	19,111	20,605	22,644	5	18
Nurse (sick), midwife .	601	53,057	1,092	67,269	81	26
Painter, engraver, sculptor (artists) . .	9,250	3,032	10,250	3,699	10	22
Painter, decorator, glazier . . .	123,119	710	160,201	186	30	dec. 73

* Increase unless otherwise indicated.

—	1891		1901		*Increase per cent.	
	Males	Females	Males	Females	Males	Females
Pawnbroker . . .	9,786	1,683	10,769	1,761	10	4
Photographer . . .	8,102	2,469	11,148	3,851	37	55
Physician, surgeon . . .	18,936	101	22,486	212	19	109
Plumber . . .	46,647	226	64,924	115	39	dec. 49
Police . . .	39,921	—	44,904	—	12	—
Printer . . .	81,959	4,527	96,488	9,693	17	114
„ lithographic, &c.	8,636	349	10,682	1,043	23	198
Publisher, bookseller . . .	11,356	2,240	12,235	2,553	7	14
Schoolmaster, teacher, professor, lecturer . . .	50,628	144,393	58,675	171,670	15	18
Scientific pursuits . . .	1,920	42	3,176	66	65	57
Street seller, hawker . . .	42,387	16,552	46,941	14,398	10	dec. 13
Telegraph, telephone . . .	10,599	4,356	13,563	9,256	28	107
Water-works service . . .	3,819	4	5,701	1	49	—

* Increase unless otherwise indicated.

There is matter for comment in most of these figures, but many must be left to speak for themselves. In all cases the form of the return is almost or quite identical in the two enumerations, and I have made the selection—without any regard to what the increase or decrease might prove to be—as representing occupations which indicate in greater or less degree the social condition of the community. In nearly every case the increase has been considerably in excess of what the mere statistician would “expect” after a growth of 12·17 per cent. in population. And one must go behind some of these figures to reach the salient facts. For instance, the formation of large firms in some of the distributing trades vitiates any *a priori* inference drawn from the total number engaged in those trades. Grocers and teadealers increased by only about 10 per cent., but there can be no doubt that the turnover in the trade increased at least as much as in the preceding decade, when the addition in number amounted to 40 per cent. Among the professions, again, accountancy, as every one acquainted with business must know, has been very far from stagnant. The small figure, and the practical elimination of the female, are due to the more strict definition of the profession.

The fact that police and pawnbrokers have scarcely kept pace with the population is not a bad sign, nor will the diminution in the ranks of the legal profession be a subject of lamentation, either among lawyers or the public generally. The relative decrease in the clergy is a matter for the moralist to consider. I am afraid we cannot assume, as in the case of the police, a lessened need for their

services. That music and art should have been so unprogressive is surprising. In the profession of music and singing the women have overtaken and passed the men, but the total seems to indicate stagnation. Certainly the lyric stage has not grown in popularity with the dramatic. The rapid progress of the theatrical profession is an indubitable sign of general prosperity. As to the art of painting, it may have suffered from the great advance made in artistic printing, in which there were 30 per cent. more persons employed. This probably represents the transfer of industry to a more remunerative form.

A notable feature on the deficit side is the female domestic servant. This may be looked at from two points of view, the ability to employ and the willingness to serve. A survey of all the facts of the case excludes the former cause from consideration, except so far as the demand may be affected by the higher rate of remuneration which has followed from the diminished supply. It will be worth while to examine a little more closely this decline in domestic service. It may be that no part of these forbidding volumes of figures will better repay the attention of the student of social progress. The following table shows the ages of girls and women in domestic service, apart from those in hotels and lodging-houses :

—	1891	1901	Increase per cent.	Decrease per cent.
Aged 10 to 15 . . .	107,167	63,795	—	40
„ 15 to 20 . . .	449,612	385,613	—	14
„ 20 to 25 . . .	342,097	336,869	—	1·2
„ 25 to 35 . . .	259,513	269,068	3·6	—
„ 35 to 45 . . .	101,676	109,334	7·5	—
„ 45 to 55 . . .	65,504	65,830	0·4	—
„ 55 to 65 . . .	39,428	37,929	—	3·8
„ 65 and upwards .	21,170	16,734	—	21

The obvious conclusion from this is that there has been an improvement in the material circumstances of the classes from which the domestic servant is drawn. The relief in the pressure upon their resources finds its expression in a diminution of work at both ends of the scale of years. While at no age has the supply of servants kept step with the advance of population, there has been a diminution in the actual numbers at all ages below the early twenties and above fifty.

One might have expected to find under the headings “Charwomen” and “Laundry and Washing service” some evidence of the means taken by the housewife to compensate for the shortage in the supply of domestic servants, but the charwoman has increased

by less than 7 per cent., and laundry and washing service by just under 6 per cent. Here again, however, we should have been able to perceive the influence of the mechanic and the engineer in relieving the hand-worker had the returns for 1891 been presented in the same form as those of the last Census (workers at home being now distinguished from those working for employers), for it is notorious that there has been a large growth in the number of steam laundries, where much work is done by a few hands. Of the 196,141 females engaged in laundry and washing service at the last Census only 73,043 were working at home. The proportion was no doubt very much greater ten years earlier.

The number of female domestic servants on the night of the Census was one in twenty-four of the population; in 1891 they were one in twenty. Had the proportion remained the same, there would have been about 250,000 more servants in England and Wales. What has become of these females, who might have been "expected" with some justification to be "in service," had the only question been one of opportunity for employment? Many of them are not working at all. The number of females ten years of age and upwards unoccupied or of no specified occupation was returned as under:

1891	7,445,660
1901	9,017,834
Increase	1,572,174

An increase of 21 per cent. as compared with a growth in population of 12·17 per cent., and this notwithstanding the continuous encroachment of women upon occupations formerly monopolised by men, an encroachment of which some striking examples will be found in the table given above. Going a little more into detail we find the following further comparisons:

—	1891			1901		
	Un-occupied	Occupied	Per cent. occupied	Un-occupied	Occupied	Per cent. occupied
Females aged 10 to 15 .	1,350,709	262,194	15·6	1,469,443	201,327	12·0
„ 15 to 20 .	400,823	1,084,867	73	559,197	1,079,424	65·8

In other terms the change may be put this way: There were in England and Wales 210,000 more girls aged ten and under twenty, but there were 67,000 fewer engaged in occupations. This is surely a development in the line of healthy progress, inconvenient though it may be to those who are anxious to obtain young female labour.

Take the other end of the scale. In 1901 there were 856,681

females living in England and Wales aged sixty-five and upwards, against 766,014 in 1891. This is a much larger proportional increase than in the case of the young people, a fact which suggests further reflections of an interesting character on which I will not touch. The percentages may, however, be given for the information of those interested in the subject :

	Increase 1901 over 1891.
General population	12·17 per cent.
Girls aged 10 to 20	6·80 „
Women 65 and upwards	11·84 „

Of the 766,000 old women (sixty-five and upwards) living in 1891, 122,411 were working for their living ; of the 856,000 living in 1901, only 113,332 were so engaged.

Apart from the greater immunity of females from labour, there has been an extensive transference to more desirable occupations. A glance at some of the percentages in the foregoing table will show the direction in which this tendency has been working. The increasing employment of women in commercial occupations will be noted. Taking the whole of the employments classified as commercial, the number of women increased by no less than 188 per cent. in the decade, from 20,830 to 59,944, which accounts for nearly 30,000 more of the "missing" females. The general and local government of the country, again, absorbed over 11,000 more, the increase being from 15,040 to 26,500. Note also the vast development of the hospital and nursing services, a fact which points, I suppose, not to an increase in sickness, but to the transfer of labour from necessities to comforts. In the ten years the number of women engaged in ministering to the needs of the sick and others in "hospitals and institutions" increased by nearly 11,000 (70 per cent.), and those having outside employment in this capacity by 14,000. The number of lady doctors, though still small, doubled.

It is sometimes said that the girls who should be employed in domestic service have gone into the mills. This may be true in some localities, but there is evidence, apart from that given above, that it is not true generally. The number of females employed in the cotton industry was only 16,000 more than in 1891, and there was a decline of 4,000 in those under twenty years of age. Wool and worsted manufacturing industries employed only 2,000 more, and there were 9,000 fewer girls under twenty. On the other hand, the more advanced work of converting the fabrics into clothing gave greatly increased employment, as one might expect from the larger

consumption of wool referred to above. This table shows the number of persons engaged in tailoring in the two censal years :

	1891	1901
Males	119,496	119,545
Females	89,226	117,640

There are at least two inferences to be drawn from these figures. First, that a great number of females who might have been employed in the manufacture of woollen fabrics, having been superseded by improved machinery, are now working on the finished article. Secondly, that the output of clothes has increased more largely than the statistics appear to represent. For here also the machine comes to the aid of the hand, and while the male tailors, who may be taken generally to represent hand-sewing, have remained stationary, the machine-working females have added 28,000 to their number.

The fallacy of measuring the progress of an industry by the number of persons employed in it is further illustrated by the boot trade, the machinery used in this industry having been greatly improved in recent years. The "Fiscal Blue Book" gives the totals for this trade as 248,000 in 1891, and 251,000 in 1901. This indicates stagnation if one does not look beneath the figures. But does any man imagine that the manufacture of footwear has remained stationary, or anything like it, during the last ten years? The facts are altogether too patent and palpable for this, but in the absence of statistics of output let us examine the supply of material. The following returns of imports are taken from the Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom :

Imports of leather—	1891 cwt.	1901 cwt.
Undressed	696,000	903,000
Dressed	267,000	412,000
Imports of hides	1,006,000	1,110,000
	<u>1,969,000</u>	<u>2,425,000</u>

Here are half a million hundredweights per annum of additional raw material, besides any growth there may have been in the home supply. What became of it? Leather and hides are no more digestible than wool or cotton. The stuff was, of course, made chiefly into boots and shoes, and the people were not only able to buy them, except such as were sold abroad, but were able also to pay for 297,000 dozens which were imported in 1901. It might perhaps have been better—were such a thing practicable—if we could have imported nothing but hides, and made all our own leather and our own boots ; but that is not the question here. The point is that stationary employment does not represent stationary

industry, and that *ad captandum* talk about jam and pickles does not assist us to appreciate the significance of the redistribution of labour that has taken place.

Many other examples might be given of the way in which labour, spared from the primitive industries—and spared without reducing the output, or the real wealth of the country—has gone to improve the conditions of existence. The Census returns teem with evidence, which is corroborated and amplified by every-day experience, of the transfer of capital and labour from supplying the minimum requirements of mankind to the provision of those things needed to satisfy an ever-advancing standard of living. In the gas and water services, for example, we find employment increased by a half in this one decade. A minimum of artificial light or of water is a necessity, a medium supply a convenience, an abundance a luxury. The same may be said of houses, of furniture, of heating, of newspapers and other publications, of means of locomotion. The large increase of employment in the building trades synchronises not only with an advance in all kinds of commercial and industrial occupations, but also with an all-round improvement in the dwellings of the people. This is proved by the census of tenements.¹ Building, indeed, is a test of general progress, for it touches both industrial and social life at many points, and, the occupation being but slightly affected by mechanical innovations, the number employed is a tolerable measure of the work done. We may therefore attach special significance to the fact that in this wonderful decade the number of persons engaged in the building trades increased by one third, from 701,000 to 945,000. Furniture is not a bad index of comfort. There can be no statistics of output, but here again employment may be taken as a measure of it, although there has been sufficient development in wood-working machinery to indicate a larger advance of production than of employment. In these trades there were 121,000 persons engaged in 1901, an increase of 20 per cent. in the decade, and in twenty years that increase was just about 50 per cent.

Very significant, too, is the development in printing. This must be, in a general way, too obvious to the man in the street to need much demonstration. But does he recognise the evidence it affords of the increased spending capacity of the people, or realise what is meant by the transfer to it of labour which the statistician “expects”

¹ Mr. Crackanthorpe points out that in 1891 there were in London 174,500 tenements consisting of a single room, and connects the fact inferentially with the decline in agriculture. The connection disappears when we find that in 1901 the number had decreased to 149,500.

to find employed in the older industries? The printing trades are rather differently classified in the two census returns, but the Fiscal Blue Book gives the number engaged in printing and bookbinding as follows: 1901, 149,000; 1891, 121,000; 1881, 88,000, an increase of close upon 25 per cent. in ten years, and of 77 per cent. in twenty years. Nevertheless employment certainly lags behind production. Great advances have been made in the last twenty years in machinery both for type-setting and printing, and the increase in the literary output during the last decade was probably at least four times 25 per cent. This can be tested by the imports of material, which were as under:

—	1891 cwt.	1901 cwt.	Increase per cent.
Imports of paper . . .	1,711,000	3,790,000	122
„ millboard, &c. . .	1,165,000	2,490,000	114
„ paper making material . . .	8,800,000	13,480,000	53

A marvellous growth is here indicated in a trade which depends for its vitality upon the surplus men have after providing for the ordinary needs of their daily life. Superficial conclusions have been drawn from the large increase in the imports of paper, but can we expect to draw from abroad only the crudest material of our industries? And how many are dependent upon the wide diffusion of literature: authors, journalists, booksellers, stationers, type-founders, ink manufacturers, makers of machinery, and all who supply them?

And this suggests finally the vast interests associated with the manufacture of machinery. Unfortunately the difference of classification adopted in the last Census—a change well worth making, as most of the changes are, though inconvenient for the moment—renders comprehensive comparisons impossible. The Blue Book gives Machine-making and Shipbuilding as one of the great industries, but does not attempt to compare the figures of 1891 and 1901, giving those of the earlier year only. Still, it is not necessary to ignore altogether this highly important branch of British trade. Mr. Schooling could easily have found means to make an estimate had it suited his purpose to do so. The same methods of enumeration were used in 1881 as in 1891, and during that decade the number of workmen in the group increased from 217,000 to 292,000, or 34 per cent. There is no reason to doubt that the same ratio of increase was maintained in the succeeding decade. If this be so, the trade gave employment to about 100,000 more men, and we

may look without excessive alarm upon evidence that we are depending more upon the foreigner for the crude work of converting ore into iron and steel. In the absence of a group figure for "Machine-making and Shipbuilding," two lines in which the classification is practically unaltered may be taken as typical. They are :

—	1891	1901	Increase per cent.
Fitters and turners ¹ . . .	87,510	159,173	81
Tool-makers . . .	11,992	16,395	36

The remarkable increase shown in the first line suggests that there has been an even greater advance in the higher branches of the iron trade than that which occurred in the preceding inter-censal period.

The decline in the agricultural industry opens up questions only collaterally related to the distribution of labour, so far as this is a question of opportunity for remunerative employment. Those who remain on the land have higher wages than their fathers had, and work and live under better conditions, yet the farmers have great difficulty in obtaining hands—a proof that there is more attractive work to be found elsewhere. Nevertheless, the reduced production of wealth from the soil, and the transfer of many thousands of people to occupations less suited to the growth of a hardy and healthy race, furnish matter for grave reflection.

How is it, finally, that so many workers can be spared from what I have called the primitive industries to engage in those callings which add to the comfort and convenience of all classes? It is, of course, due in the first place to the aid given by steam and electricity, guided in their service to mankind by mechanical invention, and so far as this is the cause the whole civilised world shares in the advantage. But another cause special to ourselves is that we have the entire globe in which to buy whatever we want at the lowest price anybody will take, and can receive it without any artificial enhancement of the cost; and in addition to this we obtain every year commodities worth something approaching £200,000,000 in exchange for "invisible exports," that is to say, without having to send out any of our own products to pay for them.

JAMES SYKES.

¹ The definition in 1891 was "fitters and turners (engine and machine);" in 1901 it was "erector, fitter, turner," under the heading "Engineering and machine-making."

BROAD-ACRE SPRINGTIME.

CUCKOO ! cuckoo ! through glades new clothed with a fresh golden verdure the notes echo amid the twittering and singing of nesting birds, the musical hum of insects, the sounds of waving branches and rustling leaves, the babbling of springs and brooks, all harmonising in one of the grand melodies of nature.

From the spinney on the hill stretch long slopes of springing corn, their bright green showing against the brown-red of the fallow, over which the lapwings skim, and where the rooks settle as they fly down from their nests amid the high branches of the trees.

Spring has commenced, and we revel in its fresh glory amidst the fields and lanes of that pleasant land stretching back from the waters of one of old Drayton's streams. Everything is new ; it is the waking up of all nature to the glories and pleasures of its coming seasons.

There is heard on all sides that subtle sound of growth, that murmur of awakening, that gladsome sense of novelty, that springing up of everything, as one views the gradual advancement of nature in all around.

Now, before all other times, it brings home to us that one of the grandest gifts bestowed on mankind is that of an observant mind, a mind capable of receiving and enjoying the natural impressions observed on all hands.

One gladly realises and delights in the words of the sweet Hebrew poet :

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds has come,

And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Away up in the clear air that rippling trill of the lark reminds us of the "time of the singing," whilst from every budding hedgerow, from every green tufted branch, the carols of "feathered Minnesingers" fill the air with a glad and joyous melody.

From the foot of the blackthorn, now a mass of gauzy silver bloom, the bright yellow and vivid green of the celandine and the

white stars of the stitchwort peep out from amid the new springing grass.

The elm has finished blossoming, and green buds appear on every twig, while among the branches a flock of noisy starlings chatter unceasingly. The fields lie covered with a spangled veil of daisies, the edges dotted with golden dandelions, like a border of sequins, and in many a stretch of velvety pasture

The cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,

shake their lemon-coloured bells in glad adornment of Nature's beauteous being.

By the margin of the pools many a clump of marsh marigolds unfold their shining discs, and stepping in and out among the leaves, with a quick nod and flick of its tail, taking a view of everything around, the dainty form of a water-wagtail—the village child's "Nanny! Nanny! wash tail"—is sure to be seen.

The rivulets are getting noisy, flushed with the warm spring rains, and overflow with twisting eddies, winding their way through the meadow-lands, and submerging the clumps of rushes and cowgrass within an area of a foot or two on either bank, and then dashing gaily down a stony slope to join the quieter but deeper course at the foot of the tall limestone crags, where the water flows almost noiselessly with scarce a ripple, a sliding sheet of dark green, still yet swift, full of the promise of a river ahead.

The masses of limestone piled above are reflected in the mirror beneath, and above all is a real spring sky, a clear yet dazzling blue, over which fleecy clouds chase each other the livelong day, or rest awhile to let the sun give full benefit to the basking earth.

The crags, which have stood white and almost bare to the touch of winter, have now flushed all over with delicate early colours. The buds appear on the masses of biting stonecrop nestling in every cranny and spreading over every ledge. Some yellow spikes of toadflax show golden against the white limestone, and at the foot of every crag the tender green of the young nettles is interspersed with early white blooms.

Up and down the face of the rock, over the crest, round and about, clattering and chattering, a flock of jackdaws hold everlasting arguments, flapping down noisily from their nests in the crevices of the topmost rocks to sway to and fro on a long and delicate birch bough and flutter excitedly amid the golden leaves.

Through a cleft in the limestone a glimpse is caught of a village beyond, nestling in the woodside and sloping down the hill

to the valley below. The red-tiled roofs and grey walls, with an old church standing out boldly, lie framed on three sides with the green of meadowlands, and on the fourth with the darker colour of the oak wood, which spreads away to right and left on the crest of the hill.

On the brow of the opposite slope some farm buildings stand bare against the brilliant sky, while, from behind, the smoke of a threshing machine slowly rises, and is carried by the breeze across the valley.

The crags grow less mighty, and the green sward asserts itself more as the stream winds its course, till at length it is crossed by a roadway, one of those wild-looking high-banked roadways where the tall hedges nod from a slope higher than your shoulder, and where the new green of the ground-ivy, twisting in and out amid the gnarled thorn roots, half hides and half reveals the modest shrinking beauty of the violet.

And like clusters of stars the primroses deck the banks in all their glory, and early blossoms of red and white campions assist in beautifying the spot.

The rains have left the roadway clean, and white masses of limestone crop out at many intervals, for this is a country of stone, a country with a beauty all its own.

The stream has widened on the other side of the road, and flows alongside the boundary wall of a noble park, where mighty oaks with twisted limbs clothed in new yellow-green leaves are dotted over a sward of dazzling green stretching as far as one can see, a sight not witnessed in any other land in the world than England, and seen at its best in old Yorkshire, the county of the "broad acres."

The graceful forms of a herd of fallow deer move quietly along cropping the sweet growth, and with a sudden scurry a hare, startled by our vicinity, darts away at tremendous speed to reach the shelter of some gorse bushes further away under the wall.

A large belt of woodland commences on the far side of the stream—great oaks and hazel copses, on which latter the green clusters give promise of autumn "nutting," and nearer the ground the delicate opening fronds peep out from the brown broken masses of last year's bracken.

A chorus of angry twitterings rises from the hedgerows at the roadside, as a flock of sparrows fly from the green cornlands and take shelter in the thorn bushes, and we suddenly catch sight of a solitary hawk which has risen from the trees at the wood corner, and,

after circling round for a short space, sees something else which attracts its attention, and darts away to again hang stationary, finally dropping like a stone to a distant meadow.

From where the road crosses the crest of the upland, the country stretches away beyond into a dreamy hazy distance; clumps of woodland dot the landscape, and here and there the red roof of a farmhouse stands out, a splash of colour on the clear scene.

Further along the way, with a great whirr of wings, a partridge rises from the enjoyment of a dust bath where the warm sun has dried the sandy soil between the cart ruts, and after a short flight drops in a neighbouring field, near the spot, probably, where its mate is hatching her brood, fearless and very tame, for it is some months yet before September.

The cart track winds down the opposite slope into a long straggling village, through which another streamlet murmurs alongside the roadway, fills the millpool, with its protecting grey wall spangled with golden lichen, and continues its winding course till it enters the woodland which stretches away to the western horizon, rising gradually, tier upon tier, remains of that mighty forest which, centuries back, covered almost entirely this portion of the country.

There the dark green of the Scotch fir shows up vividly the golden splendour of the early beech leaves and the opening buds of the hawthorn, and the black and white plumage of a magpie flashes through the feathery foliage of the larch.

From high up among the branches comes the incessant cawing of rooks, while lower down the blackbirds and thrushes hop about from bough to bough, whistling softly to their mates now in the midst of the hatching season.

From the edge of the wood, as one stands and gazes over the undulating pastures, the bleat of lambs comes faintly from the direction of the home paddock, the ploughman calls to his "team afield," and whistles cheerily along the new-turned furrow, a wood-pigeon bursts with a flutter from the trees behind, winging its flight through "the sky's vast vault"—all combining to create this loveliest of seasons, the early springtime.

And how to describe the beauty of the woodland carpet, on all sides a sheet of dazzling blue of all shades, as the sun glints in through the foliage overhead and lightens up the azure stretches, or where dark shadows are cast by the gnarled trunks and screens of branches? The blue-bell, the wild hyacinth, is blooming in all its

heaven-sent splendour, for it appears to have borrowed of the colour of the spring sky to beautify the earth.

There is no sight, to my mind, more beautiful in English woodland scenery, no sight more suggestive of springtime, than this wealth of blooms, these millions of azure bells, which down the long vistas of trees brighten up the more sombre depths, and lend an air of light-some joyousness to the scene. They appear the very essence of the season.

An old boundary wall, almost ruined, breaks the belt of trees in this wood, and forms a pleasant resting-place. The crumbling stones have a rich velvety covering of lichens and moss, while over all the brambles spread and cling, wearing their spring blooms—those delicate white flowers with the almost unnoticeable pink flush, the dark maroon stems with their spiky armament, the new thorns, however, being still too soft to startle the unwary examiner—holding the ancient stonework together, and assisting the ivy to keep up the semblance of a wall.

Where the trees open out on the meadow-land, with a fringe of hazel and gorse bushes, a keeper leans against the wall, with his gun under his arm and his dog at his feet, and, as we come up, tells us not to go down by the opposite hedgerows, as there are one or two nesting partridges about, and he does not want the birds to be disturbed.

"There'll be a soight o' birds, come this September," says the old man, "an' it's been a noice open season for 'em so far"; and after repeating the caution concerning the hedgerow, he strolls away down the side of the wood, his dog coming to heel, following its master quietly, yet on the alert for anything in the way of "fur or feather."

We retrace our steps a little and take another pathway, and in a clearing come upon a disused quarry with a moss-grown rail round the edge, its sides hung with brambles and grasses, the face of the stone glowing with many colours and streaked with moisture oozing from the soil above. The bottom of the quarry is some feet deep in water, and as we lean on the rail and drop a pebble into the pool, there is a second splash, and a long V-shaped ripple shows a water-rat crossing one corner. The sleek shining body slides quickly over a ledge of stone and disappears into a hole in the softer clayey slope on the further side, where was once the cart track from the quarry.

Beyond here is a corner of the wood with a stream murmuring in the bottom, hidden in tussocks of grass and overhanging masses of dead bracken, and breaking out into a pasture, through which it

meanders, first forming a pool near the foot of a tall ash tree, the leaves of which are well advanced—if anything, more so than those of the oaks around, when, if there is any truth in the old country saying, “The oak before the ash, splash ! The ash before the oak, choke !” we must anticipate a hot summer.

Just beyond this fine old tree, under cover of a thorn hedge, is a straw-thatched shed, in front of which a mare stands basking in the warm sunlight, blinking lazily as she watches a foal, her offspring, disporting itself near the pool. The youngster, which is just feeling its feet, its young heart doubtless gladdened by the beauty of the day, is prancing around, performing uncouth antics and getting into absurd positions, on which its mother looks with a mild and lenient gaze, remembering a springtide some years back when she too was young.

At the end of the pasture lie the osier beds, with the new shoots springing up from the moist red loam, and being reflected in the small waterways which intersect the boggy land. There is the harvest of the watercress gatherer, and the young leaves and succulent stems of the cresses are covering the surface of the wider stream flowing down one side of the beds.

Up the opposite field slope, a drill is going slowly across the rich land, dropping its rows of seed, with a harrow following its course, pulling the earth over the precious treasure. A boy leads the old horse which is pulling the harrow, his attention divided between his charge and the doings of his dog, a sable collie, which is hunting in the hedge-bottoms for what it can find.

Whirr ! whirr ! and with a tremendous noise and bustle a hen pheasant rises into the air from her nest among the dead grasses and thorn roots, while the dog starts back, rather dismayed at having caused this disturbance.

Here, amid the rich grass of the banksides and in many a sheltered spot in the fields, is seen that beautiful flower, too rarely observed, the wild daffodil, the golden petals of which wave gaily in the spring breezes. It is found in clumps, blowing freely, though scarcely undisturbed, for the village children know of its existence, and the buds are picked, long before they are open very often, and placed in pots of water to open there, as they will do, and beautify the cottage windows and mantelpieces, often being then sent in bundles to the market towns to bring in a few pence for the little gatherers.

It is a beautiful flower, and nowhere else have I seen it growing wild in such profusion as in this portion of the “broad acres.” I

have walked long distances to see it, bringing to my mind the lines of Mary Howitt in her poem, "My Garden," where the child

Walked a dozen miles to find
The true wild daffodilly.

In the cool of the evening, when the quaint street of the old village lies calmly under the luminous sky, when

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

and when the early swallows circle round the mossy stones of the church and twitter gaily on returning to their last year's quarters, we stroll quietly through the deepening shadows.

In the cottage gardens and in the square grassy orchards the fruit trees are covered with a wealth of tinted bloom, the beams of the setting sun gilding each petal with a golden radiance, while from the patches of flowers on either side of the clean stone pathway to the little gate, the pale yellow of the primrose and often the sweet scent of the white violet—of which dear old Bacon says that "of all others it yields the sweetest smell in the air"—gladden the senses of the passers-by.

The goodwife comes down to the gate and pulls up a root of grass from among the golden brown of the gillyflowers, and, shading her eyes with her hand, gazes down the street for the returning figure of her husband. She sees him turn the corner with his coat thrown over his shoulder, while his youngest toddles delightedly up to him and catches for support at the lapet of his waistcoat.

We follow the path across the fields to the foot of a well-known slope covered with prickly gorse and broom, amid the impenetrable armament of which Master Reynard has his home, and whither many a lover of hunting, escaped from the smoke and bustle of the great manufacturing towns, has come for his weekly run, when the hillside has echoed to the cracking of whips and

The joyous music of the noisy pack.

But it is not for that reason we now come to a standstill, for the branches around seem to quiver and the air throb with melody, as a thrush perched on the topmost spray of a silver birch pours forth from its swelling throat a vesper hymn to its Creator. We listen until this delicious strain is ended, and then silently continue along the path among some scattered whin bushes, through which a rabbit scurries away as we disturb it by our approach.

Now we skirt the belt of woodland, and the deepening shadows

are thrown across the velvety tussocks of grass. The soft cooing of wood-pigeons falls on the ear with a calm restful sound, and a stream ripples musically close by, while across the valley comes the sound of bells, mingled with the hollow tramp of a horse from the distant highway.

But with a harsh cry a blackbird darts amid the sheltering undergrowth, and immediately the magpies take alarm and circle round their nearly completed nest, chattering away in angry chorus.

Matters gradually quieten down, and an owl rising from the gnarled trunk of a pollard elm, from behind the bracken-roofed keeper's hut, wings its noiseless flight, black against the pale beams of the moon which now gain the ascendancy in the western sky.

We emerge from the shade of the trees, and standing by the stile are silent for a time, gazing at the scene before us.

There is a feeling and aspect of perfect quietude, and

All the air a solemn stillness holds,

broken only by the twitter of a bird on its nest, the distant bark of a dog in the village beyond, or the call of a partridge from the grasses on the upland.

Stars begin to twinkle in all parts of the heavens, and the fields, the brook, the old covert, and the distant hills rest calmly under the placid moonlight, while

The moon grows queenlier in mid-space
When the sky darkens, and her cloud-wrapt car
Thrills with intenser radiance from afar

O'er water-daisies and wild waifs of spring.

And we wend our way silently and thoughtfully homewards.

HAROLD WILD.

PROVERBS:

THEIR WIT AND WISDOM, PITH AND POINT.

PROVERBS have been likened to hotel slippers, as being roomy, old, and assorted. They are roomy in that, even upon one subject, various phrases will express divergent views. They are old, because an absolutely new proverb is impossible; it must have endured the handling of generations. They are assorted, for they are manifold in number, and crystallise the wit, the observation, and the experience, not only of many minds, but of many races.

An adage, an axiom, a saw, a saying—call it as we please—has in it one or more of the elements of proverbial wisdom, but a pure proverb combines these elements, and is perfect in proportion to the number of qualities so absorbed. If there be one virtue it ought to possess more than another, it is perhaps that of brevity and conciseness. “Hiders are good finders” is an apt instance. “He plays well that wins” is another. It must also contain wisdom; the wisdom may be worldly and sometimes selfish, but almost without exception proverbs are moralists: “Better suffer ill than do ill” is a case in point. “Hasten leisurely”—in Latin, *Festina lente*—Erasmus used to speak of as the “King of adages.” Another desirable quality is that of imagination. “Blushing is virtue’s colour” is from this point of view full of beauty and insight. So is the sentence, “Grey hairs are death’s blossoms.”

To say that a proverb must be popular is to state a truism; without adoption by the mass of the people, a saying cannot attain to the dignity of a proverb. When so adopted, it comes to have more weight than law: “Custom makes law.” In Spain, the land of proverbs *par excellence*, a proverb well introduced is as decisive of an argument as a bet in England. With kindred esteem of its value, they say in the Yoruba country of West Africa, “A proverb is the horse of conversation; when conversation flags, a proverb revives it.”

Wit and humour add spice to the proverb. Note how much is expressed by the phrase, “In the kingdom of blind men, the one-eyed is king;” or again, “You can’t make a silk purse out of a

sow's ear"; or "The coo may want her tail yet"—a Scotch reminder of the truth that a man who denies a favour may one day want it himself.

A proverb is the richer for being allegorical. See what depth of meanness is expressed in the remark, "It is a base thing to tear a dead lion's beard off." What realms of comparison are suggested by such simple truths as "A little bird wants but a little nest," "It is hard to shave an egg," "Feather by feather the goose is plucked," "An inch in a man's nose is much," "Muffled cats are not good mousers" !

A *souçon* of puzzledom flavours the proverb; but if there is so much of the riddle as to necessitate prolonged scrutiny, investigation, or argument, the charm vanishes. "One hair of a woman draws more than a team of oxen" is not literally true, but cannot well be denied. The Spanish saying, "He leaves nothing in his inkstand," can be highly appreciated when it is explained to mean the man who has told all he knows, even to the point of tedium. In the Talmud it is written, "Cut off his head, but mind you don't kill him."

There are two artificial aids which widen the use of a proverb—rhyme and alliteration, but these are not essentials. "A friend in need is a friend indeed" combines both. This is more lengthy but not so good :—

Remember, man, and keep in mind,
A faithful friend is hard to find.

There is sound advice in the distich :—

Be always as merry as ever you can,
For no one delights in a sorrowful man.

A far better proverb is found in the lines :—

Give and spend,
And God will send.

Among scores of alliterative similes may be quoted the following :—

As busy as a bee.
As clear as crystal.
As cold as charity.
As fit as a fiddle.
As hungry as a hawk.
As mad as a March hare.
As plump as a partridge.
As proud as a peacock.
As soft as silk.
As warm as wool.
As weak as water.

Recurrence of consonant or sound certainly helps the memory. "Better bend than break." "Fast bind, fast find." "A woman's mind and winter wind change oft." "Plaster thick and some will stick."

We probably hate proverbs as much as we like them, not only because they often sting our consciences by their truthfulness, as in the Talmud saying, "Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable," but because of the offensive use a neighbour or companion may make of a common saying. The cap may fit the hearer, and if he takes umbrage at its use he shows plainly that he has fitted it. Very mischievous, indeed, and cutting are some proverbial utterances. The fair sex can hardly be expected to appreciate the ungallant Germans, who say, "A bag of fleas is easier to keep guard over than a woman." The Scotch dictum is emphatic :

It's an ugly lass that's never kissed,
And a silly body that's never missed.

An obstinate man would not be greatly pleased to hear that "A wise man changes his mind—a fool never."

After all, the real essence of a proverb lies in its homely statement of the flattest, dullest, most unquestionable truth. Although it shall present but one side of a picture, state only a partial truth instead of the whole truth, it must be, so far as it goes, undeniably accurate. No one can deny that "Three can hold their peace if two be away." Hardly less certain is the statement that "A cheerful look makes a dish a feast." It can scarcely be questioned that "The dog gnaws the bone because he cannot swallow it," or that "A married man turns his staff into a stake."

Such sentences as the following are not only good proverbs in that they are fresh and sparkling, but because of the self-evident truths they express : "Lips, however rosy, must be fed," "No flying without wings," "No man can call again yesterday," "The honey is sweet, but the bee stings." Regarded merely as bald statements of fact, they might match with ten thousand other facts, such as "The moon is white" or "The sky is black," but looking below the surface we realise that there is a difference. Men in general have detected in the antithesis of sweet honey and the bee's sting an analogy to life, whose sweets are often tinged with bitterness. Thus the half-dozen words epitomise an hour's homily, and, because of their brevity and picturesqueness, leave an unfading impression on mind and memory.

One other characteristic may be noted of some proverbs—their originally local reference. “It’s a far cry to Lochow,” in the first place, simply perpetuated a Scotchman’s remark on the distance to the next town ; now it is current coin to express the user’s opinion that such and such a journey is far longer than appears at first sight. “Hobson’s choice,” more than two centuries ago, referred to the only hack which remained in an ostler’s stable when all other horses were gone ; but to-day it is one of the most frequent exclamations used by men having absolutely no alternative.

Perhaps the larger proportion of wise and clever sayings is lost in antiquity ; and in many cases, so far as they can be traced, the substance, if not the exact terms of expression, has originated independently among various nations. Take, for instance, the phrase, “Liars should have good memories,” which is found in every land. Its origin is so remote that even Jerome called it old. The phrase in the Acts, “It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks,” appeared long before in the Odes of the Greek poet Pindar, in which the line occurs, “It is hard for thee to kick against the goad.” The New Testament phrase, “Evil communications corrupt good manners,” is taken exactly from an old Greek comedy, which either Paul knew or must have heard repeated in common speech. Similarly, the expression in the Sermon on the Mount, “If he ask a fish will he give him a serpent ?” corresponds to an earlier Greek expression, “A scorpion for a perch.” The same antecedent origin may be shown for such excellent proverbs as “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,” and “Cast not your pearls before swine.”

In thus tracing the qualities which proverbs must possess, less or more, we have by no means exhausted the list. No one proverb can include all, but that is the most striking which includes brevity and conciseness, insight and common use, wit and humour, allegory and mystery, alliteration and rhyme, truthfulness and application. No wonder that with such excellences proverbs should have been defined as “Wisdom in brief,” as “Life compressed into a few sentences,” as “Foundlings of a nation’s wit,” and as “Children of experience.” Fuller said they contained “much matter in few words,” and Lord John Russell aptly described them as “the wit of one man and the wisdom of many.” Lord Chesterfield advised his son that “no man of fashion ever uses a proverb ;” but Lord Bacon had, at an earlier day, called them “the edge tools of speech which cut and penetrate the knots of business and affairs.”

The comparison of proverbs to hotel slippers because of their

assortment is more than usually accurate. Of the didactic class there is a very large number. It is more easy to accept in theory than in practice the advice, "Better suffer a greater evil than do a little one." Many would prefer not to be reminded that it is "Better to be alone than in bad company," and, if they were able to appreciate its subtlety, would yet resent the injunction, "Consider not pleasures as they come, but as they go." Equally valuable is the suggestion that "Contradiction should awaken attention, not passion." With this may be coupled the axiom, "No man can guess in cold blood what he may do in a passion." In days when plenipotentiaries and governors are at the mercy of the telegraph, and Cabinet chiefs direct minute details thousands of miles away, the old saw may be recalled, "Send a wise man on an errand, and say nothing to him." Ladies shopping might wear on their bracelets the inscription, "On a good bargain think twice." Many impatient men would scorn the theory, "He that would have what he hath not, should do that he doth not." No word is needed to introduce the following :

Be content, the sea hath fish enough.
Be ever vigilant, but never suspicious.
Be slow in choosing, but slower in changing.
Be slow to promise, but quick to perform.
The best throw upon the dice is to throw them away.

Some proverbs are dogmatic assertions, in the main true, yet open to argument since many exceptions might be furnished to the rules they interpret. "Ignorance is the mother of impudence" is often a fact ; but the child in this case must have many parents, for some are impudent who are not ignorant. "Ill got, ill spent," might be proved a thousand times ; but it would be hard to say that prosperous brewers who build cathedrals, or rich monopolists who endow universities, have misspent their wealth. "Denying a fault doubles it" is rather hard, for example, on the man who is unconscious of the fault. Yet if the word "wilfully" were added to the sentence, the phrase would be less effective. It is only by way of symbolism that "Fields have eyes and hedges ears," though there is more of literalism in the sturdy declaration that "Good bargains are pick-pockets." You would hardly get the woman to believe that who had bought a length of dress material at less than half its value.

Would it not be easy to question the accuracy of the laconic utterance, "Grasp all, lose all" ? and here and there would be found an example to prove that not "All doors open to courtesy." We shall perhaps all agree that "He who seeks trouble never misses,"

and that "He is poor indeed who can promise nothing." It is well understood that "Idle folks have least leisure," and the trade itself probably originated the idea that "He's not the best carpenter who makes the most chips." But we cannot always be certain that "He who rises first is first dressed."

Some one has observed that proverbs are like legal maxims, there being always one to cancel the force of another. Else how can we reconcile the two statements, "Long absent, soon forgotten," "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"? Each of us could probably prove the truth of both maxims. Of quite another type is the thoughtful saying, "He may freely receive courtesies who knows how to requite them;" for a man who is always bestowing help or favour need not hesitate to receive one or the other. Giving suggests gold, and we are reluctantly compelled to admit truth in the gibe that "Gold goes in at every gate excepting heaven's." It is only partially true that "Good clothes open all doors." With some qualification, too, the saying may stand, "A constant guest is never welcome." Reflection on this might lead some persons to make fewer visits, and would seem to explain a certain coolness in the host or hostess which is more easily felt than described. "Delays are dangerous" reminds us again of the one-sidedness of proverbs. Nor is it always true that "A wonder lasts but nine days." It may not last so long.

"Comparisons are odious," says one proverb, but proverbs are full of them. The wealthy leisured class could hardly be expected to appreciate the antithesis, "Poor men seek meat for their stomachs, rich men stomach for their meat," nor the fine lady the rather rough declaration, "Better go to heaven in rags than to hell in embroidery." Some other ladies might not immediately see the force of the observation that "There's but an hour in a day between a good housewife and a bad," though they would probably agree that "Cutting out well is better than sewing up well." It is an acute but sad truth that "Praise makes good men better, and bad men worse"; and in the very front rank of good proverbs stands the statement, "Gratitude is the least of virtues, but ingratitude the worst of vices." Many of the elements a proverb should contain are found in the suggestive line, "Craft must have clothes, but truth loves to go naked." In describing that which is incongruous, as, for example, a negro in white gloves, there is humour in the expression, "It is much like a blacksmith with a white silk apron," except the smith should chance to be a Freemason. It is not very cheering to the man in deep trouble to learn that "Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad

supper," for surely nothing is more likely to give him a good night's rest than the glamorous prospect which hope promises for the morrow. All will agree that "A courageous foe is better than a cowardly friend."

A different spirit enters into such counsels as "To forget a wrong is the best revenge"; "For a flying enemy make a silver bridge," a pretty phrase. The play upon words does not hide the beauty of the truth that "Catholic charity makes us members of the catholic church." There is also an element of depth in the Scotch saying, "Kindness will keep when it canna gang." It is a better truth than rhythm, "Great almsgiving lessens no man's living." The following may be commended to misers: "If the niggard should once taste the sweetness of giving, he'd give all away." Charles Dickens writ large that truth in the "Christmas Carol." But such conversions are rare, for, as the Italians tell us, "Avarice increases with wealth." We all know, in regard to the miser, that "He'll flay a flint," and that "His money comes from him like drops of blood." It is a sad but true reflection that "Riches have made more men covetous than covetousness hath made men rich."

Sturdy, plain, practical common sense belongs to a large class of popular sayings, such as

Better some of a pudding than none of a pie.
 He that hath a head of wax must not walk in the sun.
 He that lies with the dogs rises with fleas.
 He pulls with a long rope that waits for another's death.

The flavour of cynicism was sure to communicate itself to some proverbial expressions. He was clearly a pessimist who first said, "I wept when I was born, and every day shows why." It was surely no friend to the medical profession who declared that "God heals and the physician hath the thanks." It would not be amiss if there were gratitude to both, but "Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms." What woman-hater was it who said, "Nothing dries sooner than a tear"? A thousand sponsors stand for a truth which is sometimes forgotten, "No viper so little but hath its venom." What a world we live in if it be true that "He who resolves to deal with none but honest men must leave off dealing"!

There are some proverbs which, by extolling endurance, may lend nerve to men. That is a stately deliverance, "Calamity is the touchstone of a brave mind"; it tends to make a feeble man ashamed of his cowardice, and to justify another dictum that "He bears misery best who hides it most." Seneca long ago said,

"Light cares speak ; great ones are dumb." While it is true that "A stout heart crushes ill-luck," we ought not to forget that "Many an honest man stands in need of help that has not the face to beg it."

Fools and their folly are the butt of many a gibe in proverbial lore. In olden times it took a very clever man to play the part of the professional fool, even as it does nowadays to be a circus clown, and one proverb rightly declares that "A fool may give a wise man counsel." Another says that "None is a fool always, everyone sometimes." But as far back as Solomon's time it was written, "The legs of the lame are not equal ; so is a parable in the mouth of fools." Necessarily the date was subsequent which gave birth to the quip, "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under." Although "A great man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones," his was not a small mind who spoke of certain unwise folk as "Like the tailor who sewed for nothing, and found thread himself." "The wise man knows a fool, but a fool doth not know the wise man." We all know that "Clowns are best in their own company, but gentlemen are best everywhere."

According to many a bitter adage, the distance between fools and lovers is not great. But there is another class of proverbs far more sympathetic to the tender passion. "He that hath love in his breast hath spurs at his heels"; "Love makes all hard hearts gentle"—"Love is the true price of love." There are others which embody the experience and observation of ages. "Love and a cough cannot be hid" is good, but "Love delights in praise" is better. Deeper still is the reflection, "Whom we love best, to them we can say least." It is only sometimes true that "They who love most are least valued," but more often we may allow "Hot love is soon cold," and "One love drives out another." Then comes the time when "Faults are thick where love is thin"; but there is much uncertainty in applying the counsel :

Follow love and it will flee ;
Flee love and it will follow thee.

If it were possible to attempt a classification of proverbs, a very large number might be included among the fruits of observation. They are sentences uttered by thoughtful men who have generalised a number of individual instances. These have been weighed, so to speak, in the balances of probability and fact, and have been passed on as true summaries. This kind of proverb is free from bitterness and malevolence, and is really helpful. It is well to remember that

"Punishment is lame, but it comes"; "That is most true which we least care to hear"; "Censure and scandal are not the same."

That is an expressive remark, "When children stand quiet they have done some ill," and it is a constant experience that "He who leaves the highway for a short cut commonly goes about." No one questions the dictum that "Everyone stretcheth his legs according to his coverlet," but it is a first-class proverb, because, while expressing one plain matter-of-fact truth, it is a parable of the many conditions in life amid which a man does what he must, not what he would. Two other sayings are antithetical, yet both contain truth: "A liar is not believed when he speaks the truth," yet "There is no reputation so clear but a slanderer may stain it." How rich is the experience which confirms the reflection, "It is truth which makes a man angry"! Let us quote a few other wise sentences.

Who buys hath need of a hundred eyes; who sells hath enough of one.
 If the pills were pleasant, they would not want gilding.
 Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality his left.
 A man may make his own dog bite him.
 He had need rise betimes that would please everybody.
 No one knows the weight of another's burden.
 If you would compare two men, you must know them both.
 In a calm sea every man is a pilot.
 Birds pay equal honours to all men.
 Deaf men are quick-eyed and distrustful.
 Good-nature is a great misfortune if it want prudence.
 Good works will never save you, but you cannot be saved without them.
 Great minds and great fortunes don't always go together.
 He that always complains is never pitied.

Reflection follows observation, and leads to the enunciation of truth which, if sufficiently concise and epigrammatic, assumes the proverbial form. Axioms of this class are of the most valuable character. They give no offence to the individual, but may lead to self-introspection and wise procedure. No one questions that "It is good to be sure" before launching on an argument or engaging in some new enterprise. "If you would enjoy the fruit, pluck not the flower"; "You cannot judge of a man till you know his whole story." Yet you may be sure that "Birth is much, but breeding is more"; and in these days it is a truism that "Conduct and courage lead to honour." Not so apparent, but on calm reflection assuredly true, are the axioms "Contempt is the sharpest reproof"; "Gifts from enemies are dangerous"; "All truths are not to be told."

Thoughtful folk will agree that "Good swimmers are oftenest drowned," and that "Sometimes the best gain is to lose." It must

be on the principle that "He knows best what good is who has endured evil," that some public benefactor has laid down the theory that "He who serves everybody is paid by nobody." After all, "To deceive oneself is very easy," though another generalisation tells us that "All things are difficult before they are easy"; and public men should remember that "A man may say too much even on the best of subjects." Two or three additional specimens of this type of proverb may be quoted.

Hearts may agree, though heads differ.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

The master is the eye of the house.

It is better to be condemned by the college of physicians than by one judge.

The proverbs which are compressed into single sentences are sure to be pithy—to contain "salt." They are often described as saws. Among them are found self-evident truths which acquire new force and point by the aptness of the phrase. Apparently nothing could be more commonplace than the statement, "The brains don't lie in the beard"; but it will bear a good deal of expansion and application. "The used key is always bright" would find a million confirming witnesses; but not one testimony is needed to prove that "Who never climbed, never fell." Experience teaches that "A good marksman may miss"; that "If one winna, anither will"; and that "Hope is as cheap as despair." "Health is better than wealth"; and old people, as well as young, have discovered that "One's too few, three's too many." In various forms the levelling power of death has been expressed, but never more concisely than in the statement, "Six feet of earth make all men equal." The realm of Nature supplies the Scotch saying, "Daylight will peep through a sma' hole," and other facts such as "In every country dogs bite." There is a touch of humour in the fact that "Music helps not the toothache." More moral is the axiom, "Were there no hearers there would be no backbiters." Shorter and more pat is the phrase, "He is rich enough that wants nothing."

There is, perhaps, no subject on which proverbial wisdom is so rich as that of speech—to speak more exactly, it might be said, of silence. There is here no limitation of race or country, but one language vies with another in such axioms of experience as "Few words are best"; "Hear twice before you speak once." There can be no question that "More have repented speech than silence," and as a rule that "What the heart thinketh the tongue speaketh," also that "Gossiping and lying go together." There is a charm in the paradox that "He cannot speak well who cannot hold his tongue";

yet equally valuable is the reflection, "Better one word in time than two afterwards."

Among other sayings may be quoted these :—

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

A quiet tongue shows a wise head.

A slip of the foot may be soon recovered, but that of the tongue perhaps never.

If the tongue is a universal theme, what shall be said of woman? However equal her sex may be in other respects to man, it seems pretty clear that he has usurped an unfair share of the mint which coins proverbs. It is positively painful to read the spiteful things which have passed into current speech. If even they were true, they are most ungallantly expressed. Of course, "One tongue is enough for a woman," but even the faultless "Arthur could not tame a woman's tongue." This may have been because "The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives." Even if you "Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye," since "Beauty may have fair leaves yet bitter fruit," you find that "Mills and wives ever want." It is probably true that "Discreet wives have sometimes neither eyes nor ears," and it is well to remember that "The society of ladies is the school of politeness." Idle tattlers come in for many a sarcasm, such as "A gossip speaks ill of all, and all of her." Long before the "Pickwick Papers" were written, there were thrusts at widows; injunctions in various phrase appear to "Marry a widow before she leave mourning." We may quote one other remark without fully assenting to its lesson. "The first wife is matrimony, the second company, the third heresy."

It may be through instinctive reverence that the name of the Divine Being is infrequently woven into proverbial phrase, but there are several sayings full of beauty and impressiveness. They may be quoted without comment.

God is where He was.

God arms the harmless.

God comes to see without a bell.

God knows who are the best pilgrims.

God never sends mouths but He sends meat.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

God cometh with leaden feet, but striketh with iron hands.

God giveth His wrath by weight, but His mercy without measure.

Further illustration and selection are only restrained by the limits of space; the realm of proverbs is limitless as the range of

human thought and experience. A few striking phrases may conclude our inquiry :

He is ploughing a rock.

Don't rub your eye with your elbow.

The offender never pardons.

Children are poor men's riches.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.

Every ass loves to hear himself bray.

Better a blush in the face than a spot in the heart.

He that has a great nose thinks everybody is speaking of it.

When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the Vicar, then I'll make it rain.

JOHN STUART.

HENRIETTA KNIGHT, LADY LUXBOROUGH.

“J E deviens tous les ans de plus en plus isolé dans ce monde” is quoted from one of Lord Bolingbroke's letters in an interesting paper on the St. Johns of Battersea in a past number of this magazine.

And in reading lately his sister's (Lady Luxborough's) letters the same pathetic note rings through nearly all her correspondence. Writing from her beautiful home, Barrels, in Warwickshire, she calls herself, in the quaint language of that day, living a hermit's life: “The world forgetting, by the world forgot.” “But,” she adds, “I would not include in that world the friends I esteem, and whose conversation I admire; . . . it is the *conversation* of a chosen few that smoothes the rugged road of life.”

The “chosen few” Henrietta Knight, Lady Luxborough, selected as her trusty friends held in their day the most honoured names of rank and literature; and besides them her friendship included the most famous statesmen of that most famous era of English history, Queen Anne's reign to George II.'s.

Very interesting, too, are the little sidelights one gets into that stirring time in looking over some of those old faded letters; and many valuable lessons might the highly educated but unpolished-mannered young girl of to-day learn in glancing over the pretty writing of over a hundred and sixty years ago.

The letters, like their writers, travelled leisurely in those days, and were not whisked over lands and under seas by Marconis and telephones, and so, perhaps, their grace was not driven ruthlessly out of them, as it is now in this our day of speed. People sent letters by messengers, who were often delayed on account of the roughness of the roads. When they paid their visits to any friend a few miles distant, they acquainted him with the fact beforehand, and drove in their chariot led by four or six horses, according to their station in life, and lay the night at their friend's house.

Lady Luxborough, who without any doubt was one of the most

brilliant and clever women of her day, was constantly driving through the counties of Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Gloucestershire with her coach and six horses and retinues of servants, advising her artistic friends on the laying out of their grounds, giving Somerville, and even the great Shenstone himself, unbounded praise, and yet sharp criticisms on his verses and his epitaphs.

She was no small poetess herself, and the poets of those days loved to gather, as clever men a generation later still gathered, round that beautiful home of the Knights in Warwickshire.

In the quaint deprecatory fashion of that day she would write : " If you do not send me a line to the contrary by Thursday's post, you will see me on next Monday, the 7th instant, at your *Ferme ornée*, and I hope to bring you on the 8th to my *Ferme négligée*, for that you will find it."

In one of her many celebrated letters to Mr. Shenstone we get a curious little sentence about Handel. " As to your thought about improving the Show-box, I do not despise it for believing you took it from the thing called 'London Cries,' which the children play with, for the great Handel has told me that the hints of his very best songs have, several of them, been owing to the sounds in his ears of cries in the street, and why may your eyes not take a hint from the manner in which they are exhibited in the fore-mentioned little machine ? "

Later on she breaks off in the middle of a letter with a rush of a grumble at the badness of a pen—but how different is this grumble from the " Excuse beastly pen, can't write," of to-day !—with " Permit me to interrupt what I am saying with a curse against crow pens. If I was to add to the curses in the service for Ash Wednesday, the crows would be loaded with them, or rather the men who invented putting their quills to this use, which at present gives me intolerable fatigue, and will prevent my saying half of what I would say to you. How much more friendly are the geese ! Mine were all retired to rest before I retired from my devotions at Henley, and never once thought or imagined that turkies could produce a quill capable of writing so good a hand as your letter is wrote in. Surely the bird you killed for Lord Dudley, and with whose quill you wrote to me, must have been a phoenix in disguise. How could we have been both so elegantly feasted by any common bird ? If my turkies carried so much wit in their quills, they should not live till morning, but should be sacrificed to you. But if, on the contrary, they can only convey *my* wit, let *them* live, and let *me* be silent for *your* sake."

This Henrietta Knight, Lady Luxborough, certainly possessed

the Psalmist's of old eulogy ; for she was endowed with the pen of a ready writer, and whenever asked to do anything, always had an appropriate yea or nay of her own to give. For instance, when Shenstone sent her some of his own MSS. to criticise, her answer is :

"The elegies you have the goodness to intrust to me shall be as secure as if they were a treasure locked up in an iron chest and screwed to the floor. I will indulge myself while they are in my possession with looking them over, but am incapable of assisting you by giving my judgment upon them. Without appearing too humble, I may say this, even without censuring nature, for there must be some learning as well as common sense to be able to correct works of that kind ; however, if you will do as I have heard some great poet did (I think Molière), who read his works to his ignorant footman before he published them, judging that what appeared wrong to him was wrong, because it must be unnatural, I may be of about as much use, and no more."

A little later on, mentioning the "Tom Jones" volumes, she writes : "I have not read the two last ; but I think, as you do, that no one character yet is near so striking as Adam's in the author's other composition, and the plan seems far-fetched ; but in the adventures that happen I think he produces personages but too like those one meets with in the world ; and even among those people to whom he gives good characters, he shows them as in a glass, which discovers blemishes that would not have appeared to the common eye, and may make every modest reader fear to look in such a glass, as some do who have been beauties, and would choose to fancy themselves so still. The beauty herself might shun it equally, for that sort of glass would not flatter, and defects would appear, as there is no perfection in us mortals. If Mr. Fielding and Mr. Hogarth could abate the vanity of the world by showing its faults so plainly, they would do more than the greatest divines have yet been capable of. But human nature will still be the same, and would, I am afraid, furnish them, if they lived till the world ended, with such imperfect objects to represent."

Everyone who reads Pope nowadays is familiar with the quarrel which arose between him and Lord Bolingbroke, but the cause seems to remain as uncertain as it did in Lady Luxborough's day. "I saw to-day in the 'London Evening Post' a letter which reflects upon my Brother B—ke in regard to Mr. P—pe's treachery to him ; in which the blame seems to be thrown from him upon my brother. I have not yet seen any one thing more that has been published concerning

it, except a preface in a magazine in his favour, the truth of which I could attest, and have often wondered he could so long stifle the abominable usage he met with from P—pe in printing his work—which he had instructed to him to review, intending that it should not be published till after his own death. The letters between P—pe and the printer, bargaining for the price, were found by Lord Marchmont, whose business it was, by P—pe's last will, to look over his papers jointly with Lord Bol—ke. But as to the subject of the book, I know nothing of it ; nor is that to the purpose, as to P—pe's business, to the best of friends ; without whom he had never shone in the 'Essay on Man.'

As one goes on reading the little interesting bits in these old letters, one sometimes sees how the character of the nation is the same to-day as it was yesterday.

There is the same silly—I may say vulgar—boasting of the Englishman who thinks no one can come to perfection but his own countrymen ; and there are the same few wise heads who can look pitifully at their compatriots' silly weakness, and who can hear with a half-amused contempt the French phrases which, if translated into English, would be kicked out of polite tongues. So, in like manner, Lady Luxborough looks with her quiet disdain. "Who would have thought," she writes, "a pack of French strollers could ever in any shape have influenced the choosing or rejecting a member of the British Parliament? And yet the advertisements about the Westminster election show them to be *Personages* of consequence. It is, it seems fact, that a pretty good set of English actors who made an attempt to set up a stage in a province on the outskirts of France (where our language was a little understood) were driven off with the utmost scurrility ; and yet our *Noblesse* support their strollers here ; for they are, I hear, established in spite of the *fracas* made by the Gallery ; being well supported by our lords, ladies, and still more by some of our officers, who, though they ran away from the French in Flanders, were eager to follow them here, and to pay their obsequious devoirs to the outcast of them. What will not Englishmen now bear ?"

In this age of *bumbledom*, *dumping*, &c., we hear a hundred and fifty years ago of *flummery*.

"This word 'flummery,' you must know, sir, means at London flattery and compliment, and is the present reigning word among the beaux and belles. Pardon my telling you what your dictionary would not have told you, and pardon me also boasting of knowing something about the fashions my neighbours do not know, and which,

thanks to chance, I do know! I hope this self-exaltation will not draw upon me the guilt of the arrogant Pharisee. My knowledge does not extend very far, as learned as I am, and yet I know that it is the fashion for everybody to write a couplet to the same tune (*viz.*, an old country dance) upon whatever subject occurs to them—I should say upon whatever person—with their names to it. Lords, gentlemen, ladies, flirts, scholars, soldiers, divines, masters, and misses, are all authors upon this occasion; and also the objects of each other's satire; it makes an offensive *medley*, and might be called a *pot pourri*; which is a pot full of all kinds of flowers which are severally perfumes, and commonly, when mixt and rotten, smell very ill. This coarse simile is yet too good for about twenty or thirty couplets I have seen, and they are all personal or foolish satire, even severally, so I will not send them."

Further on Mr. Shenstone's advice is asked about the adorning of the ceilings and chimney-corners in the paper carving which was so fashionable in those days, and which many of the fine ladies worked themselves. Lord Foley's beautiful chapel ceiling was decorated in this manner. Then there is an account of beautiful Bristol stones of all colours, which a Mr. Hall sent to Barrels, the second cargo of which was sunk with the barge near Tewkesbury. Lord Halifax cut off part of a gallery with four pillars of these stones which cost him £500 each; he fixed candles in these pillars to reflect the light. It would be interesting to know if Bristol still sends out these brilliant stones, and if Lord Halifax's pillars still remain, after all these years' wear, with their colours undimmed.

Family scandals in those days occasionally ran into print, and, appearing in books, veiled even as slightly as now, made the volumes run after, as we can see by a paragraph like this:

"I would send you 'Pompey the Little' if I had it, but the gentleman who lent it to me borrowed it of another gentleman, to whom it was to be returned on a day named. It is entertaining enough for such a trifle. Fielding, you know, cannot write without humour. 'Peregrine Pickle' I do not admire; it is by the author of 'Roderick Random,' who is a lawyer; but the thing which makes the book sell is the history of Lady V., which is introduced (in the last volume, I think), much to her ladyship's dishonour, but published by her *own* order, from her *own* memoirs, given to the author for that purpose, and by the approbation of her *own* lord. What was ever equal to this fact? and how can one account for it? . . . I cannot tell you who wrote the 'Verses in a Country Churchyard,' but I like them well, and think all the first part of the elegy very

beautiful ; I cannot see why it did not end at the most beautiful line in it."

Though Lord Bolingbroke and his sister were always writing of themselves as hermits, and that they were civilly buried before they were naturally, yet very little passed in the great world to which they belonged that they did not know of, such as the King's kindness to the Princess of Wales when her husband died, and that the "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg" were written by the King of Prussia himself, though his authorship was most carefully concealed ; the beauty of the two Miss Gunnings, "one of whom they say Lord Coventry has married ; and the untimely death of poor Mr. Dalton, who had all the merits a man can have and is murdered by his friend. . . . I think I could never forgive myself if I had been the cause (though the papers call it innocent) of Mr. Dalton's death, as Miss G—n was, by her foolish action in giving the snuff-box *he had given her* to Mr. Paul. Mr. Dalton's father had but one other child than this, which is now killed, and he was drowned last year in a ship that sunk in bringing him from abroad. This (whose death is now recent) was a young man of great learning, great good-nature, great honour and sobriety, and a most genteel behaviour. It was he acted so well the top part in the play Miss Patty and Mr. Meredith acted at London."

As these pleasant letters pass forwards a tone of sorrow comes into them and lingers. The readers of this little paper, who have read Lord Bolingbroke's life, will remember the great love he and his stepsister had for each other ; they always ended their correspondence by signing themselves as affectionate or true *friends*, for friendship they each considered as the dearest relationship on earth. The two people whom Lord Bolingbroke loved best in all his life were this sister Henrietta and his second wife, Marie Claire des Champs de Marcilly, Marchioness of Vilette.

In 1751 we read a very short letter : "I cannot write much more, yet must tell you one secret, which nobody in this neighbourhood knows, viz. that my Brother Bolingbroke is to send a set of horses from Battersea on Saturday next to fetch me to him. He would have had me come sooner (as being his only comfort) if I had been able. I am now by my bedside, expecting Mr. Holyoak, to know if he thinks I shall be able to set out on Tuesday morning. I must be dying if I do not, and I repeat my medicines every two hours, hoping to advance my cure. My brother has a cancer on his cheek-bone, which is already an inch and a half diameter and three quarters of an inch thick. Direct to me at Battersea House, Surrey, by London."

The letters which follow are shorter and less frequent, and all have the ring of that same sadness which we noticed in her brother's ; but perhaps women have a greater gift than men for conquering this sometimes almost unconquerable depression, for one can notice after her brother's sad death an almost urgent cry to Shenstone to come out and away from his own griefs. "Come into company, Bath is your place," she writes ; and again, "Bid business avaunt, and ask us how we do at Bath, and at your friend Grave's. We can offer you friendly conversation, friendly springs, friendly rides and walks, friendly pastimes to dissipate gloomy thoughts ; friendly bookshelves, who for five shillings for the season will furnish you with all the new books ; friendly chairmen who will carry you through storms and tempests for sixpence, and seldom else, for Duchesses trudge the streets here unattended. We have also friendly Othellos, Falstaffs, Richards the Third and Harlequins, who entertain one daily for half the price of your Garricks, Barrys, and Riches—and (what you will scarcely believe) we can also offer you friendly solitude, for one may be an anchorite here without being disturbed by the question *Why ?* Would you see the fortunate and benevolent Mr. Allen, his fine house, and his stone quarries ? Would you see our lawgiver, Mr. Nash, whose white hat commands more respect and non-resistance than the crown of some kings, though now worn on a head that is in the eightieth year of its age ? To promote society, good manners, and a coalition of parties and ranks, to suppress scandal and late hours, are his views ; and he succeeds rather better than his brother monarchs generally do. Hasten then your steps, for he may be soon carried off the stage of life, as the greatest must fall to the worms' repast ; yet he is now hanging his collection of beauties so as to have space to hang up as many more future Belles. This Apelles is Howard (in crayons), his Praxiteles is Howard's brother, who, though a statuary, deigns also to exercise his art in sculpture on humble paper ceilings, which are very handsome. How infinitely I scrawl ! I, who can scarcely hold a pen, and could not write to my nephew Bolingbroke, till last week, since his uncle's death. Adieu, monsieur : je n'en puis plus ; ma *main* se révolte, mais jamais mon *cœur*. H. L."

"I congratulate Lord Dudley," she writes very near the end of her letters, "upon his good luck, and wish his good neighbour as profitable a *foundlers* to warm himself by. Be it known that *foundlers* is a Warwickshire word, as I am told ; in honour to the county I use it, or else should have stolen a word from the French, and have said *une trouvaille*, for such is a coal mine at any time ;

and I speak the more feelingly now that I sit freezing, and can scarcely get a little coal for a great deal of money."

Then again comes a little graceful mention of Horace Walpole. He had been one of her brother's greatest persecutors, and in this sentence one almost seems to see that hallowing touch with which the nearness to death so often illumines one's words :

"I think I informed you that Sir William Meredith had been here, on his way to Parliament, and asked after you ; adding that he had a little present for you of kennel-coal, and wishing to have met you here. He is so kind as to write me what passes in the House of Commons in general, and in particular mentions a speech of old Horace Walpole's as humorous, as good-natured, in answer to one of young Beckford's, who spoke much of the flourishing state of all our colonies, except that which he belonged to. Horace answered : '*That* was in the most flourishing condition of all, for there was a new growth there, and a fresh importation from thence ; an importation of political geniuses, which bid fair to fill both the city and the Parliament.'"

When Lady Luxborough died, in the spring of 1756, there were no "appreciations," no little up-to-date accounts of the talented life closed here, but some verses written from the heart of her great friend, Mr. Shenstone, appeared in his book which will live for ever in the hearts of the people who know and love Lady Luxborough's beautiful home. Appropriate as they were then, so are they now, and to this brief memoir of Lord Bolingbroke's favourite sister they make a fitting finis :

When first, Philander, first I came
Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
The nymphs how brisk ! the swains how gay !
To see Astoria ! Queen of May !

The parsons round her praises sung !
The steeples round her praises rung !
I thought no sight that ere was seen
Could match the sight of Barrels' Green.

But now, since old Eugenio dy'd,
The chief of poets and the pride,
Now meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice and tune their lyre !

Their lonely season now is o'er,
Thy notes, Florelia, please no more ;
No more Astoria's smiles are seen—
Adieu, the sweets of Barrels' Green !

HENLEY I. ARDEN.

¹ Lady Luxborough.

THE FRANKS IN THE MOREA.

THERE are few more romantic episodes in mediæval history than the conquest of the Morea by the Franks. The ease with which it was effected, the incongruity of the establishment of Western chivalry in classic seats, the occupation of the peninsula by a numerically small body of men of different race, religion, and language from those of the conquered—all strike the imagination. No English novelist has taken the subject for his theme, yet in the whole range of the Greek annals there is none more interesting. Nor in these days, when European control is one of the recognised solutions of the Eastern Question, is the Frank rule over Greece without its lessons for modern statesmen. Sometimes, indeed, when they reflected on their position, the Latin conquerors of Sparta and Pylos and Elis must have wondered how they ever got there. For neither the Norman conquest of England nor the Norman conquest of Sicily was half so strange as this fantastic foray of knights adventurers from the West in the lands of old Greek history, lands that had been famous in the days of Homer.

The adventure was, indeed, Homeric in its conception. It chanced that, a little before the capture of Constantinople by the Latins, Geoffroy de Villehardouin, nephew of the quaint chronicler of the Fourth Crusade, had set out on a pilgrimage to Palestine. On his arrival in Syria, he learnt of the great achievements of the Crusaders, and resolved without loss of time to join them at Constantinople. But his ship was driven out of her course by a violent tempest, and Geoffroy was forced to take shelter in the harbour of Methone, on the Peloponnesian coast. During the winter of 1204, which he spent at that spot, he received an invitation from a local magnate to join him in an attack on the lands of the neighbouring Greeks. Villehardouin, nothing loth, placed his sword at the disposal of the Greek traitor, and the arms of these unnatural allies were crowned with success. But the Greek *archon* died, and his son, more patriotic or more prudent than the father, repudiated the

dangerous alliance with the Frankish stranger.¹ But it was too late. Villehardouin had discovered the fatal secret that the Greeks of the Peloponnesos were an unwarlike race, and that their land would fall an easy conquest to a resolute band of Latins. At this moment tidings reached him that Boniface of Montferrat was besieging Nauplia, and he at once set out across a hostile country to seek the aid of the king of Salonika. Boniface was at first disinclined to favour the scheme; but in his camp Villehardouin found an old friend, Guillaume de Champlitte, who was willing to assist him. He described to Champlitte the richness of the land which men called "Morea"—a term which now occurs for the first time in history, and which was originally applied to the district of Elis, and thence extended to the whole peninsula.² He professed his willingness to recognise Champlitte as his liege lord in return for his aid, and Boniface finally consented to their undertaking. With a mere handful of knights and a larger body of men-at-arms, the two friends rode out from the camp before Nauplia to conquer the ancient land which had once given birth to the Spartan race.

The fate of the Morea, like that of Saxon England, was decided by a single pitched battle. Patras, the harbour of Katakolo, and the important position of Andravida, which the traveller passes between Olympia and the Gulf of Corinth, offered no serious opposition to Champlitte and his henchman, who received Kalamata and Kyparissia as fiefs from his friend, instead of Korone, which the Venetians had occupied by virtue of the Act of Partition drawn up at Constantinople. Generally speaking, the natives were indifferent to the change of masters, especially as they soon saw that the Franks had no intention of interfering with their municipal privileges. But the more patriotic and energetic among them collected an army from the remaining Byzantine garrisons, the town militia, and the warlike Slavonic tribe of Melings, who had been so troublesome to the old imperial government. The Hastings of the Morea was fought near

¹ Villehardouin, *Histoire de la Conquête de Constantinople* (ed. Buchon), p. 252. He is naturally a better authority for what concerns his nephew than is the *Chronicle of the Morea*, which narrates these events differently.

² The derivation of the word "Morea" is much disputed. The traditional allusion to *μωρέα*, "mulberry-tree," has been generally abandoned. The Slavonic *more* (= "sea"), a former town of Elis, and the word "Romæa" altered into "Morea" have all been suggested as explanations. One thing about it is certain, that it does not occur before the Frank period as a name for the peninsula. See Finlay, iv. 24, with Mr. Tozer's note; Hopf, in Ersch und Gruber, *Allgemeine Encyklopädie*, vol. 85, pp. 264-7; Sáthas, *Μημερία Ἑλληνικῆς Ἱστορίας*, Series I. vol. i. pp. xxx-xxxviii; Paparregópoulos, *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους*, vol. v. 88-92.

Koundoura, in the north-east of Messenia, in 1205. The Greek forces, six times as strong as the little Frankish army, were aided by the Despot of Epiros, who had crossed over the Gulf of Corinth to attack the common enemy. But skill, not numbers, decided the day, and the Despot had to retire to his mountains. One place after another now fell into the hands of the Franks, and soon the mountains of Southern Laconia, the impregnable rock of Monemvasia, and the heritage of the bold *archon*, Léon Sgourós in Corinth, Nauplia, and Argos, which the Despot's brother had occupied after Sgourós's death, were the only spots in the Morea where the Greek cause had not succumbed. Champlitte proudly styled himself "Prince of all Achaia," and was engaged in organising his principality when his brother's death necessitated his presence in France to do homage for his French fief. Leaving his nephew as his deputy, he set out, intending to return as soon as possible. But on the journey he died, and, as his nephew did not long survive him, the barons of Achaia conferred the government upon Villehardouin till the next heir should arrive from France to claim it.

Before he set out for France in 1209, Champlitte had organised his dominions upon a strictly feudal basis. He had appointed a commission, consisting of two Latin bishops, two barons, and five leading Greeks, under the presidency of Villehardouin, for the purpose of dividing the Morea into fiefs, and of assigning these to the principal members of the conquering force. At a parliament held at Andravida, the new capital, twelve baronies were created, whose lords formed a court of peers and were bound by the conditions of their tenure to render military assistance to the Prince in proportion to the number of their fiefs. In the creation of these baronies due regard was paid to the fact that the Franks were a military colony in the midst of an alien, and possibly hostile, population, so that each of the new barons was established in some strategic position from which he could overawe the surrounding country. As soon as the baronies had been distributed, strong castles were erected in each, the main object of which may be seen from the name of the famous Matagrifon ("Kill-Greek"), a fortress built by the lord of Akova, Gautier de Rosières, to protect the rich valley of the Alpheios. The numerous mediæval ruins still scattered over the Morea show how complete was the feudal network with which the Franks covered the land. The site of Matagrifon is uncertain; but splendid remains high above the Alpheios mark the spot where the castle of Karytaina, built by Hugues de Bruyères out of the ruins of the classic Brenthe, once terrified the Greeks; the traveller may see the castle-crowned

hill of Passava (so called from the war-cry "Passe Avant"), whence Jean de Neuilly, hereditary Marshal of Achaia, once watched the men of Maina ; and, if earthquakes have left no mediæval buildings at Vostitza (or Aigion), the barony of Hugues de Lille, Patras still boasts its Frankish fortress, which Guillaume Aleman constructed out of the house and church of the Latin archbishop.¹ In addition to the twelve peers, there were seven ecclesiastical barons, with Anselmos, Latin archbishop of Patras, as primate of Achaia, at their head. But all the Greek priests and monks were exempt from his jurisdiction, and paid dues to the Prince alone. The three military Orders, the Knights of St. John, the Templars, and the Teutonic Order, received four fiefs apiece ; but we are not told the names of the knights and sergeants, who received only one fief each. All the vassals were liable to render four months' service in the field, to spend four months in garrison (from which the prelates and the three Military Orders were alone exempt), and even during the remaining four months to hold themselves ready to obey the Prince's summons, and not to leave the Principality. Elis was reserved as the domain of the princely house. As at Athens, the Assize of Jerusalem was adopted as the Code of the Morea,² and thus the organisation of Achaia was, at least on paper, complete.

We saw that Villehardouin had been elected as bailly of the Principality after the deaths of Guillaume and Hugo de Champlitte. It was not likely that so able and ambitious a man would be content to make way for any other member of the Champlitte family, who might arrive in the Morea to claim the inheritance. According to the feudal law, no fief could remain vacant for more than a year and a day, so that if no claimant appeared after the expiration of that period, Villehardouin would be Prince of Achaia. It became known, however, that another nephew of Guillaume de Champlitte, Robert by name, was on his way from France to take Hugo's place. Villehardouin at once resolved to put obstacles in his way. He wrote to Venice, where Robert intended to take ship for Greece, begging the Doge to retard his departure ; and on one excuse or another the young claimant was detained for two months as the guest of the Republic of St. Mark. When at last he put to sea, the ship's captain was instructed to leave him on shore at Corfû, where he with difficulty obtained a passage to the Morea in an Apulian brig. In spite of the time thus wasted on his journey, he had not exceeded the year and a day of the feudal law. Villehardouin, however, by moving from one place to another, managed to avoid meeting him until

¹ Paparregópoulos, *op. cit.* v. 42.

Ibid. v. 96-98.

that period had elapsed. When at last it had fully expired, he awaited Robert at Lacedæmon, where a Parliament was summoned to greet the expectant Prince. But the barons had been won over by the crafty Villehardouin ; it was pretended that Robert's landing in the Morea, though admittedly within the year and a day prescribed, did not constitute a legal appearance, and that, when he had publicly appeared before this assembly, the time had expired. Thus, according to the "*Chronicle of the Conquest of the Morea*,"¹ did Geoffroy de Villehardouin obtain the Principality for himself by fraud and legal quibbles. But behind these quibbles lay the hard fact that the barons, who had borne the burden and heat of the Conquest, were reluctant to receive as their Prince an inexperienced youth accompanied by a horde of needy followers. In the beginnings of all dynasties a Prince must be able ; and Geoffroy possessed that combination of qualities, courage and craft, which both the bold barons and the wily Greeks admired.

As soon as he had disposed of Robert de Champlitte, who returned in disgust to France, Geoffroy set to work to conquer the places in the Morea which still remained in the power of the Greeks. "So long as I am not master of Corinth, Argos, Nauplia, and Monemvasia," he said, "I am not worthy to bear the title of Prince of Achaia." He was assisted in the capture of the first three of those fortresses by Otto de la Roche, the lord of Athens, who received, as the reward of his aid, Argos and Nauplia as fiefs of the Principality of Achaia. But the complete conquest of the Morea was reserved for his son Guillaume ; and the rest of Geoffroy I.'s reign was chiefly occupied with disputes about ecclesiastical matters. He was not only far too tolerant of the Greek Church to please the bigoted Latin clergy, but he alarmed the Pope by secularising Church property, and dividing with his companions in arms the treasures of the Greek see of Corinth. In order to prevent the sale of their fiefs by the Latin clergy, he prohibited the grant of lands to the Church, and for these offences he was excommunicated. But in the history of Frank rule in Achaia the clergy had little influence, and the Greeks greatly benefited by the check which their Latin rulers placed on the privileges of the Roman Church. On the other hand, Geoffroy was wise enough to conciliate both Venice and the Empire of Romania. To the Venetians he guaranteed their possessions of Methone and Korone, and granted free trade and a separate quarter of their own in all his cities. He even took an oath of allegiance to the Republic at Sphakteria in

¹ Pp. 150-160 (ed. Buchon).

1209 for the whole peninsula, in token of which he sent three mantles to Venice every year. But this did not impair the similar oath which he had taken to the Latin Emperor ;¹ and when the Empress Jolanda, wife of the Emperor Peter of Courtenay, landed at Katakolon on her journey from Italy to Constantinople, he appeared before her in his capacity of Seneschal of Romania—a dignity which he had received from the last Emperor Henry—and invited her to stay a few days at a neighbouring castle. The Empress gratefully accepted his invitation, and he turned the visit to such purpose that a marriage was arranged between his son Geoffroy and the Empress's daughter Agnes.² One result of this marriage was that the bride's brother, the Emperor Robert, conferred upon Geoffroy II. the title of "Prince of Achaia," which Geoffroy I. had never officially borne, though he was so styled by the Pope. Publicly, the founder of the Villehardouin dynasty was content with the more modest style of "Lord" (αὐθέρτης),³ under which his subjects had learned to love him. When he died, in 1218, "all mourned, rich and poor alike, as if each were lamenting his own father's death, so great was his goodness." As a modern Greek historian has said, he was "perhaps the best of all the Frank princes of the East."

The prosperous reign of Geoffroy II. was of great benefit to the Principality. "He possessed," wrote the Venetian historian, Marino Sanudo, "a broad domain and great riches ; he was wont to send his most confidential advisers from time to time to the courts of his vassals, to see how they lived and how they treated their subjects. At his own court he constantly maintained eighty knights with golden spurs, to whom he gave all that they required besides their pay ; so knights came from France, Burgundy, and especially from his native land of Champagne, in order to enter his service. Some came to amuse themselves, others to pay their debts, others because of crimes which they had committed at home." The only difficulty which the Prince had to face was the unpatriotic conduct of the Latin clergy, who in the snug enjoyment of nearly one-third of the land, declined to assist him in driving the Greeks out of the still unconquered stronghold of Monemvasia. As we saw, by the constitution of the Principality, the fiefs of the clergy depended upon the performance of certain military services ; so that when they refused to serve, on the ground that they owed obedience to the Pope alone,

¹ Paparrégopoulos, *op. cit.* v. 44.

² Hopf, in *op. cit.* vol. 85, p. 269 ; Finlay, iv. 190.

³ Fallmerayer, *Geschichte der Halbinsel Morea*, i. 390.

Geoffroy was strictly within his rights in confiscating their fiefs. But, in order to show his own disinterested patriotism, he spent the funds which thus accrued to his exchequer in building a great fortress at Glarentza,¹ in the west of Elis, then the chief port of the Morea, and now recovering some of its mediæval importance. This castle, the ruins of which still stand out like the boss of a shield from a round hill, took three years to construct, and was then called Clermont, or Chlomoutzi, to which the later name of Castel Tornese was added when it became the mint for the coins known as *tournois*.² As soon as it was finished, Geoffroy laid the whole matter before the Pope, who had hitherto taken the side of the clergy. He pointed out that if the Latin priests would not help him to fight the Greeks, they would only have themselves to blame if the Principality, and with it their Church, fell under the sway of those schismatics. The Pope saw the force of this argument; the papal thunders were withdrawn; the Prince ceased to appropriate the revenues of the clergy, and peace reigned between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. Accordingly, when the Latin Empire of Constantinople was menaced, Prince and clergy alike responded to the papal appeal urging them to contribute money towards its maintenance. The tithe of all ecclesiastical revenues was to be devoted to the cause, while Geoffroy, in whose land the Emperor Robert had ended his wretched existence, offered a large yearly subsidy to the Emperor Baldwin II.—a proof of the excellent state of his finances. He also proceeded to Constantinople with a considerable force, and received from the Emperor the fief of Courtenay in France, from which the imperial family derived its name, as the price of his assistance. But Louis IX. of France declined to allow this cession, and it was therefore declared void. The Emperor also transferred to him the suzerainty of the Duchy of the Archipelago, while “the three lords” of Eubœa became his vassals. The defence of Constantinople continued to occupy his thoughts till his death in 1245. When he felt himself dying, he bade his brother Guillaume to carry out a vow which he had himself omitted to fulfil, to build a church in which his body and that of his father could repose. This was the origin of the church

¹ Colonel Leake repudiates the idea that our title, Duke of Clarence, was derived from this place. (*Peloponnesiaca*, p. 212.)

² It was at Clarence that Boccaccio laid part of the scene of his novel *Alatiel*, which forms Novel 7 of Day II. of the *Decameron*. The novel mentions the “Prince of the Morea,” and represents Genoese merchants as trading with Clarence.

of St. Jacques at Andravida, where in due course the bones of the three first Villehardouin rulers of Achaia were laid. Little now remains of this famous mausoleum of the Villehardouin family ; like its founders, it has passed into history. But a Norman arch near the little railway station still testifies to the past glories of Sta. Sophia, the cathedral of the Frank capital.¹

Guillaume de Villehardouin, who succeeded his brother on the throne, was the first of the dynasty who had been born in the Morea. A native of Kalamata, he spoke Greek with native fluency, and in cleverness and energy surpassed all his subjects. But his long reign of over thirty years was an almost unbroken series of wars ; and if he was able for a brief space to effect the complete conquest of the peninsula, it was in his days that its reconquest by the Greeks began. His first enterprise was the subjugation of Monemvasia, the last Greek stronghold, which had defied both his predecessors. No one who has seen that picturesque spot can wonder at its continued independence in the face of such arms as the Franks could bring against it. Monemvasia, whence our ancestors used to obtain their Malmsey wine, rises from the sea like St. Michael's Mount, and is only accessible by land along a narrow causeway, the " single entrance " (*μόνη ἔμβασις*), to which it owes its name. Venice had taken care that the Principality of Achaia should not become a naval power, so that without Venetian assistance by sea the Prince saw that he could never take the place. He accordingly obtained the aid of four Venetian galleys, and then proceeded to invest the place by land and water. For three long years the garrison, under the leadership of Mamónas and two other *archontes* of the place, held out till their supplies were exhausted, and then only surrendered on condition that they should be required to serve at sea only, and should be paid for their services.² Guillaume granted them the privileges which they sought, a Frankish commander was installed in the coveted fortress, and to this day the Villehardouin escutcheon may be seen on the Church of St. Peter. Yet the rule of that family at Monemvasia was of only fourteen years' duration. The neighbouring Tzákones, a tribe descended perhaps from the aborigines of the Peloponnesos,³

¹ *Chronique de Morée* (ed. Buchon), pp. 372-373 ; Romanós, *Γραμμαρὸς Ζάφξης*, p. 47, n. 3.

² *Chronique de Morée*, p. 184.

³ Finlay regards them as the descendants of serfs, but identifies their name with that of the Lakonians ; Hopf believes them to be Slavs. Lord Strangford thinks that their dialect, which still exists, shows traces of Doric. See Finlay, v. 32-34. Dr. Deffner of Athens, who has written a grammar of their language, regards them as the descendants of the Lakonians and their speech as " new Doric."

of which there are still survivors at Leonidi and the adjacent villages, submitted at the same time. To complete the subjugation of the Morea, Guillaume now built three strong castles to overawe the Slavs of Taygetos and the mountaineers of the Maina. Three miles from Sparta, on the site of the Homeric Messe, he erected the fortress of Mizithrâ¹ or Mistrâ, the ruins of which are still one of the mediæval glories of the Morea, and which played a great part in the history of the next two centuries. The immediate result of this policy was the submission of the Melings, who had given so much trouble to the Byzantine authorities in earlier days, and who now only stipulated that they should serve in the Prince's army on the same terms of service as under the Byzantine rule. The other two new castles, Maina and Beaufort, shut in the Mainates. Thus Guillaume's sway was acknowledged all over the peninsula, save where the Lion of St. Mark floated over Methone and Korone in the south-west promontory.

The Principality had now reached its zenith. Trade flourished; the Frank barons had built themselves castles all over the country, where, in the words of the chronicle, "they lived the fairest life that a man can"; the Prince's court at Lacedæmon, which Franks called La Crémonie, was the best school of chivalry in the East, and "more brilliant than that of many a king." Several hundred horsemen always attended the ruler; and even Louis IX. of France, whom Guillaume met in Cyprus, longed for some of the manly nobles of Achaia to assist him in his Egyptian campaign. From him the Prince received permission to coin *tournois*, according to the French standard. But Guillaume's ambition soon plunged his country into war again. On the death of his second wife, one of the Dalle Carceri of Eubœa, he claimed her third share of the island, and, when Guy de la Roche of Athens refused to obey his call to arms, he attacked and defeated that ruler at Karidi. Guy was summoned to appear before a parliament of barons at Nikli, an important place in mediæval times, not far from Tegea, but the barons referred the decision of his punishment to Louis IX. In this civil war Guillaume had at least been successful; but his third marriage, with a daughter of Michael II., Despot of Epiros, involved him in an unfortunate struggle between that Greek ruler and the Greek Emperor of Nice. The fair face of a lady was the cause of division in the ranks of the allies; her husband, the Despot's bastard, complained to the Prince of Achaia that one of the Frank knights had paid her unwarrantable

¹ Μυσθόρα in modern Greek means a sort of cheese, but Hopf thinks the name of the castle Slavonic.

attentions ; the Prince replied by insulting the jealous man, who took his revenge by deserting to the enemy at a critical moment. The battle of Pelagonia was a fatal day for the Frank chivalry ; the Prince, after fighting bravely, was discovered, and identified by means of his prominent front teeth, as he lay hid under a heap of straw, and he was dragged away as a captive to the court of the Greek Emperor at Lampsakos. The Emperor saw his opportunity, and demanded nothing short of the cession of the Morea as the price of the Prince's freedom ; and the overthrow of the Latin Empire of Romania in 1261 increased his anxiety to restore Greek rule in that peninsula also. But Villehardouin's firmness was proof against this disgraceful offer, until, at last, the Emperor modified his terms, and promised to release his prisoner if the three fortresses of Monemvasia, Mizithrà, and Maina were handed over to him. The question was referred to a parliament at Nikli, convened by Guy de la Roche, Duke of Athens, who had been elected bailly of Achaia during the Prince's captivity. With statesmanlike reluctance Guy opposed a policy which would give the Byzantine Government a foothold in Greece. But it was decided to accept the Emperor's terms. In 1262 the three fortresses passed into the hands of the Greeks, who appointed a *strategós* to govern their new province, and after three years of imprisonment the Prince of Achaia returned to his diminished State. Henceforth the rivalry between the Franks of the Principality and the Greeks of the Byzantine province led to almost constant conflicts, which devastated the country, especially as mercenaries were usually employed on both sides, who, in default of their pay, pillaged the hapless inhabitants without mercy. Such was the loss of life that a woman, it was said, married seven husbands one after the other, and lost them all in battle ; such was the destruction of property that some places, like Lacedæmon, became wastes and had to be re-colonised. Moreover, in the neighbouring Byzantine districts, the discontented Greek subjects of the Franks found support and encouragement ; the unity of the Morea was destroyed almost as soon as it had been established, and the way was thus ultimately prepared for the Turkish conquest.

It was not to be expected that either Villehardouin or the Emperor would long desist, the one from the reconquest of his three lost castles, the other from an extension of his power. The Pope salved any qualms of conscience that the Prince of Achaia might have felt ; the Byzantine *strategós* was ready to avail himself of the first excuse to begin hostilities. The latter found willing allies in the Melings and Tzákonēs, whom Villehardouin had so lately sub-

dued, and introduced a large force of Turkish mercenaries into the peninsula, as if in anticipation of its fate. At first, the Byzantine arms were successful, and even Andravida itself was threatened; but the immeasurable superiority of the Franks in a pitched battle, where one of them, it was said, was a match for twenty Greeks, was manifested at Prinitza, near the river Alpheios, where a bold but gouty warrior with a small force routed overwhelming numbers. The Turks, careless whom they served if they were only paid, deserted to the Franks when their wages fell into arrear, and helped their new masters to win a second victory in the pass of Makriplagi, between Kalamata and Veligosti, the mediæval barony which had grown out of the ruins of Megalopolis. Peace was then restored for a time; Villehardouin felt able to dismiss his Turks, but some of them settled in his land, and by intermarrying with the inhabitants produced a new element in its mixed population.

Villehardouin's next act was one of far-reaching consequences for the Principality. Baldwin II., the last Latin Emperor of Constantinople, had concluded a treaty with Charles of Anjou at Viterbo in 1267, by which he ceded to him the suzerainty of the Principality of Achaia. Villehardouin not only recognised Charles, who had become King of the Two Sicilies, as his suzerain, but fought for him in person, with the flower of the Achaian chivalry, against Conradin at the battle of Tagliacozzo, and negotiated a marriage between his elder daughter, Isabella, and Philip, second son of Charles. The close connection between Naples and Achaia which resulted from these political and personal relations made itself felt during the subsequent history of the Morea. It suited the policy of Charles of Anjou, who cherished designs for the reconquest of Constantinople, while it provided the Franks of Achaia with powerful backing against the Greeks. But the long reign of Guillaume de Villehardouin was now drawing to a close. He died in 1278, and with his death a new and less prosperous era began. Henceforth the Principality was usually governed by absentees, who had neither the energy nor the zeal which the greatest of the Villehardouins had displayed in the government of the land where he lived and died.

Villehardouin's son-in-law had predeceased him, and, as his daughter Isabella was still a minor, Charles of Anjou, as suzerain, appointed baillies to carry on the government. This period was one of great misery for the governed. Occasionally the baillie was a wise administrator, like Guillaume de la Roche, Duke of Athens, and Nicholas Saint-Omer of Thebes; but sometimes he was a foreigner who knew nothing about the country and its customs. Quarrels

about fiefs, troubles with the Turkish colonists, and war with the Greeks of the Byzantine province completed the misfortunes of the Morea, so that at last the barons begged Charles II. of Naples, who had become their suzerain, to send them a resident Prince. Accordingly, a marriage was arranged between the widowed Isabella de Villehardouin and a young nobleman, Florenz of Hainault, who was then living at the Neapolitan court, and in 1289 the pair set out for their principality. During the reign of Florenz, which lasted till his death, eight years later, the Morea recovered from the miserable condition into which it had fallen after the demise of Guillaume de Villehardouin. Florenz saw that peace with the Byzantine province was absolutely essential to the welfare of his own subjects, and he managed to give the land seven years of repose, during which Achaïa was "so fat and rich in all things that the population did not know the half of what it possessed." Yet, even under Florenz, the last strong man who governed the principality, there were occasional outbreaks of lawlessness. The coasts were plundered by Roger de Loria, the Sicilian admiral, who impartially robbed Frank and Greek alike. The Slavs of Taygetos, for whom the Byzantine Government disowned all responsibility, seized the Villehardouins' ancestral castle of Kalamata in a time of profound peace. The Flemish nobles who had flocked to the Morea in the train of their countryman extorted money from the Greeks, who, unable to obtain justice, took the law into their own hands. One case of this kind was particularly aggravated. Among the Flemings who had come to seek their fortune in Greece was young Walter de Liedekerke, cousin of the Prince, and governor of Corinth. Finding himself in want of money, the wanton governor seized the person of a wealthy Greek proprietor, named Phôtios, on a flimsy pretext, drew two of his teeth, and threatened to hang him unless he paid a heavy blackmail. The Greek paid, but, as soon as he was released, finding Florenz obdurate in his refusal to grant him justice, he resolved to kill his persecutor. Accordingly he lay in wait for Liedekerke on the south shore of the Corinthian Gulf, thinking that he would probably land there for repose in the heat of the day. Presently a Frankish galley hove in sight, and from it there stepped ashore a young baron strangely like the governor of Corinth. Phôtios, sure of his man, waited till the baron was seated on the ground, and then struck him with his sword, crying aloud with revengeful joy, "There, my lord Walter, you have your payment!" The wounded man's attendants shouted to the Greek that he had mistaken the Baron of Vostitza for the governor of Corinth; but it was too late. The innocent Frank died of his

wounds, Florenz in vain demanded the punishment of the assassin from the Byzantine *strategós*, and so the affair ended. A similar affray in the last months of Florenz's reign was not, however, allowed to drop without war between the Franks and the Greeks. But, in the midst of his warlike preparations, in 1297 Florenz died.

In 1294 the external relations of the Principality had undergone a change. In that year Charles II. of Naples had transferred all his rights as suzerain to his son, Philip I. of Taranto, who was duly recognised by Florenz. On Florenz's demise, his widow continued to govern the country for four years, when, finding the task too great for a single woman, she resolved to marry again. During a visit to Rome for the first papal Jubilee, she made the acquaintance of Philip of Savoy, who became her husband and Prince of Achaia. He is best remembered for his revival of the Isthmian games in the shape of a magnificent tournament, held on the Isthmus in 1305, at which all the Frank rulers of Greece were present, and in which a thousand knights took part during more than twenty days. But the new Prince soon became unpopular with his subjects. He knew that his suzerain disliked his marriage, and the knowledge that he might at any time be deposed by him increased his natural desire to lay by for a rainy day. "He had learned money-making at home from the tyrants in Lombardy," it was whispered. He expected his wealthy retainers to give him handsome presents, while he exasperated the Slavs of Skorta in Arkadia, who had received special privileges at the time of the Frank conquest, by levying taxes upon them. A revolt followed, in which they were aided by the Byzantine authorities; and, though it was suppressed, the confidence of the Slavs of Skorta was so severely shaken that thenceforth they threw in their lot with the Greeks against the Franks. At last Philip, by refusing to join his suzerain in a campaign against Epiros, gave the latter an excuse for deposing him; but he and his wife were glad to leave their misgoverned and rebellious principality; in 1307 they relinquished their rights in exchange for a snug little estate in Italy, and Philip of Taranto became actual Prince of Achaia. For a few years he administered the Principality from abroad by means of baillies, of whom Duke Guy II. of Athens was one. Then he handed it over, for family reasons, to Louis of Burgundy, whose wife, Matilda of Hainault, was the daughter of Isabella de Villehardouin, and therefore the representative of that famous family.

Hitherto, amid all its trials, Achaia had been spared the horrors of a disputed succession; but that misfortune was now added to the other miseries of the Principality. Guillaume de Villehardouin

had also left a younger daughter, Margaret, known in Achaia as the lady of Akova. Her daughter married Fernando of Majorca, a venturesome prince who had been at one time head of the Catalan Grand Company. His faithful comrade, Muntaner, has left a quaint account of his royal master, who had some years before been a prisoner in the Kadmeia at Thebes,¹ and who, now that the Catalans had conquered Athens, was likely to have influence with those dreaded soldiers of fortune. But this Catalan connection displeased the Achaian barons, who had contributed to assist the Athenian forces at the battle of the Kephissos. Accordingly they arrested the lady of Akova, whose speedy death, followed by that of her daughter, seemed to have ended all fear of Spanish interference. But Fernando now claimed the Principality in the name of his infant son, and lost no time in landing there. At first everything went well with him ; one place after another capitulated, and it was not till Louis of Burgundy arrived that the fortune of war turned. Fernando's rashness led to his defeat near Glarentza ; his followers abandoned him as soon as they saw that he had lost the day ; though he fought like a lion, he was overpowered by numbers, and he atoned on the scaffold for his daring enterprise. His followers relinquished the places which they held, and Louis seemed to be master of the Principality. But his triumph was brief. Soon afterwards he died of poison, administered to him by the same Count of Kephallenia who had executed his rival,² leaving his widow to grapple with the anarchy of the country. Unable to cope with the growing disorder, threatened by the Byzantine governor of Mizithrâ, menaced by the Catalans of Athens, the unhappy princess sought the aid of King Robert of Naples. That treacherous sovereign saw a chance of securing the actual possession as well as the nominal suzerainty of the Morea for his house. Accordingly he invited the Princess to his court, where he had a new husband in readiness for her in the person of his brother, John of Gravina. But the lady's consent to this marriage could not be obtained ; she loathed her intended husband ; she saw through the designs of the crafty king. But a Neapolitan monarch did not allow such trifles to stand in the way of his schemes. Matilda was dragged before the Pope at Avignon, whose authority, it was hoped, would make her yield. At her wits' end, the Princess told the Holy Father that the marriage was impossible, because she had already contracted a union with a Burgundian knight, Hugues de la Palisse. Even this did not deter the

¹ *Chronique de Ramon Muntaner* (ed. Buchon), ii. 242.

² Romanós, *op. cit.* pp. 216-218.

resolute house of Anjou from the prosecution of its plan. The King of Naples declared that, by marrying without her suzerain's consent, she had forfeited her Principality, which was therefore conferred upon John of Gravina. Her end was tragic in the extreme. For no other crime than that of having tried to thwart the royal will, she was imprisoned first in the Castel dell' Uovo at Naples, then in the dungeons of Aversa, where at last she died. Thus closed the career of the Villehardouin family in the Morea ; thus was the deceit of Geoffroy I. visited upon the head of his unhappy descendant.

John of Gravina was totally unable to restore order in the Principality. He borrowed large sums from the banking house of the Acciajuoli for an expedition to the Morea, but the only important result of this transaction was the establishment of the bankers as landowners in that country, where they soon came to exercise great influence. As he was usually an absentee, the barons had to defend themselves as well as they could against the encroachments of the Byzantine governors, who were now appointed for long terms of office, and were therefore able to gain a real acquaintance with the local conditions. Arkadia was annexed to the Greek province, and many Franks, despairing of protection from their absent prince, embraced the Orthodox faith in despair. Some of the barons actually negotiated with Venice for the cession of Achaia to that Republic ; but the cautious Venetians did not see their way to accept the offer. Besides, the old aristocracy had almost died out. We have a list of the principal baronies at this period, which shows how their occupants had changed since the days of the Conquest. New men, Neapolitans and others, ignorant of the language and customs of the conquered, had taken the place of the original conquerors, without inheriting their courage and energy.¹ In Achaia as well as at Athens, the battle of the Kephissos had done its work, and the Frank nobility of Greece never recovered from the blow which the Catalans had dealt it. Even John of Gravina grew disgusted with such a thankless possession at last ; so, in 1332, after the death of his suzerain, Philip of Taranto, he resigned it, in exchange for Albania with Durazzo, to Philip's widow, Catherine of Valois, who thus became Princess of Achaia. A visit which she and her able adviser, Nicholas Acciajuoli, paid to Greece led to a momentary improvement of affairs. But anarchy soon returned. As Venice had refused to take over Achaia, a party among the barons actually offered it to the Byzantine Emperor, who was only prevented by a rebellion in his own dominions from annexing the whole peninsula.

¹ Paparregópoulos, *op. cit.* v. 161.

Then an attempt was made to induce Jaime II., King of Majorca, son of Fernando and so inheritor of the Villehardouin family, to enforce his claims ; but that, too, came to nothing. The death of Catherine and the succession of her son, Robert of Taranto, who was at the same time suzerain and sovereign of the principality, might have been expected to improve the state of affairs. But he was a feeble absentee, who allowed the confusion to increase. The barons regarded themselves as independent ; the Archbishop of Patras openly threw off his allegiance ; and the knightly orders followed the example of the primate. Meanwhile the Turks were devastating the coasts, and such was the alarm caused by their inroads at Corinth that the Corinthians begged the Prince to send them a strong man to defend them. Robert's one wise act was to confer that city and its magnificent fortress upon Nicholas Acciajuoli, who thus became the most powerful man in Frankish Greece. The Byzantine influence was, however, now steadily advancing. In 1348 the Byzantine Emperor took a step which was ultimately the means of bringing Achaia under Greek rule again. He abolished the office of *strategós* and appointed to the life-governorship of the Byzantine province his second son, Manuel Cantacuzenós, with the title of Despot. This new departure was soon fully justified. Manuel found the province on his arrival "more desolate than a Scythian wilderness";¹ but he speedily made it blossom like a rose. He repelled the Turkish corsairs, he revived monastic life, especially encouraging the monks of Megaspelaion, upon whom his father bestowed a Golden Bull, and he made his province at once a model and a contrast to the distracted Frank Principality beside it. But even this energetic Despot could not prevent the innate tendency to family feuds which was characteristic of the Moreot *archontes*. "Neither good nor evil fortune," says Manuel's father, the imperial historian Cantacuzenós, "nor time, that universal solvent, can dissolve their mutual hatred, which not only endures all their lives, but is transmitted after death, as a heritage to their children."² One of these amiable creatures, Lampoùdios by name, who excelled all his compatriots in villainy, had received marked favours from the Despot, to whom he was constantly asserting his devotion. He proceeded to show his gratitude by an act of the utmost baseness. Manuel thought it necessary to levy shipmoney for the defence of the coast against the Turks, and had entrusted the artful Lampoùdios with the collection of the tax. Knowing that the imposition was unpopular, the tax-collector used his opportunities to incite the

¹ Cantacuzenós (ed. Bonn), Bk. iv. cap. 13.² *Ibid.*

Moreots against his benefactor ; the whole Byzantine province rose in rebellion, and Lampoúdios did not scruple to lead them against the castle of Mizithrá, the seat of the government. But Manuel was a brave soldier who was not easily intimidated. He had in his service a small body of Albanians, who now appear for the first time in the history of the Morea. These men, all born fighters, soon put the rebels to flight ; a second insurrection was defeated by the same means, and Manuel, largely thanks to his Albanian Guard, held the province without further trouble till his death in 1380. He rewarded his brave defenders by assigning them lands in the south-west and centre of the peninsula, where they served the double purpose of acting as a frontier guard against the Franks and of tilling the deserted soil. Under the rule of one of his successors, Theodore Palæológos I., as many as 10,000 Albanians, with their wives and children, took up their abode in the Morea, where they soon became an important factor.

Although Manuel restored peace with the Franks, and even co-operated with them in an attack on the Catalans of Attica, the Principality of Achaia remained in a state of utter confusion. After the death of Robert of Taranto, his widow, Marie de Bourbon, set out to take possession of the Principality, which was also claimed by his brother, Philip II. of Taranto.¹ But she soon saw that she could not manage the rebellious barons, and abandoned her rights in Philip's favour. On his demise, the barons, who regarded themselves as the real arbiters of their country's destinies, offered the title of Princess to Queen Joanna I. of Naples, on condition that she allowed them to do as they pleased. The Queen accepted, but soon pawned the Principality to the Knights of St. John, in return for an annual payment. The barons gladly approved this arrangement, which seemed likely to place the swords of the Knights at their disposal whenever the Turks or Greeks were threatening. But the Knights soon repented of their bargain. In 1381 the Navarrese Company arrived in Achaia to support the claims of Jacques de Baux, nephew of Philip of Taranto, whom they proclaimed as Prince, and in whose name they conquered the country for their own benefit. Among other places they took Zonklon, the ancient Pylos, which received from them the name of Navarino, and the Messenian town of Androusa, at that time the capital of the Frank Principality. The Knights of St. John withdrew, leaving the Navarrese undisputed masters of the Principality, while the rest of the Morea was divided between the Greeks of Mizithrá, the Venetians at Methone, Korone,

¹ By some styled Philip III., in his capacity of titular Emperor of Romania.

and in Argolis, and the Acciajuoli at Corinth.¹ Even after the death of Jacques de Baux the Navarrese went on occupying one fief after another; and thus these mercenaries stepped into the baronies originally bestowed upon Champlitte's followers and then granted to Neapolitan courtiers. The old families were, indeed, by this time almost wholly extinct. A roll of the Achaian fiefs at this period has been preserved; but it does not contain a single one of the ancient feudal names. Even the Neapolitans had mostly returned to their own country, so that the Navarrese Company now filled much the same position in Frankish Achaia that the Catalans had taken up in Frankish Attica. In 1386, the captain of the band, Peter Bordo de San Superan, was proclaimed as Vicar of the Principality, a title subsequently exchanged for the more dignified style of Prince. The various claimants, who had appeared after the demise of Jacques de Baux, and of whom the most prominent was Amadeos VII. of Savoy, never gained any foothold in the Morea, where San Superan maintained himself till his death in 1402.

Yet even he, a strong man on the spot, was at times hard pressed by enemies far more dangerous than shadowy pretenders from Western Europe. The Turkish peril was yearly increasing; yet the Navarrese Prince committed the fatal blunder which has been the ruin of Christian rule in the Near East, that of using the Turk for the furtherance of his own petty ambition. He hated the Despot Theodore I. Palæológos, who ruled at Mizithrâ, and in 1395 called in the redoubtable Turkish commander, Evrenos Beg, to assist him in attacking his Greek neighbour. Together the Navarrese Company and its Turkish allies stormed the historic castle of Akova; but, when Evrenos retired, San Superan fell into the hands of the Despot. The full danger of the Turkish power was brought home to Navarrese and Greeks alike by the great Turkish victory at Nikopolis on the Danube in 1396, so that, when Evrenos Beg again invaded the Morea in the following year, the Despot and the Prince supported one another. Theodore I., who had come into the possession of Corinth, revived the ancient plans of the Peloponnesians in the time of Xerxes, of Valerian, and of Justinian, for the fortification of the isthmus by means of a wall stretching from sea to sea. The work had not, however, made much progress when Evrenos Beg appeared at the isthmus. The Turks had no difficulty in compelling both the Despot and the Prince to promise the payment of tribute, but they did not consider that the time had yet arrived for a definite conquest of the peninsula. After plundering Argos, then a Venetian

¹ Paparregópoulos, *op. cit.* v. 300.

town, they once more withdrew with a vast troop of captives, whom they carried off into slavery, thus yet further decreasing the population of the Morea. The movement of Timour in Asia and the great Turkish defeat at Angora gave the Greeks and Franks a further breathing-space before the final catastrophe.

Meanwhile Venice had been extending her dominions in Achaia. Hitherto, her possessions had been confined to the two important colonies of Methone and Korone, which had fallen to the share of the Republic at the time of the original partition. During the almost constant quarrels of their neighbours, these two places—"the right eye of the State," as the Venetians called them—usually enjoyed relative peace and prosperity. Their geographical situation on either side of the western prong of the Morea gave them great commercial value, which was increased by the heavy imposts levied by the Frank princes on all foreign trade which passed through their own ports. Thus merchants were driven to the two Venetian stations, to which frequent allusions are made in the State archives. But, as time went on, the Republic sought to extend its Peloponnesian possessions. In 1388, it purchased Argos and Nauplia, the old fiefs of the Dukes of Athens; and, though the Despot of Mizithrâ treacherously occupied Argos at the instigation of Nerio I. of Athens, he was ultimately obliged to hand it over to its rightful owners. Thermisi, opposite the island of Hydra, enabled Venice to command that channel, while the acquisition of Lepanto,¹ in 1407, and of Patras gave her the keys of the Corinthian Gulf. But the Archbishop of Patras, who had pledged that city to the Republic, soon repented of his bargain, and claimed the restoration of that place, which had already begun to revive under the wise Venetian rule. In its stead, Venice acquired in 1419 the strong city of Monemvasia, while about the same time Navarino hoisted the banner of St. Mark.

The Principality of Achaia was transmitted to San Superan's widow on his decease, but her crafty nephew, Centurione Zaccaria, a Geonese baron, contrived to obtain possession of what still remained in her hands. He was the last Frankish ruler of that State, which was now about to pass for a brief period under the sway of Byzantine Greeks. During the rest of the Despot Theodore I.'s reign, Centurione was comparatively little harassed. Theodore, tired of government and ill, actually handed over several of his fortresses, Corinth among them, to the keeping of the Knights of

¹ For the mediæval history of Lepanto the best source is Sáthas, *Χρονικὸν ἀνέκδοτον Γαλαξειδίου*, σσ 15-20.

St. John. But the Greeks of Mizithrà characteristically refused to have anything to do with the heretics, so Theodore resumed the administration and soon afterwards died. His successor, Theodore II. Palæologos, was destined to see the reunion of the Frank Principality with the Byzantine province. But first the disorderly condition of the latter required urgent reforms. During the peace which followed the accession of Mohammed I. to the Turkish throne, the Emperor Manuel II. took the statesmanlike course of visiting the various parts of his now restricted dominions, and of seeing for himself what their needs and capabilities were. He had once before been in the Morea, on his way back from his journey to England in search of aid against the Turks; but he now devoted himself with special care to the defence and improvement of the Byzantine province, which had assumed greater importance in his eyes as the rest of his Empire dwindled. Arriving in 1415, he set to work to complete the fortifications of the isthmus, which the last Despot had begun. The distance in a straight line from sea to sea is only three miles and a half (the length of the present canal), but the wall, which was not straight, is called Hexamilion, or the "Six Mile" rampart. Taking the old wall of Justinian as his basis, he ordered the new fortifications to be constructed on the same lines, and strengthened them with 153 towers. A tax was levied upon the whole province for the purposes of this work, and remained in force after its completion, in order that the wall might be kept in good repair. In addition to this, the Greek notables of each district were ordered to furnish a fixed number of labourers, who were posted at different points along the route of the wall, so that they might work simultaneously. By this means, and under the zealous taskmaster's eye, the whole fortification was finished in twenty-five days. More difficult was the Emperor's next task, that of restoring good government to the province. The Greek *archontes* still persevered in their hereditary feuds, still oppressed the poor, still defied the Despot. In a word, they were petty tyrants, devoid of patriotism, and unable to see that nothing but union could save them all from the Turkish yoke. Manuel sent the worst of them in chains to Constantinople, and then proceeded to strengthen the central authority and to weaken the local power of the landowners. Having regulated the amount of taxation to be levied, he forced the feeble Prince of Achaia to do him homage, and then concluded his stay with the delivery of a grand funeral oration in memory of the late Despot. It is noticeable that he specially selected for encomium the policy of introducing Albanians into the depopulated province,

but he had no panacea save that for the misfortunes of the country. Not that he was in any want of self-constituted advisers. It was at this moment when the Morea was being reformed, so far as reform was possible, by a practical statesman, that a political philosopher came forth with a scheme for a new heaven and a new earth. Unfortunately he could not convert the selfish Moreot *archontes* into citizens of a Platonic commonwealth.

George Gemistos Plethon, who enjoyed somewhat later a great reputation at Florence as a teacher of Platonic philosophy, selected this opportunity for two memorials on the state of the Morea to the Emperor and the Despot. Plethon was at that time the head of a philosophical school at Mizithrà, which even amidst the feuds of Franks and Greeks and Turks attracted students to the banks of the Eurotas. His residence in the Morea had convinced him of the deep-seated maladies of that distracted land, for which he believed that he had found a radical cure in the teachings of his master. He boldly proposed that all the products of the country should be divided into three equal shares between the three classes of producers, capitalists, and officials. The last class included the soldiers, who were to be supported by the labour of the producers. To every foot-soldier was to be assigned one family of labourers, or "Helots," as Plethon calls them in truly Spartan phraseology; each horseman's wants were to be provided by two of these families; while the Emperor might decide how many families would suffice for the requirements of an officer. In this way Plethon thought that he could ensure the maintenance of a standing army of natives, for his great desire was to avoid the system of engaging a mercenary force for the defence of the peninsula, and that of relying on a rabble of volunteers, whose officers were shopmen one day and amateur strategists the next. Having thus reformed on paper the military institutions of the Morea, Plethon proceeded to suggest, in place of the present numerous imposts, a single tax, to be paid in kind and not in coin. For he looked upon hard cash as the root of many of the country's evils. Large quantities of foreign and debased coin were in circulation, and Plethon proposed the drastic method of abolishing the use of money altogether. A land such as this, he told his distinguished patrons, is essentially agricultural; we can produce in the Morea almost all that we want, and the foreigner can easily be paid for what he sells to us in cotton, of which we have enough and to spare. Useful articles, such as iron and weapons, which we cannot manufacture at home, should be imported free of duty, but a heavy rate should be imposed on exports which we require for domestic

consumption. Justice, too, needs reform; forced labour at the Isthmian wall would be a better and more humane punishment than that of mutilation, which fills our streets with horrible deformities. The plague of idle monks, too, should be remedied; let the holy man work for his living, or, at least, let him hold public offices without salary, as the "ransom" which he pays for the retention of his property. We are not surprised to find that this last proposal made the clergy bitter enemies of the philosopher; even after his death they refused him burial in consecrated ground, and it is in the Cathedral of Rimini that we must seek his remains. He concluded his scheme of reforms by offering his own services for the purpose of putting them into execution. They were not accepted, nor were the Emperor and the Despot inclined to play the part of philosophic kings in a new Platonic Republic.

After the departure of the Emperor, the Morea enjoyed relative repose, broken only by occasional conflicts between the Greeks and the Prince of Achaia. Even these quarrels ceased when the accession of the warlike Murad II. to the Turkish throne ended the breathing-space which the Christians of the East had enjoyed in the time of his predecessor. In 1423, his great captain, Turakhan, assisted by the reluctant Duke Antonio of Athens, invaded the peninsula. The Hexamilion proved to be no obstacle to the Turkish attack, and the Despot did nothing to prevent the further march of the army. But there was one exception to the general cowardice of the Moreots. The Albanian colonists, true to the traditions of their gallant race, showed on this occasion the courage which, four centuries later, their compatriots displayed in the War of Independence. Those who were taken prisoners were massacred by the Turks, and a pyramid of 800 Albanian skulls marked the site of Gardiki.¹ Then the Turks retired with their usual string of captives, and the Despot was obliged to purchase peace by promising to pay tribute and to leave the Hexamilion in ruins.

A more energetic figure now appeared among the Greeks of the Morea. The Despot Theodore II. had announced his intention of entering a monastery, and of handing over the government to his active brother Constantine. Like several other sovereigns in love with the charms of private life in theory, but in practice wedded to the delights of power, Theodore changed his mind at the last moment, when Constantine had actually arrived to take his place. It therefore became necessary to provide Constantine with another sphere of activity, and this led to the reconquest of the Frankish

¹ The traveller in Servia will remember the similar trophy near Nish.

Morea. First, a politic marriage made the newcomer master of the castle of Glarentza, which formed an excellent basis for an assault upon Patras, whose Latin archbishop professed allegiance to none save the Pope. In the first attack, the life of the future Emperor was saved by the devotion of the historian Phrantzês, who was taken prisoner and had time to meditate, among ants, weevils, and mice, in a deserted granary, on the rewards of loyalty.¹ A second attempt was more successful : Patras capitulated, and Constantine, who regarded the protests of the Sultan as of far more importance than those of the Pope, despatched the faithful Phrantzês on a diplomatic mission with the object of explaining away the annexation of the city. The remains of the Frank Principality of Achaia were the next object of Byzantine ambition. Constantine had another brother, Thomas, who had received a little earlier the castle of Kalavryta as his appanage. While Constantine was besieging Patras, Thomas attacked Centurione, who, as a Genoese, was not likely to be aided by the Venetians, and who was glad to purchase peace by bestowing his daughter's hand upon his assailant. The bride brought the Principality as her dowry, so that by this marriage in 1430 it passed into the hands of the Greeks, though Centurione retained the empty title of Prince till his death two years later. Thus after the lapse of 225 years the Frank rule in Achaia was over. The whole peninsula owned once more Byzantine sway, except where the Venetian flag still floated over Argos and the maritime stations of Navarino, Methone, Korone, Nauplia, and Thermisi. But, unfortunately, the Byzantine rulers had not the patriotism to merge their own paltry ambitions in a combined effort for the public good. The lesson of the last century and a half was obvious—that union alone could save the Morea. Yet, with the Turkish peril ever impending, and with the miseries of past discord before their eyes, they preferred to divide the government of the country between them. Each of the three henceforth bore the title of Despot, and each was independent of the other two in his own limited domain. Theodore II. continued to rule at Mizithrâ ; Thomas established his capital at Glarentza ; and Constantine, by arrangement with Thomas, chose Kalavryta as the seat of his government.² It would not have required much foresight to see that what Tacitus has called the "well-known hatred between brothers" would soon involve the unhappy land in further intestine feuds. By the characteristic irony of Levantine politics, this last scene of Greek rule before the Turkish conquest was marred by base outbreaks of fraternal discord.

¹ Phrantzês (ed. Bonn), ii. 4.

² *Ibid.* ii. 10.

Before, however, we describe this brief period of restored Byzantine government, we would glance at the condition of the people after their long experience of Frank manners and customs. Mázaris, a Byzantine satirist, who wrote in 1416, has left us, in his "Dialogue of the Dead," a scathing description of the Moreots of his time, which, after due deduction made for the natural exaggeration of satire, contains much historic truth. "The Morea," says that writer, "is inhabited by many races mixed together, of which the most distinct are Lacedæmonians (Tzákones¹), Italians (Franks), Peloponnesians (Greeks), Slavonians, Illyrians (Albanians), Egyptians (gypsies), and Jews, and among them are not a few half-castes." Of these seven leading races we may note that the Jews were chiefly to be found in the busy Venetian colonies, such as Methone, where the gypsies were also allowed to ply their trade. The Jews were mostly small traders, and were specially prohibited by the Venetians from becoming landowners in their Greek possessions, "lest the whole landed property should pass into their hands." There were also a certain number of people of Turkish origin to be found in the Morea even at this period, descendants of the mercenaries whom Guillaume de Villehardouin had allowed to settle in his dominions, and who had intermarried with the other inhabitants. From the marriages of Greeks and Franks, which were commoner in Achaia than in Attica, sprang the so-called "Gasmoúloi,"² who sometimes took half Greek, half Frankish names. But the purely Frankish element gradually died out of the Morea after it had returned to the sway of the Greeks. The most durable legacy of the Franks was the feudal system, which had entered deeply into the life of the country. But the Greeks inherited its bad without its good qualities; they were as turbulent as any Frank baron, but lacked his bravery and his keen sense of personal honour. Mázaris has shrewdly observed that each race took the worst features of the others, just as in our day we see that the Oriental educated in Paris usually takes home Western vices, with only the veneer of Western civilisation. We may consider as exaggerated the depravity which he ascribes to the Moreot chiefs—"men who ever delight in battles and disturbances, who are for ever breathing murder, who are full of deceit and craft and lies, barbarous and pig-headed, unstable, perjured, and

¹ So Finlay and Fallmerayer. Hopf interprets these "Lacedæmonians" as being the Despot's Byzantine following, so called because he lived at Mizithrà.

² Μοῦλος still means a "bastard" in the vernacular of the Peloponnesos; and the first part of the word, I conjecture, is the French *gars*. See Paparregópoulos, *op. cit.* v. 9, 130, n. 19.

faithless to both Emperor and Despot." But it is a significant fact that the practice of wearing arms, which Thucydides regarded as obsolete among the Greeks of his day, was universal in the Morea of the fifteenth century. Nor can we wonder at this revival of primitive methods, when we remember the almost constant bloodshed which went on during the latter part of the Frankish domination. Yet the material condition of the Morea was not so bad at that period as at a much later time. Thanks chiefly to the energy of Venice, there was a brisk trade done in wood, shipped at the port of Kata-kolo, which may partially account for the denuded state of the peninsula at the present day. Valonia, wool, cotton, silk, and raisins were also exported; and the wine of Monemvasia, under the name of Malmsey, was famous all over Western Europe. Even in the fourteenth century, in the midst of grave political disturbances, a Prince of Achaia had a larger civil list than the first king of modern Greece.¹ Nor was literature wholly neglected, though in this part of the country the Franks had no intellectual influence. Whatever may have been the defects of the Moreot Greeks, they never lost their interest in learning. The Tzakonian mountains and the city of Mizithrâ furnished two manuscripts—one of Herodotos, one treating of the miraculous light on Mount Tabor—which both belong to the latter part of the fourteenth century; Plethon, as we saw, philosophised somewhat later at Sparta; Monemvasia was the birthplace of the historian Phrantzês, who wrote, as he tells us, "at the request of some noble Corfiots." We have already referred to the historical poem—it cannot be called a poetic history—of the Frankish Principality, which was the chief literary production of that part of the Morea during this period. The "Chronicle of the Morea" (as the Greek version is called) consists of two books, only the second of which, composed of 7,002 political verses, deals with the Peloponnesos; and it is now believed by the best authorities to be a metrical translation of the French "*Livre de la Conquete*."² The latter would seem to be the work of a Frank long resident in the Morea, and was apparently composed between 1333 and 1341. It begins with the Conquest, and goes down as far as the former of these two dates; whereas the Greek version breaks off with the year 1292. An Italian translation of the "Chronicle" has also been discovered; and a Catalan version, which contains some additional

¹ Finlay, iv. 226.

² *Ibid.* iv. 137; Hopf, in *op. cit.*, vol. lxxxv. p. 202. Since the above was written, a new edition of the "Chronicle" has appeared in Professor Bury's "Byzantine Texts."

matter, and goes down as far as 1377, is in existence. None of these works can be implicitly trusted, least of all for the early years after the Conquest. It has been remarked, however,¹ that the Greek poem shows an unerring knowledge of geography and a defective knowledge of Greek. Its style seems to point to a Moreot clerk in the service of a French baron as its author. Glorification of the Franks and contempt of the natives are the motives of the poetaster, and it is easy to understand that a Greek retainer would, at any rate officially, express sentiments so flattering to his employer.²

In summing up the results of the Frank rule in the Morea, a distinction must be drawn between the stable government of the first period and the anarchy which characterised the second. The first two Villehardouin princes were able rulers who did not treat the Greek Church any worse than many Greek rulers had done: they abstained from forcible proselytising; and even when they confiscated Greek ecclesiastical property, they did not bestow it upon the Catholic hierarchy, but devoted it to the public treasury. The Greek *archontes* were in many cases allowed to keep their lands and some of their privileges; and we even hear of Greeks who were feudal lords, like the Latins, and whose property was tilled by serfs. Muntaner tells us that the Frank nobles of the Morea took their wives from France; but mixed marriages, too, began very soon,³ and the third Villehardouin, born and bred in the country, spoke Greek as his native tongue. But, picturesque and gallant figure as he was, he undid by his warlike adventures the work of his two more statesmanlike predecessors, and after his day the second period began. A century after its foundation, the rule of the Franks, except in the Venetian colonies, was already in decay, and its sole hope was the house of Anjou. Moreover, the aim of the Venetians was commercial rather than political; for trading facilities were with them the paramount consideration, and they did not seek, save incidentally, the latinisation of the East. Where the influence of the Frank princes upon their Greek subjects was most marked was in military matters. It is impossible not to be struck by the difference between the unwarlike character of the Moreot population at the time of the Frank conquest and its repeated attempts later on to throw off the

¹ By Buchon, *Chronique de la Conquête*, pp. xxiii-xxx.

² Paparregópoulos, who thinks that the author was a "Gasmoûlos," points out, however, that the *Chronicle* is written in the language then commonly spoken in the country, and that it closely resembles modern Greek. He waxes enthusiastic about its style, which he thinks often worthy of ancient Greece. (*Op. cit.* v. 10-13, 108-109, 599.)

³ Paparregópoulos, *op. cit.* v. 101.

Turkish yoke. The reason is not far to seek. While the Byzantine Emperors had neglected the military training of the inhabitants of Greece proper, drawing their best soldiers and generals from Macedonia and Asia Minor, the bellicose Franks stimulated the practice of war, and employed Greeks in their well-drilled armies. Still, the experiment of Latin rule in the Morea was a failure, and for two obvious reasons. The Franks belonged to an alien religion, and found themselves at the outset between the horns of a dilemma. If they had persecuted Orthodoxy, they would have had constant rebellions; while, by tolerating it, they strengthened the national feeling, which was so closely intertwined with it. Their numbers, again, were few, and they received few recruits from the West, so that they were inevitably destined to die out in the due course of nature. Battle and murder increased the rate of their disappearance, and about 1430 the original Frank families had completely vanished from the "New France,"¹ which, in the phrase of Pope Honorius III., they had founded in the East. In spite, too, of all their efforts to make French the language of the country, by sending young Greeks to a special seminary in Paris, Greek held its own, though Muntaner says that "the gentlest chivalry of the world was that of the Morea, and they spoke as good French as that of Paris."² The long Frank occupation left little trace on the language of the Peloponnesos except in a few towns, beyond adding to it a few words of French origin.³

But on the face of the country the Franks have made a mark which five centuries have not obliterated. While a perverse spirit, which can find nothing of interest unless it is strictly classical, has torn down the Venetian fort of the Euripos and the Frank tower which once stood on the Akropolis, the great feudal castles of the Morea are mostly standing, although in ruins. Wandering among those mediæval remains, we may still recall the brilliant days of that chivalry which won the admiration of Muntaner, we may still meditate upon the extraordinary fate which handed over the Greek peninsula to a handful of Frank adventurers.

WILLIAM MILLER.

¹ Romanós, *op. cit.* p. 28.

² *Chronique de Ramon Muntaner* (ed. Buchon), ii. 315.

³ Romanós, *op. cit.*, pp. 54, 58.

AN OLD INVENTORY.

“**A**N Inventory of all and Singuler the Goods and Chattells of Richard Hill, Esquire, late Cittizen and Cordwayner of London, But whilest he lived of the Parrish of Snt. Dionis Backchurch, London, taken and apprized the Twenty ffift day of ffebruary In the yeare of our Lord God One Thousand Sixe Hundred ffifty and Nyne.”

Such is the title of the interesting old document described in the following remarks, which has fortunately survived to these present times, and from whose quaint items we can form a fairly accurate idea of the fittings and furniture of a Puritan household in the City at the period of the Commonwealth.

Richard Hill came up to town from Devonshire in 1632, and took a lease of a house in Lime Street (a locality now given over to warehouses and offices). Here he and his wife lived for twenty-eight years, and here their six sons and one daughter were born. His sympathies when the Civil War broke out were with the Parliament, and he served from 1642 to 1649 as one of the treasurers to the Committee of Sequestrations, taking part no doubt in the punishment and ruin of many a luckless Royalist. Later on, in 1652, he was one of the Commissioners appointed for the sale of prize goods taken in the Dutch War. This office he held until his death, and he seems to have had a great deal of trouble in the performance of his duties. His character, however, was never called in question, and it is singular that in a very scurrilous Royalist pamphlet written soon after his death, in which “all such as made profit by the continuance of the War” were mercilessly abused, the writer merely states that Hill “was called to an account before he and his partners were ready,” alluding no doubt to his death while holding office.

In 1644 he was associated with Mr. William Pennoyer in the purchase of arms for the service of the Parliament, and in March, 1656, he was one of the aldermen appointed for securing peace in the City. His funeral took place at St. Dionis Backchurch

(now destroyed) on January 18th, 1660 (1659 O.S.), whither in two months his wife followed him ; and he was survived by three of his sons—Abraham (who was then married), Thomas, and Samuel (bachelors).

Much of the Alderman's wealth was apparently derived from successful trading adventures, largely carried on by City merchants of those days. He held shares in a number of vessels, as the "Society," "Jonathan," "Olive Branch," "Thomas & William," "Morning Starr," "Three Brothers," and the "Allan frigatt." His business was that of a cordwainer, and he was a freeman of the Cordwainers' Company as early as 1632, serving as Master probably in 1656.

With these introductory remarks we will now proceed to examine the description of Alderman Hill's property.

The first item of the Inventory reads thus :

IMP^s. Apparell. Two Gownes and two Cloakes furred wth the Summer lyninge and a hood, att £16. Item. All the Testator's wearing apparell, with hattes, shoes, &c., vallued att £32 5s." After the contents of two garrets, we find the heading "Lynnen," under which are mentioned sheets of Holland, flax, ffine Callicoe, course Callicoe, and course and holland Pillowbeeres. Then come table and sidebord cloathes, napkines, and towells, of damaske, diaper, and flax ; also "fflower payre of white Cotton blanchettes att £2." In the Painted Chamber were a bed, a table, and carpet, &c. ; and then follow the contents of "Mrs. Hill's Lodging Chamber," which is of interest as the bedroom of the Alderman's widow. "Item. One standing beddstead, Matt, and corde, and rodde, Curtaines and Vallance of greene perpetuana, one ffeather bedd, one boulster, Two pillowes, Two blanchetts, and a greene cloth coverlett, £7 10s. Item. Hanginges about the Roome of Striped Stuffe, one trundle bedd stead, matt, cord, little ffeather bedd, boulster, blanchett, Rugg, & little Coverlett att £4 10s. Item. One wainscott chest, fflower chayres and stooles, One wicker chayre, one looking glasse, a payre of Andirons, ffire shovell and tonges, and a payre of bellows att £1 16s." In "the little Inner Chamber" were "sixe hundred and seaven ounces and a half of Plate att five shillings p. ounce." The "Dyning Roome" was furnished with "ffive peeces off Tapestry hanginges att £30, three Spanishe tables, one little Table, one Turkey carpett, one greene Perpetuana carpett, and two Window Curtaines and rodde, Twelve high chayres and Sixe lowe chayres of Turkey worke, and a Billyard Table, att £23 8s. Item. A payre of Andirons wth brasses and Iron hoope, a fyre

shovell and tonges, and an Iron Back att £1 8s." One is tempted to wonder if this room was really used for dining purposes, and, if so, did the family have their meals on the three Spanish tables or the "Billyard Table"? As a "little Dyning Roome" is mentioned later in the inventory, it is not improbable that this room was kept for billiards, though a Puritan, such as Richard Hill certainly was, might be expected to look upon worldly amusements with disfavour. But perhaps he encouraged billiards for the sake of his boys, so that they should have no excuse for staying out late at nights !

The next in order is "Mr. Thomas Hill's Chamber," which was upholstered in "white dymithy wrought," with "hangings of East India Callicoe." The furniture included "a Skrutore, an Iron hoope with brasses, and an Iron bath." The latter item shows that Thomas evidently enjoyed his morning tub. He was a great traveller in Italy and Spain, which he visited in the course of business ; and his love for music procured him the close friendship of that jovial diarist Sam Pepys, which lasted until his death at Lisbon in 1675. The "Greene Chamber," so named from the colour of its upholstery, had hangings of green perpetuana laced, a counterpane and window curtain of the same, and, among other things, "a Weather glasse." The "little Dyning Roome" contained an ovall table and striped carpet, a cupboard and a green cloth, eight chairs, and fire irons, &c., all at £2 19s. In the "Counting House" we find "one Table covered with greene cloth, one deske, one Iron chest (no doubt the seventeenth-century representative of the modern safe), two presses, Two old Trunkes, three leather Chayres and Lumber" (convenient word !), all valued at £4 3s. In the Gallery were "a Bird cage, a Table, a Settle, two Pictures, and a Clock with case and weights," at £3 the lot.

Passing by the Buttery, we come to the Parlour, which apparently answers to the Drawing-room of our days. Here were "Two Spanish tables, a Turkey carpett, one couch and fifteen chayres of greene perpetuana" (evidently a favourite material and colour with Mrs. Hill), "a Coate of Arms in a frame," and the usual fire-irons, &c., including "an Iron Back in the Chimney, and Twelve old Cushions."

The next apartment mentioned is "the Kitching," and here is an interesting list of utensils, which needs no apology for quoting in full. "Item. One Jacke with weight chaines and Pulleys, one Iron grate, one Iron to sett before the ffyer, one payre of Andirons, one payre of Rackes, ffyre shovell, tonge & fforke, one gridiron, Two payre off pott hangers, ffive spitts, one smoothing Iron, one Iron

chaffing dish, and a Tinne Apple roaster, all att £6 2s. Item. fflower Leather Chayres, one Leather stoole, one Table chayre, fflower wooden chayres, a parcell off Lattin ware, and a payre of bellowes, £15. 6s. Item. Three Iron Potts, one Iron kettle and one Iron dripping pann, and two payre of Pott hangers, 13s. Item. fflower hundred ffifty and ffive Pounds of Pewter att Tenne pence p. pound, £18 19s. 2d. Item. One hundred Twenty and fflower Pound off Brasse with Iron Bases, at Sixe pence p. pound, £3 2s."

In the "Washouse" was a leaden cistern valued at £5, probably of the beautifully ornamented cast-lead kind, of which many examples still exist in old London houses, and nowadays are much sought after by collectors, especially when dated.

The "Redd Chamber," which is next mentioned, contained hangings of "redde Searge with Gilded Leather," with chairs and bed hangings of the same, but the latter "lyned with Callicoe." There were also "A Suite of Curtaines and vallance and Counter-paine of ffine East India stuffe lynd with Callicoe, att £5."

After describing the contents of "the Maydes Chamber," the Inventory goes on to the "Tapestry Chamber," which was apparently a sitting room, and contained "Old Tapestry hangings, two tables and carpetts, ffive redd chayres and three pictures, at £15 17s." Next follow "the little Roome at ye Stayres Head, the little Roome by the Gallery," and the "Mans Chamber"; and in the second room were "about Three dozen of candles, at 15s."—decidedly *not* cheap at that price. In the man's room, by the way, we come across more "Lumber," as it was no doubt a convenient place for stowing away odds and ends.

Passing "the Clossett in the Yarde," we find a curious collection in the "Warehouse." Here were "Two Triangles, a large Beame and scales, two old Beames, and Nyne hundred and a half of Leden weights, all att £9 11s. Item. Three Musketts, one Pike, two payre of pistolls, and a Parcell of old Armour, att £3," all of which had no doubt seen recent service in the Civil War. "Item. Sixe Pound of Spice att £2 2s. Item. Eighteene Pound of Pepper att 18s." In the Cellar, mixed up with "Poudring Tubbs," coals, and (or course) more Lumber, we finally come upon "a horse with saddle and furniture att £5."

The Inventory ends with the Lease of the Testator's dwelling-house, valued at £450, and "the Totall summe amounteth to One thousand Seaventy three pounds, one shilling."

We have now in imagination gone into every room of the worthy

Alderman's house, and examined his furniture and belongings. How little the clerk probably suspected, when he was compiling the Inventory, that his quaint descriptions and items would be read and commented upon with interest and curiosity two hundred and forty years after he had completed his task !

R. H. ERNEST HILL.

MONACO.

ALTHOUGH so many thousands of the rich go year after year, from all parts of Europe, to the South of France, *en route* for Monaco and Monte Carlo, there are very few who cast a thought on the history of the country they go to. They know they can win (or lose) considerable sums of money there, and they know that it is one of the most beautiful spots in Europe. Some few know that it was in 1860 that M. Blanc, *chassé* from Homburg, set up the gambling Casino there which has since passed into the hands of the *Société Anonyme*; but very few indeed think of the interesting history of Monaco itself, the smallest sovereign Principality—eight square miles—that exists in Europe.

Monaco was from the earliest times known as the Port of Hercules, and boasted a temple to that tutelary god of the greatest antiquity and fame. It was a port which the Phœnicians visited, which Lucan sang the praises of in the “*Pharsalia*,” and which from its favourable anchorage and on account of being the port of the Roman colony of Turbia, or La Turbie, upon the hill above it, enjoyed a very considerable amount of trade. It soon came under the influence of Christianity, and produced one of Diocletian’s martyrs, the holy Sainte Dévote, who during her martyrdom, her teeth having been broken, was dragged across the rocks, and met her death on the rack, and whose relics, by a miraculous indication from her dead and lacerated mouth, were interred, after many vicissitudes by sea and land, in a tomb at Cimiez, near Nice.

The most important epoch which Monaco underwent after the fall of the Romans and the invasions of the Lombards was the subjugation of the Riviera of France and Italy by the Saracens, on whose decline rose the power of the chief family of the district, the noble house of the Grimaldi, descendants, it is said, of Boson, King of Arles.

The Saracens overran the whole of the littoral in the eighth century. They landed at Saint-Honorat in 730, and made a second descent many years later under the chief Moussa, holding certain

forts and keeping the whole country under terror and subjection. Later, in 846, they established themselves between Fréjus and Hyères, sacking Fréjus in 940, and also Sainte-Agnès, near Mentone. As late even as 1107 they attacked the monastery of the Lérins, massacring every monk except those whom they carried off as slaves.

It was not till the tenth century that the Provençals began to think of freeing themselves from this Saracen reign of terror, and Gebelin de Grimaldi obtained the fief of the Gulf of Grimaud as a reward for successfully routing, with the Bishop of Grenoble, the Mahomedan pirates. He was put into the more secure position of legal owner also by having his grants of land confirmed by the overlord, the Emperor Otho himself, and from this time until to-day the descendants of the house of Grimaldi have preserved a hold on the town of Monaco, which was rebuilt by the Prince Grimaldi II., one of the crusaders of the first Crusade, in 1090, and husband of Alexis, niece of Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of the East. His successors played a politic game ; they were usually in the service of the emperors who could protect them, and also, intermittently, of the Republic of Genoa. Thus Grimaldi III. defended the city of Genoa and beat back the Saracens from the town in 1162 ; but later he nearly lost Monaco in 1220 to the Genoese, and was forced to dispute with the family of Vento the possession of the districts of Mentone and Roccabruna. In the time, however, of François I. of Monaco the Grimaldi princes assumed a new policy. He had been brought up at the Court of Constantinople,¹ and was in this way removed from German influence, and, followed by his son, Ranier I., the Monegasque princes became faithful servants of the French house of Anjou, and ardent Guelfs, or supporters, for their own good, of the power of the Papacy. In 1297 the Republic of Genoa besieged Monaco, its former ally, on this account ; but the assistance of Charles II. of Naples forced their troops to withdraw, although with the loss to the Grimaldi of the forts of Esa and La Turbie to the Genoese, Nicholas Spinola. Notwithstanding this loss they remained faithful to the Guelf Anjou Kings of Naples, and Ranier II. had the satisfaction of beating the fleet of the Ghibelines of Pisa.

But the Monegasque fleet had followed too closely the example of the old Saracen oppressors. They became known as the terrors of the coast from piracy and rapine, attacking even the ships of war sent by the Popes against the Turks, and the princes, growing rich

¹ *Monaco et Monte Carlo*, Benedict Henry Revoil, Paris, 1878.

and powerful, levied a tax upon all ships passing the port of Monaco, whence the lines :

Son Monaco sopra un scoglio,
Non semino e non raccoglio,
E pur mangiare voglio.

The Principality grew also, for in 1338 the Prince Charles I., "the Great," bought from the Spinola the lordships of Mentone, Rocca-bruna, and Castillon ; and to the Prince was given the Viceroyalty of Provence by Queen Joan of Naples, whom he received at Monaco in state in 1343, a visit which was glorified by the homage of the poet Petrarch. Charles I. took part in the French wars against the English, and after having been dangerously wounded at Crécy, his misfortunes underwent an eclipse, for he was in 1357 besieged by the Genoese with a fleet of twenty galleys, and forced to abandon his town to them after a defence of two months. The broken-hearted Prince retired to Mentone, where he died in 1363, and his successor made peace with the invaders and got back his Principality in 1406.

Monaco took part in the Papal struggles of "the Great Schism." The Prince Ranier III. at first favoured Pope Urban VI., but later, according to the Angevin policy, declared for the Antipope Clement VII. at Avignon, who granted his family the Seigneurie of Antibes, and at Monaco he received the Antipope Benedict XIII. on his road from Avignon to Italy. Things did not all go smoothly with the princes ; their tenure of Mentone was very intermittent, and for three centuries they were forced to dispute that of La Turbie with the Dukes of Savoy, whose growing power far eclipsed theirs.

Prince Jean I. took service with the Milanese, and in his granddaughter, Claudine Grimaldi, we have the first instance of the failure of the male line. The blood did not alter, however, for she married, in 1457, Lambert Grimaldi, of the branch of Antibes and Cagnes, a cousin, who became in 1463 Count of Ventimiglia as well.

The struggles of the Renaissance came upon the Riviera as upon the rest of the south, and Jean II. of Monaco was one of the followers of Charles VIII. of France in his raid—for it was little more—on Italy ; but after rising to the position of governor of the coast, he fell a victim to fraternal jealousy, and was murdered in 1505 by Lucien Grimaldi, his brother, who in his turn was attacked and besieged in his capital next year by the Genoese, who were only beaten back by French assistance. Lucien fell a victim to a family feud also, being stabbed in his own palace by his sister's son, Barthélemy Doria, whose heritage he had administered to the dissatisfaction

of the heir ; who later, notwithstanding the exhortations of Pope Clement VII. on the side of mercy, was made prisoner at Penna, and being conducted to Monaco with much pomp, was there satisfactorily hanged.

By a treaty at Burgos in 1524 the Regent of Monaco, Augustin Grimaldi, tutor of the young Honoré I., accepted the protection of the Emperor Charles V., abrogating the old French alliance, and received a Spanish fleet in the harbour and a garrison in the walls of Monaco. The Prince for this change of suzerain lost his French possessions, but was made a Prince of the Empire by the Emperor, and had the satisfaction of seeing his late ally, François I. of France, led a prisoner, after the battle of Pavia, through his territory, when being carried off to Spanish captivity in a galley from Villefranche. The rise of the house of Savoy, however, prevented all hopes of great aggrandisement on the part of the Monegasque rulers, and at once robbed them of all chance of becoming ultimate superiors of the Riviera.

The Emperor Charles V. came twice to Monaco, once to meet the Farnese Pope, Paul III., and, according to the legend, in a fit of generosity caused by the good cheer there verbally ennobled *all* of its inhabitants. He was the guest of the Regent Augustin, a learned prelate, the friend of Cardinal Bembo and abbot of Lérins, who held many of the finest ecclesiastical benefices of the district and distributed more among his kindred, piety, under the most Catholic king, being the order of the day. Prince Honoré I. followed the Spanish alliance, and fearful of the Turks, who in his time besieged and took Nice, fought bravely against them under Don John of Austria at Lepanto in 1571, and was rewarded by possessions in the Two Sicilies before his death in 1581. Three years later the French attacked his capital ; but the Spanish protection proved sufficient to drive them off, and the Prince Hercules was able later to chase away the French fleet of the Duke of Guise. This Prince made two marriage alliances of his children with the Hispano-Italian Trivulzi, and left his territory to his son, Honoré II., who, expelling the Spanish garrison, reverted to the old alliance with France by a treaty signed at Péronne, September 14, 1641, stipulating for French protection, but yet remaining "*souverain de son état.*" For this change of alliance he lost all his Spanish territories, but was recouped by huge grants from Louis XIV. of France. It was after this treaty that John Evelyn, the English diarist, visited Monaco, which he styles justly "a promontory of solid stone and rock," adding, "the town walls are very *fayre.*" He speaks of the wealth of the palace : the "most rich

and princely moveables and a collection of statues, pictures, and massive plate to an immense amount," which had been preserved to its lucky ruler and partly gained by the much-disputed Sea-toll. In 1644 King Louis XIV. wrote to the Sultan of Turkey, begging him to order his tributary pashas of the Barbary States to suspend their almost ceaseless raids on the Riviera, and on Monaco in particular. These raids were very frequent. Napoule was destroyed by them in 1536, Roccabruna had been pillaged and burned in 1560; and the turbulent factions on the coast gave the pirates much assistance. Indeed the raids did not cease until after Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers in 1816, some of the ex-prisoners from the Barbary State existing in Mentone almost down to our own time.

When Honoré II. died in 1662, he was succeeded by his grandson, Louis I., who was already in the French army. From this date the Monegasque princes became entirely French in sympathy, seeking French matrimonial alliances and sinking fast into the position of French courtiers; and henceforth to the present century their doings gave little of interest to chronicle, except what was connected with the *chronique scandaleuse* of Versailles.

The wife of Prince Louis, Charlotte Catherine de Grammont, was herself the heroine of much scandal.¹ Married in 1660, when she was already in love with her cousin, le beau Lauzun, she never pretended to be attracted to her Monegasque husband, although he was "jeune, bien fait, et Grand Seigneur"; but after the birth of four children, lived in Paris, having the King and a multitude of the Court as lovers. The Prince, her husband, whose humour does not seem to have been his strong point, remained in Monaco, and made Versailles laugh heartily by hanging his wife's adorers in effigy on gibbets in his capital until there was no longer room.² The Princess, however, made her "salut" in later life, founding the Convent of the Visitandines at Monaco. Her husband was succeeded by his son, Antoine I., who became the last male ruler of his line, as by his wife, the Princess Marie de Lorraine d'Armagnac, he had daughters only. Prince Antoine had the good fortune of having the independence of Monaco guaranteed by the Treaty of Utrecht, at which time Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, became King of Sardinia; and in 1708 King Louis XIV. of France granted to the Prince a subvention, in spite of the growing poverty of the French kingdom, of 30,500 livres to fortify his capital for the French garrison. Being the last male of

¹ *Mémoires de Mlle. de Montpensier.*

² *Lettres de Mme. de Sévigné.*

his race, he married his eldest daughter and heiress, Louise Hippolyte, in 1715, to the Comte de Matignon, and, dying in 1731, was followed as Prince, on his daughter's death in that year, by his grandson, Honoré III.

Honoré III. fought on the French side during the Austrian wars. He was a prince of valour and very amorous. Casanova narrates some quaint stories of his residence in Monaco, and how his bride, Catherine de Brignolé, the fair Genoese, was so much enamoured of him that she declared to her mother, who wished to break off the marriage, "O Monaco, o monaca—Monaco or a convent." They were happy for five years only; but the fair and brilliant Princess eventually found consolation in the love of the Prince of Condé, whom she married, after enduring strange thrilling experiences during the Revolution with her daughter-in-law, as an *émigrée* at London, in 1798. Honoré III. entertained, in 1767, the young Duke of York, brother of King George III. of Great Britain, who unfortunately caught fever during his visit and died in his palace, in spite of being surrounded by every considerate attention.

In 1790 Monaco felt the effect of the French Revolution. The Liberals demanded a Constitution from the Prince, who, from his retreat in Paris, granted it. He wished to abrogate it again later, but the French Republic in 1793 annexed Monaco, Roccabruna, and Mentone, and the Prince *dégonné* died in 1795. Pope Pius VII. rested at Monaco in 1814, returning from France, and in the same year the Principality reverted to its Grimaldi prince, Honoré IV., according to the Treaty of Paris.

Honoré IV. married Louise Duchesse de Mazarin, the name-bearer of the great Cardinal, and in 1815 went to Monaco to take possession of his territory. At Cannes he had the singular fortune to meet Napoleon I., who was then marching towards Paris, having left Elba during the great Hundred Days. Napoleon met him with jocular affection, promised him protection, and parted amicably, never foreseeing his own downfall and that of France for the time, the Treaty of Vienna removing the protection of Monaco from that Power, placing it, for the first time, under that of Sardinia. Honoré V., the last Prince's eldest son, earned an evil fame by his taxation and the deeds of his creature, Chuppon, a Marseillais, who had a monopoly of flour and bread in the Principality, and his complicity in forcing his subjects either to devour bad flour at exorbitant rates or to die of hunger has not yet been forgotten about Mentone, although he died in 1841. His brother, Florestan I., succeeded him, and though he gained golden opinions by abolishing the great tax, he did

not escape the growing desire for constitutional reforms in Italy. In 1848 a deputation of inhabitants of Monaco, Roccabruna, and Mentone waited upon the Prince in Paris, and demanded a Constitution ; and as this was not granted at once, Mentone and Roccabruna declared themselves free and independent, and placed themselves under the protection of Sardinia, leaving Monaco again the sole possession of this Prince ; and although in 1858 his rights over these territories were recognised, they were ceded to France in 1861 for the sum of £120,000, after the Italian war with Austria, and annexed by that Power. Prince Charles III., the Prince at that time, died in 1889, having by his wife, Antoinette Comtesse de Mérode, the present Prince Albert, born in 1848. The latter, who is popular in his territory and is well known for his scientific distinction, married, first, Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, and, secondly, the Duchesse de Richelieu, *née* Heine, by the former of whom he has a son, the heir to the Principality ; it is he also who is the recipient of that portion of the wealth of the Casino de Monte Carlo which flows from M. Blanc and la Société Anonyme.

A. FRANCIS STEUART.

THE BACHELOR.

THE room is still and gray. The yellow flames
 Leap in the low wide grate,
 And try to penetrate
 Into the dusk-filled corners. But Night claims
 An ever-widening circle for her own,
 And creeps and spreads around me as I sit and muse, alone.

This was our room, old friend. A cosy spot
 Where two good chums could spend
 Hours happy without end—
 And so did we ! But now a marring blot
 Is made by that big empty easy-chair.
 How oft we watched Night stealing on as now—I here, you there !

But never more. This was your wedding-day.
 I saw you stand beside
 Your radiant white-robed bride,
 And knew you went to tread a different way
 With her—a way where Friendship lags behind,
 And Love reigns in his stead—a little Love whose eyes are blind.

For you life stretches fair. For me—Oh well,
 Of course I shall forget
 Those good old times, though yet
 The loneliness seems strange, past words to tell
 When Love comes in, *must* Friendship pass away ?
 Who knows ? I only know 'twill never be the same—after
 to-day.

SYDNEY HESSELRIGGE.

TABLE TALK.

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTED BOOKS IN CAMBRIDGE.

THE reproach long urged against England of being behind other countries in bibliographical attainment is gradually being removed, and though we still shirk collective or sustained labour we are assiduously collecting the materials on which future bibliographers will base their labours. After a long period of somnolency our great Universities are taking the lead in cataloguing their treasures. The latest contribution to this species of work is the issue by the Cambridge University Press of *Early English Printed Books in the University Library, Cambridge, 1475 to 1640* (4 vols., of which three have appeared). In selecting the date of 1640 as the close of the period of early printing, the writers follow the example of the British Museum in issuing its printed catalogue of early works, and that also of Professor Arber in his reprints of the Registers of the Stationers' Company. Coinciding as virtually it does with the interruption to peaceful literary pursuits caused by the Civil War, the date may temporarily serve. It will scarcely, however, be binding upon future bibliographers; and a more convenient and logical date might be found with the end of the Stuart dynasty and the accession of that of Hanover. Not altogether ideal is the arrangement adopted—that of entering the books under booksellers, London or country, with an approximation to dates of production. The arrangement serves well enough for the incunabula issued from Westminster, Oxford, St. Albans, and London; but needs an index, which would go far towards adding a fourth to the three portly volumes already issued. This, I now learn, is to be supplied.

INCUNABULA IN CAMBRIDGE.

THE list of incunabula in the Cambridge Library is deceptive. Occupying as it does thirty-three pages out of between seventeen and eighteen hundred, the list could never appear to be large. Very many of the works catalogued are, however, imperfect; and not a

few of them are mere fragments. As the *Rufinus* (*Tyrannius*), issued, according to the colophon in Oxford on December 17, 1468, is treated as antedated by ten years—a view generally held—and is assigned to 1478, the earliest work in the collection issued in England is Caxton's *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, "by me William Caxton at Westmestre" (1477), which wants leaves 2, 77, 78. An earlier volume, printed at Bruges, is *The Recuyell of the Histories of Troy*, translated by William Caxton from Raoul Lefèvre, and conjecturally assigned to 1475-76. Two copies of this (both imperfect) are mentioned. *The Game and Play of Chess* has the same supposed date, and wants six leaves. The *Book of Courtesy* (Westminster, 1477-78) is unique and perfect, as is a Chaucer (*Complaint unto his Empty Purse*) of the same date. In the case of Caxton's translation of Alain Chartier (*The Curial*) the library owns leaf 3 only. Similar fragments are to be found under other heads. Numerous and important as are the gaps in the library, the work is of great utility and value, and its appearance is a matter on which the book lover is to be congratulated.

OXFORD PRINTING.

AT the same moment when I received the catalogue of the Cambridge University Library with which I have dealt, there reached me from Oxford *A Chart of Oxford Printing* ("1468"—1900), by Falconer Madan, M.A. This work is issued under different conditions, only one hundred copies being printed for private presentation. I am therefore exceptionally favoured in the possession of a copy. The book is a development of lectures given before the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society and the Bibliographical Society, and, though it is to some extent a record of the Clarendon Press, deals with all the printing done at Oxford. It supplies a full list of printers and publishers, with much information on general matters connected with books; has for frontispiece a double-page reproduction of the first Oxford Sheet Almanack (1674), and has facsimile reproductions of the first page printed at Oxford (1468), the first page of the second press (1517), that of Barnes's press (1585), that printed at the Sheldonian (1669) of the Clarendon Printing House (1715) and the Clarendon Press (1836), together with (from old engravings) views of the Sheldonian Theatre, the Clarendon Printing House, and the Clarendon Press. Very interesting are these things, and the information given in the letterpress is often very striking. Among the "incidents and curiosities"

chronicled, the most remarkable is the fate of the *editio princeps* of the Epistle of Barnabas in Greek (1643). Of this one copy alone, rejected on account of blunders in printing, survives; and the edition of Menard (Paris, 1645) passes now for the *editio princeps*. According to Anthony à Wood, a soldier on October 6, 1644, roasting a pig which he had stolen, caused a huge fire, in course of which the stock of Leonard Lichfield, the University printer, including the edition of the Epistle, perished. As Mr. Madan points out, this anticipates Lamb's famous account of the roast sucking-pig.

THE ALLEGED OXFORD PRESS OF 1468.

IN this volume the story is fully told of the printing, with the date 1468, of the commentary on the Apostles' Creed assigned to St. Jerome, but really by Rufinus of Aquileia. The book undoubtedly remains with the date in question on the colophon. The story is that Archbishop Bouchier induced Henry VI., with a view to introducing printing into England, to send for some Haarlem printers. Frederick Carselles alone accepted the offer, and printed the book of which there is question. This is now regarded as a fable, and the true date of the book is held to be 1478, an "X" having dropped out in printing. Although no conclusive evidence is furnished, Mr. Madan advances many reasons why the later date is to be accepted. "But," adds the writer, "the fact remains, that the greater the bibliographer the more certain he is that the true date is 1478."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1904.

A HUNGRY SOUL.

BY A. JEANS.

CHAPTER I.

THERE were long lines of pale gold shimmering through the black stems of the leafless trees. The white smoke curling from innumerable chimneys of the large house was faintly dipped in the pinkish glow of the sky. Over the green grass of shrubbery and lawn the sunbeams played almost merrily, as if it were summer, but sometimes alighting on the bare trees, they discovered it was winter, grew dull, and faded away.

A number of gaunt-faced, poorly clothed men tramped up the avenue that led to the fine old house of Nethermere, whose owner, Mr. Fairling, was master of a large mill situated in the large town of Dumbleton, about a mile away.

These were the members of the Weavers' Union, come to protest against a reduction of wages in consequence of the introduction of some improvement in machinery.

At this period trade unionism boasted no large civil service, with its salaried secretaries, well educated, and able for the most part to hold their own very well in all debates and arguments. This was still the time when the employers looked upon *employés* as of a different race from themselves, and the men, conscious that they were looked upon as little better than beasts, too often added to their rightful indignation against injustice a brutal hatred against their masters.

Just now, when the group came in sight of the house one of the men, with a gesture of insane rage, said, "D——n the wretch, I'd like to raze his house to the ground." This Ben Emmersil was naturally fat, but his puffy cheeks fell in for want of nourishment. He had ugly, malicious eyes, and was the sort of man ready to play any nasty trick on an employer or workman in disgrace with the union.

"It's a big enough house, though he'll talk about his poverty," growled another. This Mark Ryder was very different from the last speaker. He had a sensitive nature, most accessible to kindness, which suffering, or the sight of it in others, roused to a pitch of madness. With nerves overwrought, he too, like Ben, might have been capable of clubbing his foe, but, unlike him, a bitter remorse would have gnawed him till the last days of his life.

"Let him have his fine house if he likes," growled another in a deep bass voice, "if he will give us justice."

This Othniel Stone was endowed with a much less passionate temperament than Mark. His strong nerves enabled him always to keep his head in difficult circumstances, and he would never be driven by anger, like Ryder, to commit an act in which his real self had no part. He possessed a far higher degree of intelligence than the rest, and his adhesion to unionism was not, like the others', due to hereditary custom and a wild revolt against misery, but to a definite belief in the nobleness of its aims, and the conviction that the union was the only bulwark against a terrible oppression. The fourth man, who had not yet spoken, Leigh Arkwright, said, with his thin finger pointing towards the house, "How beautifully that ivy glitters in the sunlight." The others all burst out in a loud guffaw, for the idea of noticing such a thing seemed highly absurd to them.

This poor Leigh, in a humble way, was an artist, and spent all his spare time in drawing, and all the money he could afford on blocks, pencils and colouring materials. He was, moreover, a strong unionist, and shared the ordinary feelings of his class on trade questions; but he had an inner thirst for beauty, which no one guessed and none would have understood.

Arrived at the door, Othniel, who was the leader, rang the bell with a slow, solemn deliberation. The reverberation sent almost a thrill of fear through the workmen, for they had the instinctive awe of the uneducated before the cultured gentleman. For all that, though they dreaded the display of superior mental weapons, they were not in the least to be turned from their course. Only Leigh at this moment thought nothing of the momentous meeting. He had forgotten the long hours of work, the inadequate pay, the comfortless

home. He was following the long lines of wavy white cloud that hung over the little ridge of wood in the distant horizon. He was noting the wonderful twisted branches of an old oak on the lawn, and the artist soul, that had so little to satisfy its needs, rejoiced in the glorious feast spread before it. Finally, he tore out a greasy old piece of paper and a pencil stump, and began to sketch delicately and not inaccurately the landscape before him. His comrades all grinned, but he took no heed. How a man who had got so much sense as Leigh, and was so clever at argument and debate, could condescend to occupy himself in scratching a lot of lines on a piece of paper puzzled and bewildered them. For, apart from his drawing mania, they all looked up to Leigh as better educated than themselves, and had brought him to be one of their spokesmen. The poor fellow, however, had scant time to complete his sketch, for in a few seconds the door was opened. The manservant made some difficulty about admittance.

"It will be better for your master and more courteous to us to let us in," said Othniel politely.

"We are willing to give him a chance," shouted Mark.

"Squeeze the silly fool's neck," said Ben, and there was something savage in his tone that frightened the footman, and he yielded. The hall which they entered was like a large room. An artistic daughter of Mr. Fairling's had discovered its capabilities and furnished it luxuriously and tastefully. A big fire was burning in the huge old-fashioned grate, and most of the workmen at once walked up to it and began to warm themselves. Almost insensibly the warmth of the atmosphere softened their moods a little. Even Ben looked genial and good-humoured.

"I've never seen such a fire since I was a boy, at an inn in which my father and I once took refuge when we were on the tramp," he said.

"Fancy not hearing the clomp of one's boots on the floor," said Mark, who was experimenting on tiptoe.

Leigh from the first had taken no heed of fire or furniture. His eye had caught an engraving of the Sistine Madonna hanging over the fireplace. We, to whom that face, with its human tenderness, its divine purity, its peace that no mortal anguish can assail, has been familiar since our childhood, can never imagine the effect that the first sight of it produced on the poor artisan. Art in its grandest dreams had never fronted him with beauty like to this. There fell on him an awe and happiness unutterable, such as might come to us if the dead for whom our hearts have long ached returned transfigured and transformed with their eternal glory.

Mr. Fairling now entered, bright, confident, and cheery. He was not in the least afraid that he could not manage his discontented workmen.

"We've taken the liberty, since we couldn't find you at the office and the overseer refused to believe us, to come out here," began Othniel in an awkward, lumbering fashion ; for the clear speech, the gentlemanly manner of Mr. Fairling, made him extremely conscious of his own deficiencies. Then he blurted out, "We can't accept the reduced pay. It is not just to expect that men should work for wages that will not keep body and soul together." As he uttered the last words Othniel had forgotten that he was an uneducated workman before his mental superior, for the man who asks justice is the superior of the one who denies its claims.

Leigh did his duty and explained clearly the men's desires and the reasons for them. The argument need not be set down here, but the master grew less confident and more annoyed. Purlblind, he threw the whole blame on Othniel and Leigh. Ben and Mark had meanwhile stood awkwardly, sometimes taking a sly peep at Mr. Fairling, more often looking at the floor.

"These would be right enough," thought Mr. Fairling, "if only Arkwright and Stone would let them alone." Little did he dream, nervous, heavily embarrassed as they felt themselves in his presence, that they were thinking that Leigh and Othniel did not press their claims half strongly enough, and that the master should have been strongly denounced to his face. Angry and vexed at the turn affairs had taken, he went through to another room to consult some account books.

"Confound these two ! I could arrange everything if it were not for them. I beg your pardon, George," he said hastily, seeing his son, a handsome lad of about eighteen, standing near, busily sketching.

"No excuse needed, dad," answered the boy airily ; "I've had the door open and been enjoying the little scene. The British workman has a greater capacity for dramatic expression than I had imagined."

"Damn their dramatic expression ; it'll cost me a pretty penny !"

"Shall I tell you how you could square Leigh, and he seems to be one of the bigwigs amongst those chaps ?"

"Well ?" said Mr. Fairling angrily.

"Offer him the engraving of the Sistine Madonna. You don't value it a button, and I'm going to buy a better one."

Mr. Fairling stormed. "I know you don't care for business, but you might at least not make fun of your father's difficulties."

"Try him," said the boy, maliciously. "You should have seen the look in his great china-blue eyes when he first caught sight of it. Trust me," he said grandiloquently; "we artists understand each other."

Mr. Fairling was desperate, and the boy seemed to be in earnest. He called the man into the room. Leigh came shuffling in, with his long legs, and his eyes straying round the walls. As Mr. Fairling followed the man's look he grew more hopeful, and he said sharply, "Are you fond of pictures?"

Leigh looked surprised; as well he might, for his employer had never shown the slightest interest in his tastes.

"Yes," he said; "if I only had 'em the world would be a different place, and then I could copy 'em, and be sure I was doing something good, and now I don't know whether I do right or wrong. I am afraid I make a mess of things just drawing what takes my fancy." He explained all this, for something in his master's expression encouraged him.

"Well, I'll give you that engraving of the Madonna you so much admired if you don't strike, and exert your influence to dissuade the others."

"You don't mean the Sistine," Leigh almost screamed,—"*the one over the fireplace?*"

Mr. Fairling nodded, and the workman stood perfectly still. The boy found the situation extremely laughable. The artisan, with his clothes all patches, his large eyes wandering everywhere, considering whether he should go on strike or accept an engraving of the Sistine Madonna, appeared a highly ludicrous figure. Mr. Fairling was wholly absorbed in thinking whether he would be successful in settling this grave business matter. Leigh was smitten with intolerable anguish. All his life he had striven, he had struggled and wrestled to satisfy his love of art. After the long day's work he had often sat till the early hours of the dawn busily engaged with his pencil or brush. He had tramped miles to take some lessons from a poor old artist that he had hunted up in a neighbouring town. These were the days before the opening of galleries to the multitude, and he had seen so little, and was conscious to the full of his loss. He, with his scanty knowledge, his vivid imagination, his great hope, had been haunted for years by the nearness of the great world of art, to which he could not enter. Now it seemed to him that if he possessed the picture he could go into it at will. Along with this strained artistic sensitiveness he possessed a loyal, simple nature. The trade union was not to him the tyranny depicted by the historian

or novelist. It never entered his head to discuss the right of the individual to take work or leave it as he chose. His union was for him a government to which he owed obedience, a bond that united him to his fellow-workmen, that guarded his and their interests. In breaking this he was not only false to his friends, but imperilled their welfare. To his truthful, unsophisticated mind no disguise of those facts were possible. The boy observed his struggles with amusement, and went and fetched the picture and placed it in his hands.

As Leigh clutched it he realised that if he left it behind he would pass into a darkness out of which the face would for ever gaze, ghastly in its unsubstantiality, terrible in its reproach. Before that vision the solid realities of life paled. What cared he for better wages, shorter hours, nay even for his duty to his fellow-men?

"I agree," he answered hoarsely, "and if I don't strike, and don't urge others to do the same, there will be a sufficient number of men at the mill to keep the work going."

It was settled that after this agreement it would be wiser for Mr. Fairling first to dismiss the others, and that afterwards Leigh, with his picture, should go alone.

As Leigh in a little while took his way to the dirt-begrimed town, pressing every now and again the parcel to make sure that his treasure was safe, there were mingled tears of exquisite happiness and bitter sorrow in his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

THE strike was scotched through the efforts and example of Leigh; but some of the men, including Mark Ryder, Othniel Stone and Benjamin Emmersil, and a few others, held to their original determination. Mr. Fairling congratulated himself on following his son's advice. At first the treachery of his conduct lay very lightly on Leigh's soul. He started to copy his picture. He attempted only a pencil sketch. Leigh had no thought of being presumptuous. He would have allowed without demur that to make even a fair copy was far beyond his power. He drew because he had no choice. To the artist the beauty that soothes our nerves, that clears for a moment the mist of low desires from our eyes, bears the imperative message, "Go thou and do likewise." The poor ignorant workman, not knowing the thousand voices in which the command may be uttered, obeyed the only one he heard. He had never been so happy in his life. Every line that his pencil sketched thrilled his nerves, and seemed to bring him closer to the ineffable beauty for which his soul had thirsted all his days.

Meanwhile he had no eyes for the thin men and women that walked the streets. Since his betrayal he had never seen Ben, Mark, or Othniel, and he did not know how desperate was their need or how bitter was their wrath against him. The want of work was telling very hardly on them all. A child of Mark's, whom he had loved with all the passionate vehemence of his nature, was slowly dying for want of food. Little stout Ben was getting very thin, and with every quarter of a pound of flesh he lost his eyes grew larger and fiercer. Othniel, who with the aid of a hard-working wife had managed by slow degrees to furnish a little home of more than usual comfort and nicety, now carried his little bookshelves, his pretty chairs, to the secondhand dealer with his usual stoicism, and comforted and assuaged his gentle little wife. "Think how much happier we are than the Ryders with their children—their little girl is dying fast, and the others are pinched and wan," he said. Inwardly Othniel thanked God for His mercy in taking his two children long ago; otherwise he doubted whether he would have the strength for the deed which he, Ben and Mark had resolved to commit. He was not like Mark, whose frenzy at the idea of losing one child drove all consideration for the others out of his head. If Othniel's children had lived he could not so easily have risked a death on the scaffold.

Of all this misery Leigh, in his art absorption, saw and heard nothing for long. The day at last came when his eyes were opened. He always gave a considerable part of his wages to a married sister who had a large family, and who was always dinning her wants into his ears. One evening, when he was as usual busy with his picture, he heard the sound of hissing. He rose and looked out, and there, marching down the street, was his sister, a gorgeous red feather in her hat, a new shawl, and every sign of luxury that an artisan's wife can show. The source of all this grandeur was quite well known, and as she proudly strutted past the public-house near the men sent ugly glowering glances at her, and the women and children called her names in shrill piping voices. The contrast between this woman, well nourished and well clad, and the thin pale faces round was only too marked. When she came upstairs to Leigh she said, "I always did say you were right to stick to your work. What fools these people be, and they are angry with people that have more sense."

"You told me," answered Leigh, "that your children needed clothing."

"Not worse than I did a shawl," she answered quickly.

When his sister left him he resumed his drawing, but there were horror and guilt in his soul. He continued till, perhaps, it was about

one o'clock in the morning. The candle was getting low, the air in the room was chill and damp. A wind had arisen, and was moaning, and at intervals through the large black clouds shone the white cold moon. Leigh was thinking that it was time he should go to bed when there sounded a rattling at his door. Ben, Mark and Othniel stood before him, and Ben held a gun. Leigh rose and faced them. There was sadness but no terror in his face. "It is just," he said, "but be kind to me and grant me one little favour."

"Send the d——d traitor to hell!" grunted Ben. "My child is dead, kill him at once!" shouted Mark. Only Othniel remained cold and quiet. He too had suffered, but he was less occupied with his wrongs and more conscious of the solemn mission he had to fulfil. He was not like Ben, wild with pain, and eager to wreak it on an object. He was, according to his own idea, carrying out a most sacred duty. To Othniel the union was a confederacy against a tyranny that threatened to devour his class, and treachery in one of its members a social crime of the worst kind. The fineness of his feeling was shown in that, though he felt a perfect hatred and contempt for Leigh, he desired that he should suffer no unnecessary pang besides that which justice, as he conceived it, demanded.

"What is it you wish?" he said.

"I have nearly finished my picture, and I would like to leave it completely done. This will seem a silly fancy, but for it I betrayed you, and somehow my mind would be more at ease if I finished my drawing."

"As long as the candle lasts you may paint," pronounced Othniel. A cry of execration went up from the other men at this slight reprieve. "Are we to stand catching our deaths of cold while the d——d scoundrel amuses himself scratching a lot of lines? My child is dead; why should he live a moment longer?" shrieked Mark hysterically.

With an expression of pain on his face Leigh seated himself and took up his pencil. The moon now shone clearly, lighting up the attic with its whitewashed walls, the plain deal furniture. Othniel went to the window to look out. The house stood high. A great expanse of sky with silver-fringed clouds lying still was visible. Below lay a wide extent of houses, looking fantastically and beautifully shaped in the dim light, and far away, in misty whiteness, lay the outline of the distant northern hills. Othniel had no sense of incongruity between the scene and the deed of bloodshed so soon to be committed. Rather he felt in his vague way that an unseen

power approved his course. "God himself could not deny the justice of the action," he muttered.

Ben once more said it was a d——d shame to let the job hang on in this fashion, while Mark stared continually around him ; but on whatever object his eyes fixed themselves he saw nothing but a dead child's face, and in every soft whisper of the wind heard only the wail of his little one in pain. Meanwhile the steady scratch of the pencil was heard, and by slow degrees the man whose death was to satisfy the pain, the wrath, the love of justice that surged in each breast drew all attention to himself. He was working quietly and constantly, wholly absorbed in his occupation, undisturbed by the fate that lay so near him. Even Ben's anger was modified. "He's not a coward, at any rate," he muttered. Mark forgot for a moment his dead child, and instead was haunted by the memories of the work they had done together. Only Othniel looked harder and colder, for the courage of Leigh only made his duty the more difficult. Then at last the workmen began to be interested in Leigh's drawing. His fancy for the pencil and brush had always been regarded as the one weak spot in an exceptionally clever man. A whim pursued in the very jaws of death is treated with indulgence. Mark was the first to come under an influence none of them had ever felt in their lives before. "That be a rare beautiful woman tho'rt trying to copy," he said.

"Yes, it is the Mother of Christ," answered Leigh without stopping.

"Then I suppose our little Mary will be with her," went on the man, who, uneducated, frenzied, with murder in his heart, was not deficient in religious feelings. "I don't think I'd mind a woman like that having charge of our Mary," he added naively. Yet surely the genius of Raphael has not received a higher tribute. All this time Othniel had been following the motions of the pencil and tracing its course with his clear, questioning intellect. Gradually he discovered that every touch was adding to the beauty of the face and increasing the truth of the resemblance. The sense that Leigh in his work was not following a careless fancy, but some definite inward law and ideal, was for the first time realised by him. Till now he had always felt the same good-humoured contempt for Leigh's love of art as for a woman's taste for finery. Now he was clearly conscious that a love of something infinitely fine and high was guiding the thin knotty hand of the workman who had betrayed his comrades.

The candle began to splutter. Leigh fixed it up higher on an old box, so that he might turn the flickering, unsteady light to the

best advantage. The men crowded closer round and gazed continually at his copy and the picture. Their minds, so long imprisoned in their ignorance, opened to the mystery and holiness that lies at the core of all pure beauty. They did not exclaim how beautiful, how lovely, but their hearts softened towards their friend, and the crime that had appeared so base and unpardonable to them was judged less harshly. The candle went out, but the moonlight bathed the Madonna of the workman and of the genius in glory.

"I am ready," said Leigh quietly; "I have finished. I have acted most badly towards you. God knows I suffered when I saw the pale faces of the women and children to-night."

It was Mark, impulsive as usual, who spoke first. "I forgive him the death of my child. There cannot be badness in a heart that draws a woman like yon. He's made me think o' my child's happiness in the other world, and I don't blame him for seeking to copy that holy face and for forgetting us."

Othniel spoke, as usual when he was much moved, with slow deliberation. "I'd always prided myself on knowing all the sorts of goodness in the world and being just to every man. But thou hast shown me there's a something fine in the earth of which I had not dreamed, and though I thought that no deed had ever been so black as yours, I'll not judge it now."

"I can scarcely bear your kindness," answered Leigh.

"Supposing I kill you after all," said Ben, playing with the gun. His wrath had been conquered too under the influence of the others and admiration for Leigh's courage. He did not in the least wish now to murder Leigh, but his malicious nature could not resist the chance of playing on a man's hopes and fears. He handled his weapon awkwardly, and knocked the trigger, and no one was more horrified than he when Leigh fell down with a heavy thud.

They bore him tenderly to his bed. He was wounded to death, and he knew it.

"It's only just," he muttered feebly. "Even the face of the Mother of God has looked angrily at me this last hour."

Instinctively they did him the one kindness in their power. They brought the pictures close to him, and placed them where he could see them till the mists of death hid them from his sight for ever.

ISAAC WATTS AS AN EDUCATIONIST.

1674-1748.

“EVERY man,” says Dr. Samuel Johnson, “acquainted with the common principles of human action will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year.” Dr. Johnson looks on Isaac Watts as the introducer if not of culture, at least of polished diction amongst the Dissenters. Yet greatly as he admires the humility of the man who can “descend from the dignity of science” to teach children, of the man who can preach the gospel of culture, yet it is the essential goodness of Watts that gets hold of Samuel Johnson. “It is difficult to read a page,” he says, “without learning or at least wishing to be better. . . . He that sat down only to reason is, on a sudden, compelled to pray.”

Isaac Watts was so versatile a writer that it is difficult to say in which subject of writing he achieves his greatest distinction. As a preacher, poet, philosopher, he attained a considerable reputation, and in these respects, especially amongst the members of his own denomination, he has probably received his due recognition. Little, however, seems to be known of him as an educationist, except, indeed, that he wrote the famous *Divine and Moral Songs for Children*. At these the modern reader or hearer is inclined to smile in a superior manner, forgetting that they were published in 1720, when writing “to the capacity of children” was, to say the least, very rare. Let the carper at the *Divine and Moral Songs* produce, let us not say a better, but any work written solely for the benefit of children at an earlier date than 1720. Then will be the time to speak slightly, if necessary, of Dr. Watts’s book. In the meantime the *Divine and Moral Songs* require to be given their position in the history of education.

But in an account of Dr. Isaac Watts as an educationist, nothing, I think, deserves a prior place to “An Essay towards the Encouragement of Charity Schools, particularly those which are

supported by Protestant Dissenters for teaching the Children of the Poor to Read and Work." The whole essay is filled with the spirit of a good man, and it is seen at once that Watts belongs to the philanthropic school of educationists, and is to be placed as a fellow-thinker, or rather fellow-feeler, with Pestalozzi and John Pounds. He would have teachers diligent and careful in their proper duty, prudent to deal with children according to their temper, age, and capacity, and tender and compassionate to the children of the poor. The aims of teachers, managers, and supporters must be "very sincere" for the public good.

But sound as are these views, more impressive is Dr. Watts's attitude towards some of the larger questions of education as to which we of this generation have attained to convictions—due in no small measure to the earnest pleading of such men as Isaac Watts and their successors. Take, for example, the idea of universal education and the education of girls. I do not wish in any way to suggest that Isaac Watts is the originator of either idea. Of the idea of universal education, it would seem that the first effective exponent of it was John Amos Comenius (1592-1671), when he said: "We design for all who have been born human beings, general instruction to fit them for everything human." And as to the education of women, the same writer said: "Equally are they (women) God's image; equally are they partakers of grace and of the kingdom to come; equally are they furnished with minds agile and capable of wisdom, yea, often beyond our sex. . . . Do we fear their rashness? The more we occupy their thoughts, the less room will there be in them for rashness, which springs generally from vacuity of mind."

But if Isaac Watts is not the originator of these ideas he is at any rate their valiant supporter.

As to the education of the masses, Watts inquires as to the objections. It is said, he points out, that it is the business of the poor to labour, not to think! They ought to do as they are bid—without reasoning. Surely, he says, the thought of these thousands on thousands, stupidly ignorant, ought to raise some compassion in our hearts. Otherwise can we be said to have any tenderness in our souls? And again, how about the Golden Rule? Suppose you or I had been born poor, should we think it very Christian of our wealthier neighbours to keep back this great gift of education? God is the maker of rich and poor, and He has not always made the richest the *brightest* of men. Here is a fine passage on this point:

"There may be here and there a fine and sparkling genius born

in cottages ; there may be some bright souls amongst the poorest of mortals. . . . Why should the world be deprived of all the benefit that might be drawn from such ingenious minds, under the care of a happy education? Let them at least be taught to know their letters and have a way made for their brighter talents to discover themselves. Diamonds of a noble lustre are taken from common earth, and every diamond is rough or cloudy till it is cut and polished. If there should happen to be a vein of silver mixed with the leaden ore, why should it be denied the favour of the refining-pot, since Nature seems to have made it on purpose to shine and glitter?" There—more completely expressed—is our modern notion of "From the Gutter to the University."

Watts then draws attention to the danger to the state of confining the poor to "such shameful degrees of profound ignorance." It is the ready way to bring confusion and even slavery on a whole nation. For such people are the fittest tools for ambition, tyranny, treason, and public mischief. "A silly noisy word or a foolish rhyme tost about through such a brutal multitude has raised and fired a whole country into sedition and treason. Our British annals are the frequent witnesses of this madness in those ancient days when our forefathers could neither read nor write." It is knowledge which preserves and secures a sense of true freedom in the minds of men. "Samson was not put to grind in the mill till he had lost his eyes. And if we are agreed to prevent light from striking into the souls of the multitude, it is possible that in some few generations it may come to our turn to grind in the mill too." Of course Watts does not forbear to plead that stupid ignorance "fits and prepares the minds of the poor for all the superstitions and iniquities of the Popish Church." But, even if they escape this calamity, their sound or unsound religion is chance, without knowledge. "It is all a mere matter of stupid mechanism. Whether they are in the church or the street, in a fleet or an army, it is like a cloud of bodies without souls. And can such a set of creatures when they are grown up to the age of men and know nothing, can they be either acceptable to God in their pretences to religion, or can they be useful to Great Britain in its best interests?"

Watts is particularly indignant that, with all the conveniences for improving the mind that come to us through printed books, through ignorance of the art of reading these are lost. It is as if the rich in their ill-natured pride and scorn said: "Because they are born in extreme poverty, let them live and die in darkness."

But this is not all. If men are not educated as children, they

will be less responsive to a sense of truth, honesty, and faithfulness. How could children become worse labourers, worse servants, worse ploughmen, or soldiers by learning in "the word of God what duties they owe to men"? Finally, Watts insists that the poor will lose so much chance of happiness in their leisure hours if they have not been taught in youth. "*At best* we can only suppose them to sit whole families together in the long winter evenings and talk scandal of their neighbours, because their minds were never furnished with better subjects of conversation."

Such are the considerations urged by Watts in reply to the objections that the poor do not need education. But Watts does not fail to notice and answer those other objections which are not altogether passed out of currency to-day. For instance, there is a great want of ploughmen and labourers in the country, and poor boys will never submit to this if they once get acquaintance with books and knowledge. Or will they not become haughty and wasteful?

In short, this essay is an acute piece of reasoning, in which Watts has carefully thought out the position of the objectors, and has most ably elaborated concise and crushing answers. Yet whilst it is the logic which convinces, it is the deep humane feeling which impresses us. "For my part," he says in one place, "I wish that there was not the meanest figure of mankind in Great Britain, whether employed in the drudgeries of a family or holding the plough, but knew how to read his Bible, that he might be better acquainted with his duty in this world and the way to attain happiness in the next."

With regard to the second great question of education that I mentioned as treated by Watts—the education of girls—his views may be found in "A Discourse on the Education of Children and Youth." He is speaking of the desirability of bringing up children to some trade or employment, even if they have not to earn their living. He gives rules for the training of sons. He then goes on:

"But you will say then, what business of life must daughters be brought up to? I must confess, when I have seen so many of the sex who have lived well in the time of their childhood, grievously exposed to many hardships and poverty upon the death of their parents, I have often wished there were more of the callings or employments of life peculiarly appropriated to women, and that they were regularly educated in them, that there might be a better provision made for their support."

Watts then makes a tentative suggestion, which is interesting, however impracticable :

“What if all the garments which are worn by women were so limited and restrained in the manufacture of them, that they should all be made only by their own sex? This would go a long way toward relief in this case. And what if some of the easier labours of life were reserved for them only? But this is not my province.”

These positions, perhaps, are not so pronounced as many writers and thinkers of to-day would wish, but they at least show that Watts had started in the direction in which developments have actually taken place in regard to the employments of women as extended beyond the domestic circle, and in adequate and appropriate preparation for them. After such a passage no one will be surprised to hear that Watts holds that education is as important for girls as boys.

“As the sons of a family should be educated in the knowledge of writing, reading, spelling, and accounts, so neither should the daughters be trained up without them. Reading is as needful for one sex as the other; nor should girls be forbidden to handle the pen, or cast up a few figures, since it may be very much for their advantage in almost all circumstances of life, except in the very lowest rank of servitude or hard labour.”

The position of women naturally determines the education of girls. Isaac Watts puts the question in the form natural to the age in which he lived when he treats “Of proper Degrees of Liberty and Restraint in the Education of Daughters.” He realises the blessing of liberty, and the evil of a too rigid restraint. But he sees that, after all, training is a *via media* between licence and constraint. “But oh! how exceeding difficult it is to hit the middle way! How hard for parents to manage their own authority with so much gentleness, and to regulate the liberties of their children with so wise a discipline, as to fall into neither extreme, nor give unhappy occasion for censure.” Nevertheless, Watts states it as his opinion—it may be styled “old-fashioned,” but it is of great weight—“it is safer to err on the side of restraint than of excessive indulgence.”

Isaac Watts has the old-world manner when he is dealing with girls' education. He evidently had read the “Spectator” of Addison and Steele, and imbibed something of their spirit, though without losing his own individual point of view. This will be made clear by giving Watts's example of a girl, Antigone, brought up by a grandmother with narrowness and austerity. Antigone, when she becomes a mother, determines that her children shall have a happier, freer time. Her observations, *mutatis mutandis*, would stand for many modern mothers. “In my younger times,” said Antigone, “we were kept hard to the labour of the needle, and spent six hours a day at it, as

though I were to get my bread by my finger-ends ; but a little of that business shall serve these children, for their father has left them good fortunes of their own.

"We were not suffered to read anything but the Bible and sermon books ; but I shall teach mine politer lessons out of plays and romances, that they may be acquainted with the world betimes.

"My elder sister was scarce ever allowed to speak in company till she was married, and it was a tiresome length of years before that day came. The old proverb ran thus, 'That a maiden must be seen and not heard' ; but I hope my little daughters will not be dumb.

"We were always confined to dwell at home, unless some extraordinary occasion called us abroad ; perhaps once in a month, or twice in a summer. We were taught to play the good housewife in the kitchen and the pastry [*? pantry*], and were well instructed in the conduct of the broom and the duster ; but we knew nothing of the modes of the Court and the diversions of the town. I should be ashamed to see these young creatures, that are under my care, so awkward in company at fourteen as I was at four-and-twenty.

"And thus young Antigone brought up her young family of daughters agreeable to her own loose notions, for she *had formed her sentiments of education merely from the aversion she had conceived to the way of her elders*, and chose the very reverse of their conduct for her rule, because their piety and wisdom had a little alloy of rigour and stiffness attending it.

"The young things, under their mother's eye, could manage the tea-table at ten years old, when they could scarce read a chapter in the New Testament. At fourteen they learned the airs of the world ; they gad abroad at their pleasure, and will hardly suffer Antigone to direct them, or go with them ; they despise the old woman betimes, for they can visit without her attendance, and prattle abundantly without her prompting.

"She led or sent them to the playhouse twice or thrice a week, whence a great part of their natural modesty is worn off and forgotten ; modesty, the guard of youthful virtue ! They can talk love-stories out of Cleopatra ; they are well practised already in the arts of scandal, and for want of better furniture of mind, emptiness and impertinence, ribbons and fashions, gay gentlemen and wanton songs ever dwell upon their tongues." . . .

There is the one picture ; the other is illustrated by the example of Phronissa.

Her children were taught Scripture stories and even recited them

before they could read them. They were taught to read biographies. They were warned against the danger and mischief of plays and romances. Collier's "View of the Stage" was early put in their hands, so that they might read in it "enough to forbid their attendances on the playhouse, and see the poison exposed, without danger of the infection." As for reading in general, the books within their reach were such as could not corrupt in word or images. Care, too, was taken that servants that waited on them should be well-conducted and well-spoken persons.

As to the subjects of education, these were to be in connection with family affairs, for nature, history, and Scripture assure us that the conduct of the household is committed to the women, and that these are based on domestic virtues. Phronissa's children, therefore, "knew betimes what belonged to the provisions of the table, and the furniture of every room." The kitchen was visited and common menial affairs were explained, and in every way the girls were prepared so "as to be able hereafter to manage their own house, and not to be directed, imposed upon, and perhaps ridiculed, by their own servants."

"The science of the needle" was taught, and they were "bred up skilful in all the plain and flowery arts of it; but it was never made a task nor a toil to them, nor did they waste their hours in those nice and tedious works which cost our female ancestors seven years of their life and stitches without number." The poor were to have garments made for them, and reading and conversation to accompany the work of sewing.¹ The song and the dance were taught to her children. They were taught how to pay visits, and encouraged to talk about something which was sensible and impressing on those occasions. The children were "charged to speak well of their neighbours as far as truth would admit," and to be silent as to any thing further. To those "who laboured in the word and doctrine, Phronissa paid double honours."

Are Phronissa's children never suffered to see the world? "Yes, and sometimes without the guard of a mother too; though Phronissa is so well beloved by her children, that they would very seldom choose to go without her. . . . They have freedom given them, in all the common affairs of life, to choose for themselves; but

¹ Is Isaac Watts the originator of the idea of reading at Dorcas sewing meetings? Watts's exact words are (speaking of Phronissa and her children): "Thus while their hands were making garments for themselves or for the poor, their minds were enriched with treasures of human and divine knowledge."

they take pleasure, for the most part, in referring the choice back again to their elders."

Such is the maternal education for girls proposed by Isaac Watts, and clearly its spirit has been the view of the families of the better classes of the Dissenters. It would not seem, in the ideal presented, to include so high an intellectual training as would now be demanded ; but it may be safely added, that the moral aspect and the life-aims presented by Watts cannot in the education of girls be neglected, nor indeed be allowed to sink into a secondary position.

FOSTER WATSON.

A VISION OF TREES.

THIS is really a chapter of reminiscences, and not exactly a series of pictures, still less a scientific or botanical effort, for as I write I am removed far from the places in which I saw the sights described ; and therefore I have entitled the sketch "*A Vision of Trees.*" A vision indeed it is ; for I see these old friends only with the mind's eye now ; and if to some readers it may seem that I wax too poetical, too lyrical, my excuse must be that all loved objects thus seen through a mist of absence and regret are touched with a glamour that, it may be, in part belongs only to the mind that reproduces. But to me these trees of which I write are all individual. I could take you to the various spots and introduce you to them ; ask you to try with your arms to span that bole, to observe the angular character of this branching, and the smooth, straight tapering of that other ; to observe this bark all fretted, fissured, with the records of rain channels writ in deeper mossy olive-greens, and that other so smooth, glossy, shining ; to touch the leaves, and observe the veinings, and now and then to note a canker, or a great wen or wart or gall, that seems only to give more characteristic expression ; or an abnormal leaning of growth to one side ; or, again, an exceptional twist or determination that tells of a tendency to departure from the general habit of the class to which the tree belongs.

Let me, then, lead you through an imaginary walk, along lonely roads and lanes and byways, connected here and there by footpaths, and along hedgesides that I know well. You notice how proudly the trees stand in the hedgerows, and so close that, seen from a little distance at any point, the country all round looks delightfully wooded ; though in place-names it tells of heaths and commons, it is nowadays almost all arable or meadow land, with just bits of coppice and little groups of trees dotted in, as if with the finest regard to general effect, as you view it from the road or from a distance.

You see before you along that rather straight bit of road a number of hollies rising from the hedgerow. How is it that the holly in such a situation, never trimmed nor pruned in any way,

always has a kind of nodding or leaning look? It is a wise tree and an economical—it turns itself in the direction that it suffers least from winds or other causes; and when it happens to lean into a field where there are cattle, and it is interfered with, it will gather itself up, and away, and put forth its power of growth on the other side; and though I would not pin my faith to Southey's poem, I know from direct observation that it is chary of going on from year to year growing spines down below, where there is little or no necessity for them. Though a somewhat stiff-looking and hard-leaved tree, it has a delicacy of sense and perception all its own. It is perhaps the cleverest of all the evergreens in adaptation, as well as in cheery energy; and well it is that it is so, for many of our non-migratory birds mainly depend on it in severe winters for sustenance; and its bright red berries form one of the finest bits of colour in the depth of winter.

Some people admire the holly clipped and trimmed into fantastic shapes. I know a house—truly a little gem in the field of the picturesque—where two big birds on either side seem to nod to you a welcome as you approach the gates; and another where, on the lawn as you enter, you see two big holly baskets with high handles, out of which in the season grow immense tiger lilies—a very fine effect indeed. But there, as in so many cases where man forces his own whimsical ideas upon Nature, the holly seems largely to lose its character, and though it strikes you at a little distance with much the same feeling as do poems cut and carved into the shape of altars and hearts and stars on the printed page, yet on closer observation you feel disappointed to find that the constant and judicious trimming into fixed shape has robbed the tree not only of some vitality, but also of its wild and free spirit, if one may say so. Recommend me to Nature in the free and natural.

Hollies always by some law of association suggest thorns; but, so far as we have observed, the thorns, though with many virtues of their own, are less adaptive, ingenious, and self-helpful than the hollies. They do less for themselves; Nature does more. But what a lovely tree is a big redthorn (which is just the whitethorn, or may, with more red than usual in the flowers). There in that meadow, close to a farmhouse, which you can just see from here and which presently you will reach, we shall in a moment come on one that has stood the battle and the breeze of more than a century. You would scarcely believe that a thorn could grow such a dome, spreading evenly around. And then, in the early summer, what a sight it is with its blushing blossom! It is then all fretted over

as with snow into which red rain had fallen overnight, and mixed with it lovingly, and remained for beauty, and when the sun shines on it at early morn its upper flowers glimmer like stars. And what a bole for a thorn-tree ! You would in vain attempt to span it with your arms outstretched.

And not far off, over in yonder corner, railed round for safety to cattle, is an old yew which perhaps supplied bows to the yeomen for ages in the time when, as Conan Doyle tells, "the bow was made of yew wood, of true wood." It holds up its head right bravely to get the most it can from the summer sun and air, and when the wind blows it sighs, with just a hint of a creak in the sigh ; when it is in flower, and the wind blows hard or you forcibly strike the tree, you could believe that faint smoke then issues from it, as the late Laureate said the yew did when it got a random stroke. Strong winds beat it into smoke as well as the woodman's staff. The trunk is irregular—like a number of trunks that had at first intended to be separate, then suddenly changed their minds and united ; and some parts of these seem to be eaten into and hollow : it looks fluted—indeed it does—and might have suggested a Corinthian pillar. Still, there is green enough to supply sap to the centenarian, for his crown flourishes, though in parts the bole tends in colour to ashy grey-blue below, and it seems hollow and eaten away at others. What a history that tree has seen ; turmoils, revolutions, many generations have come and gone in its time. It knows no end of family griefs, of scandals and wickednesses and comedies, and the vices and the tragedies which they breed. If it were a talking yew, as our great poet feigned a talking oak, what a tale of mingled joy and sorrow, of comedy and tragedy, it could unfold ! When you look close, indeed, in spite of smoothness prevailing in the bark, it has a wrinkled, secretive, familiar, and yet uncanny look. It is fitted to be a totem tree, to have charms or relics of sacrifice hung upon it, to carry secrets, to be linked with the changing fortunes of men, as indeed it has been.

The dark sombre green changes through a definite range as the circling seasons pass, and in the later spring glows jewel-like at the tips of the branches ; but the yew remains funereal, and that not by the association of churchyards alone, where it lingers largely still, but to a greater degree used to flourish, the companion of the cypress. It is a tree of omen, in our idea, even more than is the ash ; it has no bright shades, no dancing leaves, to relieve and to lighten it : it is always dark, sombre, whispering, as it were, spells or secrets or incantations. It is plumed, heavy, massive, moves altogether if it moves at all, and

knows no condescending or relenting. It mutters alike when asleep or when awake, at the noonday hour or at midnight. Birds do not care in numbers to settle in it, and all other animals are warned away from it. It holds the onlooker by weird fascination rather than by beauty ; it is the wizard or the witch of trees, and it is not well for man or beast to shelter under it, for it may endow them with unhealthy dewes instead of with medicinal gums. Let us take one last look at the old hoary giant, and turn away to something lighter, brighter, more suggestive of joy and hope.

As we turn away with a doubt if it be true that in Nature there is nothing melancholy, as if to reassure us our eye lights on a glorious sight. It is the maple in its trim compactness, like a lady drawing her semi-transparent green dress close about her. The leaf is small, but finely shaped, and much of the effect of fulness of foliage is due to the exquisite manner in which the leaves arrange themselves on the branches. When the autumn comes this tree will speedily pass into a veritable burning-bush ; the leaves remain well on the branches, but get uniformly of a fiery colour, and then suddenly fall all at once. Hence the utter truth of these lines of Lord Tennyson in "In Memoriam" :

Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away.

This is precisely the idea that the maple gives in autumn : it *burns itself away*.

In the little garden or lawn in front of that farmhouse which we shall pass on our right stands a lordly cedar, which gives an air of something superior to the low-built lath-and-plaster house, as many of the dwellings are in this region. We must go up and examine it more closely. See how rough and irregularly seamed the bark of the bole is. It looks exactly as though it had failed to increase all that was needful as the tree grew, and got crackled and split up all round. The branches, when touched by the wind, move up and down with a seesaw kind of movement, and, striking out almost directly horizontal from the stem, give one the idea of a swaying, or rather, perhaps, a floating or sailing, motion. The new green with which, in the spring, the tree renews its waste of the year is of a most delicious deep rich tone ; yet sometimes, when the sun strikes it, seems in comparison with the darker needles much lighter than it really is, and on the points of the branches has a semi-transparent look. No tree has more of dignity and poetry about it. There is a sense of easy, if not lazy, languor mixed with stateliness—an Oriental reserve

and dignity, as if constantly making restrained salaams—in its movement, as though it were of all trees most high-bred, aristocratic, and indifferent to trifles. Birds are fond to rest and nest in its branches. And it is aristocratic in another sense too. It disdains to submit to any indignity in the shape of the touch of knife or saw. Many cedar trees I have seen on which ignorant folk had operated, lopping off the lower branches, which, it may be, in their idea swept too far over lawn or walk, and interfered with coming or going or with light. But the cedar will revenge itself before very long. Ten to one ere a few years have elapsed it will show bare branches here and there, dry and crackling, whilst on others it will preserve a semblance of life. But it will pine and wither away sooner than else it would have done, reminding everyone who looks on it that any cut goes to its very heart, and that it never recovers a blow. Like some persons of fine, sensitive natures, to be struck is to be humiliated and robbed for ever of all spirit.

Lord Tennyson, who seems to have studied every tree and caught something of its secret, has presented the very spirit of the cedar in “Maud”:

O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East?
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honeyed rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came. . . .
Here will I lie, while these long branches sway.

And now we skirt for a bit a little brook that spreads out here and there to form natural nurseries of watercresses and sedges, and seedling alders, to which not a few birds and other creatures resort; and, in opposition to the natural-history handbooks, I have seen the stately herons, following the example of many wild ducks, go for tender morsels of that watercress, whether as a mere digestive or not I cannot tell; and the water-voles, I am certain, nibbled at it, sitting like squirrels, as well as at the sedges. Dotted along the banks are alders, willows, and hazels—the first a remarkable tree

with its fluted leaf, roundish or almost salt-spoon shape, and its wonderful way of saving its pollen by putting out rings of gummy sweetened glue here and there, to divert sweet-loving ground crawlers from going further to do it harm, and prevent its flowering successfully and fruiting and producing seed. It is a water-loving, water-needing tree, its Latin name, *Alnus glutinosa*, telling clearly of this habit, and also that it was in early days a favourite tree for boats; for *alnus* in the Latin means a boat, and the name of the boat still clings to it, just as does the name spear to the ash in Hebrew, for it is עֲרֹזַיִת, which also means a spear, as in Saxon *æsc* means both ash and spear. Elders, too, close by, spread out their creamy, sweet-domed clusters of flowers, with their dark berries, later on, in clusters too. The hazel's tassels shine like gold before the nuts come, which then, when tender, in some lights shine and twinkle like silver; the willows whisper, literally whisper, and shake out grey upon their green cunningly as the wind blows them.

Down there beyond the brook, in the rising ground, you see a cluster of ashes. One of the latest trees to assume its greenery, it is also one of the earliest to take on the tints of autumn. Its dainty, small, elongated, pinnate leaves suddenly get red in touches here and there, the change, as regards the individual leaves, being almost at once complete. Here, too, a few hawthorns stand among them—earlier, with the white flowers that everyone knows—so that Tennyson's lines are especially true when he speaks of—

Hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Or quarry trenched along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw.

Between us and the ashes, a little to the left, is a line of limes. How they sparkle and reflect the sunlight from their brighter greeny crown, even when autumn's fiery finger has touched them here and there in the lower branches!

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime.

The special glory of the lime is lost when its keys or flowers pass away. When it is in flower it is like a beauty, richly arrayed, with her ringlets loose to the wind, and its scent is delicious and the delight of bees. It is pre-eminently a poetical, a pleasure-giving tree, with an air of debonnair fancy about it. The lower branches often have more of a pendulous character than the upper ones, and have a peculiar lightness in their swaying. As the Laureate says, it is then truly

A summer-house of murmurous wings.

I could never understand how it had been possible for Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock) to omit it altogether in his enumeration of delight-giving trees in his "Pleasures of Life," the more that he has paid so much attention to leaf forms. And there is one very peculiar point about the leaf-stem of the lime. It is so attached to the branch or stem that it can throw off superfluous water by a fine groove right over the leaf itself. It is thus specially protected, so to say, against excess of water lodging on trunk or main branches.

Sometimes a posse of leaves nearest to the stem at the lower point will pass into yellow first, and then on a sunshiny autumn day, when the wind stirs the lower, pendulous branches, the sunlight strikes through on these fading leaves and turns them into twinkling gold, with reflections thrown on the moss-green bole in a constant flickering, changing lustre, and so beautiful an effect that hardly could one believe it credible; it is as though little suns were dancing together on the bole in play. I remember I made a note to the effect that on September 19, 1890, I had sat and gazed and enjoyed this sight. At first I could not believe my eyes; so brilliant was what seemed a shower of shifting gold pieces upon the trunk of the tree that I had to go out and satisfy myself to what the wonderful effect was really due; and often since then have I gone out the better to enjoy the sight, though not again did I need to *verify* it. But what a wondrous thing is education of sense, in this as in some other points. In directing the attention of others, country-bred sometimes, too, I have not succeeded in getting them even to perceive the subtle charms of effect that had captivated me; and so far as I could get to a theory of it, it was that not a few subtle effects of nature are not generally perceived at all through neglect of early attention to the phenomena. Often in my raptures have I been chilled down by "'Tis no different from any other tree," &c.

As we turn round by this pond, populous with its ducks and geese, we suddenly see on the right a gently rising slope, which, being of very sandy soil, the owner many years ago wisely planted with pines. They have flourished. And by what nice instinct did he set a line of sturdy Scotch firs along the crest, and dot in at corners here and there others of these trees, like strong sentinels, to warn and to ward off an enemy, though it were but the winds, east and north—or, if no more could be done, to face it and to break its force before it could dash itself against the tenderer spruces, with their waving plumes of green, that, like Wordsworth's cloud, though unlike the branches of most trees, move altogether if they move at all. There is a big-boned, brawny, irregular, rugged, high-cheek-boned independence

about these Scotch firs that seems somehow admirably to justify the suggestion of nationality in the name. There they stand, regularly ranged, shoulder to shoulder, like a regiment standing at ease ; and when the scroll of fiery sunset backs them it is, indeed, as though these trees, rising tier above tier in steady uniformity, were an army, with its scarlet banners, all ready for the march and only waiting the word of command. There is always something of this dimly felt on looking at a pine plantation, and it holds more or less of all the coniferous trees when grouped in masses. The cedars of Lebanon must have been a fine sight before the axes of Syrians and Phœnicians had made havoc there.

Lord Tennyson, in that invitation to the Isle of Wight when college councils had thundered anathemas at Mr. Maurice, tells him about his house, with its

careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down,
where
groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand ;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand.

And, if you please, just let us, in fancy, sit down for a moment by the upper end of this pond and notice some of the tree-growths that so effectively fringe it. Of course there are due representatives of elders and hazels, of willows, and a sallow or two, with the fine relief of colour they give ; but for form and proportion you cannot fail to let the eye dwell with pleasure on the tent-like spread of the blackthorns and wild bullaces, in which the moorhens delight to build. The lower branches of the bullace sweep over the water, actually dipping in ; and all the trees near the margin in sunny weather look on softer and fairer reflections of themselves continually, and seem emulous to outdo their own shadows. And observe that fair birch, standing solitary in the outside range, with so much grace and delicacy, and her branches, like a maiden's ringlets, that shake as she moves or runs, and seem fitfully to flutter with strange sound when there is no wind. And who of artists has yet painted truly the bark of the birch ? It falls off in wedge-like bits, leaving little portions darker. Only two I can recall—Sir John Millais in "Winter Fuel," and John MacWhirter in "The Three Graces."

My friend Mr. Thomas McKie, of Edinburgh, in a lovely poem ¹

¹ See *Lyrics and Sonnets*, Second Series. David Douglas : Edinburgh. 1903.

celebrating "Lady Birch, Botanic Gardens," has caught this special point about the birch and rendered it happily :

Soon as summer's gladsome time
Clothes thy bark with silver rime,
Lads and lasses loiter round
On the turf-clad, daisied ground.

Mr. McKie observes too and celebrates the sensitive flutterings of the birch leaves :

When wavering down like maiden's tress
Thou wooest the gentle air's caress :
The gentle air, that hardly stirs
The topmost cone of oldest firs,
Can play such havoc with thy leaves
As only watchful Muse conceives,
When she beholds them heaving, bending,
Now downward-drooping, and ascending ;
Each fluttering leaflet offering due
Obeisance to the cloudless blue. . . .
I can find no gloom around thee,
And no shadows e'er confound thee :
Ever lightsome, dainty, airy,
Partly tree, and partly fairy :
Full of sunbright hopes and fancies,
Hovering dreams and chaste romances,
Such as maiden's bosom scatters
When fond love for entrance flatters,
And she stoutly doth resent
That which is her nature's bent.

And our poet happily applies and illustrates by the link of human experience and association the constant gentle movement and the subtle sound :

Underneath the twinkling gloom
Of light, feathery, birch-tree bloom :
Tell what hosts of lovers more
Sought thy shade when hope was o'er,
And some consolation found
In thy soothing music's sound.
For thy fate is still to be,
Weeping birch, a lonely tree !
Ah, not lonely, for thou art
Wedded to a poet's heart ;
And as long as lasts his song
Thou shalt live and flourish strong.

As Bailey well said in the "Festus" :

. The world is full of wondrous likenesses ;
The poet's business is to sort them out.

Mr. McKie has justified here the wondrous likeness between a maiden's love and a birch's beauty and sweet, soothing sounds. That poem met my mood as I was dealing with my lovely and lonely birch, which for years now I have not seen with the bodily eye, and but in fancy. I hope my poet will forgive me for stealing so freely from him, and I trust my readers, with the paradoxical perversity of pure delight, will thank me for having stolen so boldly.

And now we shall pass down that lane just skirting the outer bounds of the garden of a friend of mine. Some rare trees are there, forming as it were an outer line of defence against the winds and frosts, as well as providing shade against the hot suns in summer. See that giant with his mighty dome, sending, as it seems, while we pass close under him, his topmost boughs into the very sky. Is that the lordly sycamore, or is it the gigantic elm? It is neither; it is not, perhaps, quite so sky-piercing as the one, nor quite so rich in its green as the other. But it surpasses both as a profitable tree; only let no man plant it himself for the sake of profit, for it is a slow grower—but rather let him, if he can, choose a demesne where it has already found a footing and got a firm hold. It is a monster walnut tree. What a canopy! If you looked in autumn you would soon see what it is, for it is then covered with nuts—a crop sufficient to set up the whole parish with material for pickling. The old saw says that

A dog, a woman, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.

But how could you ever beat that mighty tree, or how, if it developed tap-roots or became root-bound, as walnuts sometimes will, could you ever expose the ramifications of that giant root down below, and relieve it? You would spoil half your garden in the process, and root up no end of roses and flowers, as well as weeds and grasses.

And what magnificent tree is that next to it, just distant enough to have free play of roots and branches? About the height of a lad of twelve from the earth, the mighty bole, as if in growing it had suddenly changed its mind, parts into three different boles, which lift themselves gently away from each other as they heave their branches high in air, making a seat in which the young folk are fain to sit. You say, Is it a beech, for the stem looks smooth and velvety? No, it is a hornbeam, and one of the most impressive in aspect, if in some respects hard to train, of trees. When you carefully examine the stem, and feel round about it, you find that it is oval rather than round.

Next to it is a lordly chestnut, with its deep green, crumpled-looking leaves, and in summer with its rich pyramids of creamy blossom. The leaf of the chestnut, though it is not nearly so beautiful as that of the sycamore, has yet a commanding character of its own. It is really six or seven leaves (sometimes five), gathered round a central hook or nucleus, so admirably adjusted to each other as regards comparative size that nothing could be more sightly or suggest more of vitality and grandeur. The beauty in the design is the almost trowel-shaped front, getting narrower towards the stem, and thus having a bold frill-like aspect when you look upon them thickly massed together.

Beyond is a fine specimen of that very common tree in London, the plane. You may easily know it from among all other trees by the way the bark has of splitting off in irregular round patches from the trunk, varying much in size, leaving spaces that are yellowy light in contrast with the rest. Poetry has consecrated this tree, but mostly, as it appears, in towns, where it is a great consoler, standing smoke well, and keeping green for a long time, though it is rather late in emerging into leaf. Amy Levy sang well of a plane tree in a London square. And I know some in London squares, too, that always refresh my memory of this one.

Over yonder, in the near corner of that shrubbery, is an aspen ; it seems perpetually to quiver, and when a stronger breath of wind comes it appears to shake itself white, as Tennyson has finely noted and beautifully rendered this. And just close to that again is a weeping ash, forming an actual tent, greeny shaded, yet light and airy.

If now you glance to the right you will see that the farmhouse there is screened by a line of poplars. It is a favourite tree for purposes of this kind, because it is a very quick grower ; but it is, unfortunately, also a comparatively short-lived tree, and when one of a group or of a line goes, the rest full surely soon will follow. There is a dainty grace about it, as of a lady gathering up her skirts about her and displaying the neatest of ankles, that she may be perfectly clear of dirt. The branches are slender compared with the size of the trunk, and their straight, upward-slanting character gives the peculiar expression to the tree. The underside of the leaves is of a light greyish tint ; which has given rise to the late Laureate's fine line—for he was a true tree lover, and close observer of their characteristics—

Blasts that blow the poplar white.

But this is even yet more true, perhaps, of some species of the aspen, as just said.

On the left of where we now sit you will see a group of pollard oaks, which in autumn so abundantly drop acorns that not only pigs know them, but wild pigeons and pheasants too, which will come far to find the favourite delicacy ; and the blue-winged jays too will store them in one or other of their repositories. The contrast between the straight, upward-tapering of the poplar branching, and the angular, twisting, or almost contorted-looking character of the oak suggests whether there may not be something in the idea that the length of tree life is determined by the very degree of departure from this upward branching and tapering smoothness. And if you take an oak leaf, and set it beside a poplar leaf or the leaf of a lime or a sycamore, it will perhaps impress itself upon you that there is something in the idea that the leaf really carries with it the whole character of the tree, and in certain respects reproduces its outline. The leaf is the tree, indeed ; the seed is a close-folded leaf, as the bud is. Certainly the seeds of some trees do figure the tree, and more especially is this observable among the cones. If I remember rightly, Dr. Hugh Macmillan, in one of his papers entitled "A Pine Cone," in the "Sunday Magazine," years ago, had some very fine suggestions on this subject. Had I the paper beside me I might be tempted to quote from it. It is as well, perhaps, that I have not, for the curious reader had better find out Dr. Macmillan's article and read it from beginning to end. He will have his full reward in the reading, and thank me for sending him to that delightful article.

What tree is that beyond which, dark almost as ebony in its foliage seen from this point and in contrast to its neighbours, spreads itself tent-like over the grass ? That is a copper beech, one of the handsomest of trees, with a droop in its branches—particularly the lower ones—a little like a weeping willow. In the spring it puts forth greeny buds, and unfolds or uncurls a tiny leaf of green ; for the crimpings of the uprolling are evident for some time after they burst, and look very beautiful, giving a kind of curling effect on the branches, and a springy sense of lightness, despite its dark colour, such as very few trees, save the birch, can boast. The leaf in maturity is of lovely form, and when you look into it you find that the dark tint detracts nothing from its fineness of texture and veinings. In some seasons—and 1890 was one—it changes its hue from light to dark almost in one night. Seen against a row of limes, as it was most familiar to me in front of my own house, its effect is most charming, combining massiveness with lightness in a very remarkable degree, and looking all the more so from the lighter background of green in my own particular case. My friend, Mrs.

Mayo, on leaving a house in Albyn Place, Aberdeen, expressed herself exactly to this effect, regretting her copper beech against the brighter leaves, even though she was going to be still nigh to trees.

It gets touched early by Autumn's fiery finger, and, as in the case of the lime, it often happens that the leaves on the inner twigs go first; and they sway and move when the least wind stirs, like nothing so much as ringlets; and when the sunlight strikes on them through the still darker outer branches, the effect is exactly like that of sunshine on a maiden's yellow hair flowing freely as she runs. It was a source of the purest delight during the whole summer and autumn of 1890, as of several summers and autumns in former years, to look on and to study this tree, which I did almost day by day and hour by hour, with joy in its ceaseless changes and surprises.

As we emerge into the main road we skirt for a little distance the side of a piece of park land in which there are some fine trees; and among them a number of wych elms. The leaf is smaller than in the common elm, but so thick and close are they, and a shade darker in colour, that, seen from a distance, you would suppose them larger. The wych elm is a tree of many associations, and is much referred to by poets. It is well-shaped and stately, with an independent kind of loftiness all its own. In autumn it is soon marked by dots and splashes of fiery colour, but it fades slowly, as though the tree were loth to let its beauty pass, or would fain put in a claim to the virtue of permanence.

A little further on, in again skirting the side of a park-like piece of ground we see a row of beeches, that line its outside limit. What handsome trees they are—how clean of bole, how green of leaf in summer! Thoreau says, if I remember rightly, that no tree has so fine a bole and so handsome an instep as the beech. In this he is right. It is not only that the bole is smooth and velvety, but that the thinning upwards, so to speak, is very gradual, like the mast of a ship, in the finer specimens. The leaf is small and peculiarly delicate in its outline, yet with this combines great strength and decision in the veinings. In the autumn, when other trees get yellow or russet, it becomes brown—as Tennyson says, "that beech will gather brown." The beech loves chalk in the soil, unlike elm and oak, which affect clay, and seldom do you see stretches and clusters of beeches of vast size unless there is chalk in the soil.

Beyond these beeches are a couple of sycamores, truly majestic trees, with lordly height and sweep of branch. The sycamore is one

of the trees that exult in what are called samaras, or winged seeds, in which there is so much art and adaptation to purpose that on this account alone it is well worthy of attention and of study.

There is, perhaps, no lovelier object in nature than the three-pointed, delicately scalloped leaf of the sycamore ; and the manner in which, in the autumn, the samaras are hung from the jointings of the leaves, like the chatelaine at a lady's girdle, illustrates well nature's way of combining economy with grace and beauty. Through their arrangement, easy, yet compact and careful, the seeds, even when they become dry and brown, are beautiful ; and the pair of wings grow in the autumn days more and more like the wing of the dragon-fly, gauzy and reticulated, before they drop to earth or are swept away on the wind. The two wings of the samara are never exactly the same size, or set towards the centre or meeting-point of the seeds at exactly the same angle ; in this at least they are like boomerangs, if in nought else ; sometimes the one wing is the larger, sometimes the smaller ; and in this we seem to have a remarkable provision and provision that the wind, on which they are meant to be carried, should not, even though it does not vary, carry them all one way. I have made many experiments with these samaras, and thrown handfuls of a dozen or more to the wind, and watched them, and seen for how short a distance on the wind they would keep near to each other !

The point about the sycamore that makes it one of the most effective trees in aspect is that, unlike the oak—especially the pollard oak—the breadth in no degree takes from the height ; and, while the branching is very regular, it tends, like some of the planes, in the upper branches to form a spire, not being domed or rounded, but rather pointed and lofty. Lord Tennyson again notes this in the fine lines in “In Memoriam” :

Thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, *towering* sycamore.

I have not spoken of the glimpses we have had in farm and cottage gardens of lilac and laburnum—much affected here. I always think of these two trees as in flower, blue and gold, stars and sky—stars strewn thick in later spring for witness of nature's constancy.

Here our imaginary journey must close. If we have seen any obscure point more clearly, felt, as it were, a new light play round something ordinary and common, I shall feel myself rewarded, and the reader will, it may be, have shared in my reward.

I would fain some day tell in the same way my impressions of some of my familiar friendly trees in town. Whether I shall do so or not may depend on whether readers welcome this one. A tree is a poem, a parable, a picture, meaning much, suggesting more. For this kind of joy in a tree, for the reading of its personal message to humanity, there is no tree like that which grows in a town. Prosperous country trees, in easy park-like circumstances, in social woodland intercourse, or in pampered garden luxury, may have the most to say to each other; but for human intercourse, which for aught we know may be, after all, the chief end of trees, those are to be most desired and celebrated that have lived, suffered, and struggled among us. If you doubt this, turn over your mental pictures and see what vivid ones are those containing town trees. Leigh Hunt, in "The Town," has celebrated some of them in the London of his day. Miss Amy Levy, as we saw, found a poem in a London plane tree. I have been moved to feel poems in London and other towns by chestnuts, thorns, weeping ashes, almond trees (with their pink clusters in early spring on bare black stems), and by how many others? A flush of the Judas tree over a wall in a southern town garden has made my heart beat. I have visions still of the planes and elms of Middelburg, and of the delightful variety and shade of the trees on the old walk from Flushing to that town; the pink horse-chestnuts of Lucerne; the flat but vivid, fluttering lime screens of Haarlem; the lindens at Berlin and at Hanover, in the walk to Herrenhausen, as well as the glorious clumps of the Eilenriede with the great oaks. What tree has seen so much history as a true Parisian tree, or has sheltered so much learning as an Oxford tree? Do you know the trees in the Champs Elysées, or in the Tuileries Gardens, or at the Luxembourg, or at Saint-Cloud, or those that look out between the tall houses in the streets of Antwerp, and the green grace of the trees of Lorraine? All, all combine to make one think of the fine saying, "What a thought was that when God thought of a tree!"

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

JOHN PHILLIPS, THE GEOLOGIST.

OF the making of biographies there is no end. Every person of any mark, and that however small, must nowadays have his life's work immortalised in a voluminous tome; very few men of eminence escape. And yet it happens occasionally that one of high attainments, who has left his unmistakable impress upon the world's life and thought, is not thus honoured. John Phillips, the famous geologist, comes under this category. Although he died more than a quarter of a century ago (1874), his full biography is yet to be written. The fact that he was a bachelor, and had thus no loving son or daughter to keep his memory green, may partly account for the omission. Anyhow, whatever the explanation, we have nothing but scattered notices of his life and work. And yet he was deserving of more, for though possibly not an epoch-marking man of science, like his still more illustrious relative, William Smith, the "father" of geology, he nevertheless was an original thinker and a painstaking investigator who did much towards the lifting of the branch of research with which his name will ever be identified into its present position amongst the exact sciences.

Geology has not long occupied this place; indeed, she may be classed amongst the youngest of the sciences. Until recent times the geologist was a common target for ridicule; the older men of letters appear to have vied in casting contumely and contempt upon him. Cowper pillories him with the "irreligious crowd"; Wordsworth classes him with those Philistines who carve their names on trees and mountains; even the gentle Sir Walter Scott cannot forbear, through one of his characters, poking fun, and describes him as one who "knocks stanes to pieces, like road makers run daft." And really, before William Smith appeared on the scene geology was scarcely worthy the name of a science; the Rosetta Stone was lacking which would enable men to decipher the hieroglyphics which contained the earth's story. To William Smith we owe the supreme discovery, based on the patient investigations of

years, which was to revolutionise thought as to the world's past history, and place geology on a sound and intelligible basis—that each stratum of the earth's crust has its own characteristic and peculiar fossils, and that the only true classification of rocks is the one which is based on a due recognition of this fact. In the investigations of his uncle John Phillips shared more closely than any other person ; indeed, he became the peculiar exponent of his great relative's theories, and diffused them as popular knowledge.

John Phillips was born on Christmas Day 1800, at Marden, in Wiltshire. His father came of a Welsh family, who lived for many generations on their own property at Blaen-y-ddol in Caermarthen-shire. The elder Phillips was trained originally for the Church, but he never took Orders. He obtained a post in the Excise, and married a sister of William Smith of Churchill, in Oxfordshire. He died when little John was only seven years of age, and, the mother dying shortly afterwards, the boy was left entirely an orphan whilst yet in tender years. His subsequent life was under the direction and care of his famous uncle, who faithfully fulfilled his duties as guardian, and became, as it were, a father to him. In his "Memoirs of William Smith" he dwells with fondness on the good man's memory. He says: "No one interested in the annals of science would desire that such records of one of its eminent cultivators should be lost; but the writer, an orphan who benefited by his goodness, a pupil who was trained up under his care, feels it a privilege and a duty to endeavour to save from neglect the memory of such a man."

Phillips received a good scholastic training at the old school at Holt Spa, in Wiltshire. He was a diligent youth, and took a keen delight in his studies. Some indication, too, of his future taste for science was displayed in a love for the microscope. But he himself attributes much of the success of after-years to the benefits he derived from a residence of twelve months, after leaving school, with the Rev. Benjamin Richardson, of Farley Castle, near Bath. This gentleman was one of the best naturalists in the West of England, and to his intercourse with him, his talks on natural history, and his sympathy with all good knowledge, Phillips was largely indebted for the formation of those tastes and the enthusiasm for those pursuits in which he subsequently so distinguished himself.

From Farley he removed to his uncle's house, which looked out on the Thames from the eastern end of Buckingham Street. Here his actual life's work began. William Smith was a man possessed with an absorbing passion. Following the lucrative profession of

land surveyor and civil engineer, he had, for many years, devoted all his leisure moments to the execution of his great work, the strata of England and Wales. In carrying out this monumental undertaking he gradually allowed his professional business to slip away, and thus, whilst laying the foundations of his future fame, he allowed his fortune to suffer. His patrimony and his gains were swallowed up in the prosecution of his investigations ; and eventually he wandered over England, a scientific pilgrim, following a labour of love amongst the rocks. His first map of importance he had constructed in 1800, the year his nephew was born. It was a coloured chart showing the connection of the rock series of South-western England with those of the north, and tracing the oolites through England with considerable accuracy. And during the subsequent years he had continued his investigations. When John Phillips took up his abode with him, his house was full of maps, sections, models, and collections of fossils ; and his hourly talk was of the laws of stratification, the succession of organic life, and the practical value of geology.

Introduced into such an atmosphere, and possessed already with a taste for kindred pursuits, the uncle's enthusiasm was kindled in the breast of the nephew, who henceforward was to share largely in his work. Smith's large map—on the scale of five miles to the inch—published in 1815, brought him into considerable public notice, and his services were in request for constructing other geological charts in various parts of the country. On his tours young Phillips was his almost constant companion, his services being employed in sketching portions of the road, and noting on the maps the geological features of the route. Thus, as his uncle's lieutenant from 1817 to 1824, he gained not only an intimate acquaintance with the rocks and their typical fossils, but also a wide knowledge of English topography, and an ardent admiration and appreciation for natural beauty in landscape and scenery. In 1819 the two walked through Lincolnshire into Oxfordshire ; in 1821 Phillips walked through the eastern parts of Yorkshire, and joined his uncle at Doncaster, from which point they made together an excursion through the coal district of the West Riding. And in a similar way they surveyed other districts in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and the Lakes ; the younger sketching waterfalls and making innumerable rambles amongst the hills and glens.

Many of the best years of Phillips's life were spent in Yorkshire and in connection with the geological work of the county. Of the broad-acred shire, where he was so long to make his home, he

writes : "No other English county, perhaps hardly any other natural district in Europe, exhibits within so moderate a compass as large a proportion of the fossiliferous strata ; for its scale of ancient life extends almost continuously from the Silurian rocks to the Chalk, and admits of small tracts of shelly beds allied to the Crag, and broad spaces of Glacial Drift, besides marine and freshwater deposits rich in remains of the Pleistocene age." Previous to 1824 he tells us he "had collected fossils beneath the romantic cliffs which support the abbey of Whitby and the castle of Scarborough. But in that year I had the good fortune to become known to two of the most valuable of my early friends, William Bean and John Williamson, and to profit by their admirable collections of recent and fossil shells." This acquaintance was a mutually advantageous one ; Phillips drawing largely upon the collections of the two amateurs for specimens and illustrations, and they in turn benefiting from his more matured knowledge and wider geological experience.

In 1824 William Smith received an invitation to deliver a course of lectures before the Yorkshire Philosophical Society at York. John Phillips accompanied him there, and this journey marked a turning-point in the younger man's career. He was entrusted with the arranging of the society's collection of fossils, and the following year he was appointed curator of their museum. In 1829 Phillips published his famous "Geology of the Yorkshire Coast." Professor Williamson (the son of John Williamson), in his "Reminiscences of a Yorkshire Naturalist," says : "Up to this time"—that is, the publication of Phillips's book—"my father's collection of fossils was practically unnamed, but the appearance of Phillips's book, in which most of our specimens figured, enabled us to remedy this defect. This was my first introduction to true scientific study. I had long before accompanied my father on his geological excursions, but exact scientific palæontological nomenclature had not previously constituted any part of my study. Phillips's accurate volume initiated an entirely new order of things." And here follows an admirable portrait of old William Smith, which we may be pardoned for quoting, seeing how much his life is interwoven with that of his nephew:—

"One of the grandest figures," says Williamson, "that ever visited East Yorkshire was William Smith. My boyish reminiscence of the old engineer as he sketched a triangle on the floor of our yard, and taught me how to measure it, is very vivid. The drab knee-breeches and grey worsted stockings ; the deep waistcoat with its pockets well furnished with snuff, of which ample quantities con-

tinually disappeared within his finely chiselled nostril ; and the drab coat with its rounded outline and somewhat Quakerish cut, are all clearly present in my memory. Spending the greater portion of his morning in writing, towards noon he would slowly wend his way to the museum, where he always found in my father a friend with whom to gossip about the rocks of the Cotswold, the clays of Kimmeridge, or the drainage of the Eastern Fens. He would expound, in a Coleridgean fashion, his ideas of their relation to the strata of Yorkshire and of the other parts of England. His walking pace never varied ; it was slow and dignified. He was usually followed, a few yards in the rear, by his rose-coloured partner in life."

After taking up his abode at York the life of John Phillips became, necessarily, less identified with that of his uncle. In 1829 the collections of the York Museum were removed to a new building erected in the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, and the gateway of the monastery was rebuilt and fitted up for the keeper. Here Phillips was in thoroughly congenial quarters, which he occupied until 1853.

At York he formed an interesting circle of friends. At this time there was associated with York a strong body of scientific workers—Vernon Harcourt, son of the Archbishop ; Allis, the ornithologist ; the Backhouses, botanists and horticulturists ; and others. It was a fortunate day, both for themselves and young Phillips, when his services were acquired ; and, on his part, he was not unmindful of the kindness he received. He says : "The generous Yorkshire people gave no stinted remuneration for my efforts to be useful." His services were in constant request, giving lectures and arranging museums in the various Yorkshire towns.

And he gradually came into intimate relations with scientific men in various parts of the kingdom. He tells how Sir Roderick Murchison was introduced to him. He says : "In a bright afternoon of early summer a man of cheerful aspect was presented to me by the President [of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society] as Mr. Murchison, a friend of Buckland, desirous of consulting our collection. Our museum was tolerably well supplied with oolitic fossils, especially those of the Coralline Oolite and Calcareous Grit of Yorkshire. Some of these were amusing enough. A diligent collector at Malton, who supplied the museum with specimens, sometimes brought what were called *beetles*, made by painting and varnishing parts of shells and crustaceans. After examining the fossils with care Murchison would see these curiosities. As it happened, they were laid contemptuously at the base of vertical cases, and were difficult to get out.

"Never mind," said the old soldier; "we will lie down and reconnoitre on the floor."

It was the York circle, together with other provincial workers, to whom the credit of being the "fathers" of the British Association is largely due, its first meeting having been held in that venerable city. And in this connection the name of John Phillips stands pre-eminent.

About the year 1830 David Brewster addressed to Phillips a letter urging the advantages which would arise from a meeting of all lovers and cultivators of science. Such assemblies had been organised in Germany, and Brewster's proposal was the formation of an association on similar lines in England. The suggestion was heartily taken up by the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and Phillips threw himself heart and soul into the movement. The proposed scheme was the formation of an association "to give a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire with one another and with foreign philosophers; to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science, and a removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

Had it not been, however, for Phillips and a few other provincial enthusiasts, the proposal might have fallen to the ground. They received at first very little encouragement from the outside, and the meeting at York did not augur great success. But Phillips never relaxed his efforts, and what the movement owed to him personally we learn from Sir Roderick Murchison. His cheerful and engaging manners carried in the end all before him. And though it required no little pluck to fight against the indifference and opposition of many, by the second annual meeting at Oxford the association was well established; the scientific men of the Metropolis and the Universities joined in—the British Association was an accomplished fact.

In 1828 Phillips was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society, and in 1834 a Fellow of the Royal Society. He also accepted the professorship of geology at King's College, London, an appointment he held for six years. In 1844 he was appointed professor of geology at Trinity College, Dublin, and nine years later to the position at Oxford which he held to the close of his days. In the autumn of 1853 Mr. Henry Strickland, who was then the lecturer on geology at the University, in place of Dr. Buckland, came to an untimely end. He was examining the geological structure of a

In former times, tobacco was seldom or never used out of doors ; thus it is that certain practices which threaten to assume a serious aspect in our day were unknown to the old dramatists. The theatre, strange to say, seems to have been a favourite resort of the smoker. Ben Jonson assures us that the privilege of enjoying a comfortable smoke was sufficient temptation for one to sit out the most wretched and execrable play.

A. M. STEVENS.

THE HISTORIC OUTCRY AGAINST THE BLUE-STOCKING.

THERE have been times when it was not only permitted, but fashionable, for a woman to aspire to learning ; and again there have been times when there was nothing more *à la mode* than female ignorance. For the history of the educational movement among the sex is by no means a record of unbroken progress. The advance of one day has been followed by the retrogression of the morrow, and while in the sixteenth century for a woman to be “fair and *learned* and good” was accounted great praise, the gay world of Queen Anne admired silliness among girls hardly less than beauty.

As long as Queen Elizabeth lived to set a goodly example of the effect of study on a strong and receptive mind, Court ladies read Plato and Aristotle to their heart's content. But a reaction followed upon the accession of the British Solomon, who set his face against female scholarship. The subjects of girls' education were limited to the “virtues” or accomplishments ; and in my lady's chamber the virginal and embroidery frame gradually came to occupy the place once filled by the volumes containing the poetry and philosophy of the ancient world. On the whole, the seventeenth century, with its manners alternating between Puritan austerity and Restoration licence, was an unfavourable time for women's intellectual progress. For while the Puritan very properly insisted that a woman should cultivate both the theological and household virtues, he forbore to take the mind into consideration ; and the “young bloods” of Charles II.'s Court held both learning and virtue in light esteem, and required merely that she should cultivate the arts of fascination and charm him with her airs and graces.

And yet in this otherwise barren century two notable protests were raised against a system which gave woman no resource save trivial follies wherewith to fill the empty hours of her life. The work of Mrs. Makin, entitled “An Essay to Revive the Ancient Education of Gentlewomen in Religion, Manners, Arts, and

but scattered through the clay as plums in a pudding. The rocks from which the fragments appear to have been transported are found, some in Norway, in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the mountains of Cumberland, others in the northern and western parts of Yorkshire, and no inconsiderable portion appear to have come from the sea-coast of Durham and the neighbourhood of Whitby." There was one difficulty in connection with the diluvial theory which Phillips himself appears to have perceived—that the big boulders were not always at the bottom. But this he endeavoured to explain by supposing that the violence of the Deluge was such that even the laws of gravitation were held in abeyance. It is easy to be wise in a later generation; and the fact that Phillips was so largely able to identify the boulders in those early days, to locate their homes and origins, speaks volumes of a mind of no ordinary penetration.

Professor Phillips was not a narrow man, a person of one idea only. Geology was his great love—his contributions to the literature of this science exceed seventy in number—but his general investigations were directed over a wide field. Not only was he a zealous student of the arcana of time, but he also directed his attention to the great arcana of space. He made experiments with the pendulum, he cultivated meteorology, he made valuable contributions to the literature of astronomy. For example, at the Hull meeting of the British Association in 1853 he read an exceedingly suggestive paper on "Photographs of the Moon," indicating clearly that he recognised the potential value of photography in relation to astronomical research; and this when it was comparatively a new art. As examples of his later astronomical studies we may refer to his papers on "The Telescopic Appearance of the Planet Mars," on "The Belt of Jupiter," and another article on the planet Mars in the "Quarterly Journal of Science." In this latter he shows from his own researches, confirmed by the observation of others, that Mars is a planet whose main characters of surface correspond to those of the earth, which has nearly the same density, nearly the same daily and nightly period, and is enveloped like our earth by an atmosphere partially loaded with scattered clouds.

In 1874 John Phillips had reached a good old age, but he was by no means past scientific work; indeed, judging from human appearance, he had yet a number of useful years before him. "Age had not withered him nor custom staled his infinite variety," when by an untimely accident his days were suddenly cut short. Whilst still in full activity of mind and comparative vigour of body, by mis-

adventure, in conversation with a friend, he fell downstairs. This accident produced injuries from which he never recovered, and the following day resulted in his death. In this tragic manner ended the career of one of the most eminent English scientific workers of the nineteenth century.

W. H. THOMPSON

OVER-FATNESS: ITS DISCOMFORTS AND DANGERS

FROM time immemorial over-fatness has been associated with happiness, a contented disposition, and good health. In every old print where conviviality is depicted we are made familiar with the rotund abdomen, the full cheeks, and the jolly appearance of the fat individual. Indeed, he has been looked upon as the embodiment of good-temper, good-fellowship, hospitality, and all the qualities that have filtered through generations as the heritage of what is now represented in *Punch*, in Gillray and other cartoonists, as "John Bull." The old adage, "Laugh and grow fat," is familiar to all.

In mediæval times we see in paintings and statuary that the monks of those days were represented as exceedingly rotund individuals ; but there is no record as to what the females of the period were like, although one always considers the ladies of the times of the Wars of the Roses as the embodiment of all that is lovely in every feature : indeed, the acme of what female beauty should be. There is little doubt that the women of those days among the aristocracy were well-proportioned and graceful, and for long after. But it would seem that two or three hundred years ago it became, for some reason or other, necessary in England to alter the standard ideal of a beautiful female figure ; whether this was due to a whim or fancy of fashion, or whether there was any other cause at the bottom of it, it is difficult to say. For instance, in the reign of Henry VIII. the type of female beauty was a graceful figure not over-burdened with fat, and Henry VIII. showed his disapproval of a stout figure when he first met his wife, Anne of Cleves ; his brutal remark was that she was only comparable to a Flemish mare—in fact, she was Dutch-built—a phrase that is now commonly applied to the over-fat woman. History seems to point to the fact that all his other wives were of graceful proportions, and in England during his and many preceding reigns, if writers of that date are to be believed, the obese

female was not admired. But all this seemed to be altered in the reign of George I., to keep in countenance his fat German mistresses. The fashion then for the upper classes was a rotund figure in the male and the female. And the same applies to the reigns of George II. and III. In fact, it appears that the fashion in the matter of female figures changes as much as it does in the colour of the hair and everything else ; and if Nature does not fit in to the fashion, art is employed as a means to that end. To-day the figures that were admired in the reign of George I. are looked upon as abnormal,—indeed, they are objects of pity and unpleasant comparison, as they should be.

Of course, climate has much to do with the female figure, and observation seems to point to the fact that the denizens of temperate climates are more inclined to over-stoutness than those of the tropics or the Arctic regions. The food and mode of life in temperate climates is more conducive to the formation of fat than it is in the case of those who inhabit the more extreme parts of the globe. In very cold countries; where fat-forming foods are taken to a large extent, it is to maintain the heat of the body ; indeed, all fat-forming food is utilised for this purpose. And here I may point out that the foods that store fat are not the foods that make muscular and nerve tissue and maintain health and energy. The two kinds of food in their use are totally distinct, though both are necessary. This fact is, however, not generally known, and it is a curious circumstance, that even the ordinary medical practitioner seldom takes the trouble to learn what is the action of different foods on the body.

Indeed, any individual in the medical profession who seeks to teach and promulgate new ideas is looked upon as little better than a quack. Lister was treated with contempt in England when he was honoured in Germany ; and I am told that Finsen, the Swede, whose name is now so well known for his discoveries, some years ago sent an article to a well-known English medical paper, and had it returned to him with the editor's remark that he did not want to return to mediæval ideas and nonsensical theories ! For years I have pointed this out as an unfortunate circumstance, and that diet is an important subject for medical men to study—but so far in vain ; not only does excess of fat influence length of life, but it also influences health and constitutional stamina ; thus the system in the obese is unable to resist disease as those whose weight is normal can do. Besides this, in endeavouring to restore health it is a great point to know the foods that in their different degrees maintain strength and those that simply maintain heat. On a knowledge of these qualities recovery

from any particular ailment is often dependent. The same importance of the knowledge of the action of food applies equally to those who are too lean. In this case the food they live on is not assimilated. They may eat too much and still be thin and weak. But how few know this. It may easily be noticed that in those countries where a large proportion of the diet is farinaceous, such as Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, the tendency is for the people to run to corpulency. The Germans are also, as a race, very stout ; and this seems to be in a great measure due to their drinking such large quantities of thin beer, which is naturally fattening.

There are exceptions to every rule, and there are Indian races who live on an almost entirely farinaceous diet and are very fat in spite of the country being very hot. Indeed, if fat-forming foods are eaten to excess, corpulency is much more prevalent than in cold countries where more fat-forming food is required to keep up the heat of the body, because, if it is not either utilised to keep up heat or burnt off by hard exercise, it is stored as fat.

In England, and, for the matter of that, we may say universally, we eat too much. In fact, my experience shows me that we, as a rule, eat two or three times as much as nature requires. I have pointed this out for years, and I have pointed out that the dietary of our sailors, the dietary of our prisoners, and of our work-house inmates, is absolutely wrong. It gives too much moist food for the daily intake ; in fact, it is more than double what it should be, while the proportion of meat is not large enough. Some years ago I went over Dartmoor Prison, and I was surprised to see that the prisoners did not walk, but waddled ; they were almost too fat to walk, and were incapable, I suppose, of doing normal work—the reason being that their food contained far too much farinaceous substance. I did not see those in the quarries, but I have no doubt that the same rule applied. They have, I believe, sixty ounces of moist food per diem, whereas, properly proportioned, thirty ounces would be more than enough. The same applies to the Navy, and I have pointed out that the recent improved—Heaven save the mark !—diet of the sailor will make him fat, lazy, and gouty, and in a few years he will scarcely be able to waddle about the deck. Putting it roughly, they have two or three times as much farinaceous food as they need, and only half enough meat. Such a diet fattens them, but does not strengthen them, and the result is that they will not continue to be the men of strength, energy, and resource they ought to be.

But apart from the Navy, and those whose diet is prescribed for them, the ordinary individual eats just as much as he can. If the

food is tempting, he eats a great deal more than he ought to ; certainly double, and sometimes treble, what he needs.

In dieting so many for the reduction of weight, one knows exactly the quantity of food that should be consumed during the day and the different constituents that should compose it—suited to varying conditions of rest or work. Personally I find that very few people indeed can eat thirty ounces of moist food a day, and many do not eat twenty ounces, and I maintain, and am prepared to prove at any time, that twenty to twenty-four ounces a day of moist mixed food is ample diet for the ordinary individual, and all that is necessary to maintain health and condition and strength. Indeed, it is possible to concentrate this into still less bulk, so that for special purposes, as, for instance, in the case of soldiers making forced marches, the food could be concentrated into one pound in weight.¹ Of course, a concentrated food is not desirable for ordinary purposes ; food should be varied with proportions of meat, fish, vegetables, and the different cereals. Again, where hard work is to be performed, more food can be taken than where but little work is done ; just in the same way as those who have charge of horses feed a horse who has to hunt three or four days a week differently from the one who only does a little gentle work daily.

It is much to be regretted that the action of food is not made part of the curriculum of the medical profession. It would certainly greatly enhance the usefulness of that body in the public service ; and, really, the ignorance of the general practitioner in respect to dietetic matters is deplorable.

Those who are responsible for the training of the medical student, and in a way responsible for the health and well-being of the rising generation, seem to think that food is of no importance, either in a state of health or in abnormal states of the system, such as obesity, gout, rheumatism, and so on, and it is time that they woke up to the necessity of bettering this state of affairs. Unfortunately, we in England are slow to move with the times. We are too apt to say, "This is what my grandfather did, this is what my father did, and this is what I shall do." Other nations are undoubtedly more alive to the need of marching with the times than we are, the French and German particularly.

One reads that some scientific Americans are waking up to the fact that the general individual eats a great deal more food than there is any need for, and there have been one or two articles on the

A day's complete ration for this purpose, weighing one pound, from a formula of mine, is now before the War Office Commission for purposes in war.

subject in English newspapers. I have pointed it out for years, and could have told them all this without their taking the trouble to investigate and experiment with a few cases. I have dieted very large numbers during the last twenty years, and therefore know from extended experience that twenty to thirty ounces of mixed moist food is sufficient to keep the ordinary individual in a perfect state of health and condition, and that the person who takes too much can never be really well, especially if he takes the wrong kind of food. His system is bound to become clogged with waste that manifests itself in all sorts of ailments—obesity, gout, rheumatism, biliousness, skin diseases, loss of energy, &c. All this may be said to be the result of pandering to the appetite beyond the requirements of the system for the purposes of life. There is no greater fallacy in the world than thinking that the more a person eats the better he is for it. So long as sufficient food is taken, it is exactly the reverse ; and I think, without being egotistical, I may claim to be speaking on a subject of which I have a unique knowledge and experience ; indeed, I can absolutely defy contradiction in the matter.

It goes without saying that the main cause of obesity is the taking of an excess of improper food, more particularly farinaceous food :¹ this can be rectified only by a corrected diet. If a person becomes fat, bilious, or gouty, it points to the fact that he is eating too much food, and the wrong food for his particular constitution. There are anomalous constitutions and idiosyncrasies which should be taken into account. My experience has taught me, as no doubt it has others who have taken the trouble to observe, that to a certain extent some individuals are hereditarily disposed to become stout, and therefore, in their case, fat-forming foods are presumably assimilated in a greater degree than would otherwise obtain ; the result being, as may be surmised, extreme corpulency, with all its dangers and discomforts. It is a common error to imagine that where obesity is extreme or hereditary its cure is hopeless. This is an absolute fallacy, as, if the diet is properly proportioned, such people will not increase in weight beyond the normal ; but if they eat freely of fat-forming foods, they quickly become over-burdened, and as a rule die early in consequence. In this case, to avoid that result the diet for a time—indeed, until normal weight is attained—must contain *no* fat-forming ingredients.

Superabundance of fat is undoubtedly a misfortune at any time in life after early childhood ; but it becomes absolutely dangerous as

¹ Indian baboos often write to me to ask whether fat can be reduced on an absolutely vegetarian diet. *It cannot be done.*

age advances, as it lays the system open to so many diseases and so many diseased conditions of the heart, the kidneys, and the different organs that carry on the operations of life, and by so doing causes sudden death, first, by its obstructing the action of the heart and inducing syncope ; secondly, by its weakening the arteries, thus leading to attacks of apoplexy ; thirdly, by its arresting the free circulation of the blood, and thus leading to congestive diseases, cardiac dropsy, bronchitis, catarrh, and numerous other serious illnesses that a thin person would seldom suffer from. Whether the female who is inclined to excessive *embonpoint* is much admired, and is to be credited with the cheerful temper, the *bonhomie* and the contented disposition of the fat man I cannot say, but I very much doubt whether the fact obtains. The fat female is, if good-looking, as all good-looking women should be, vain, and she often realises her discomfort and lack of elegance and activity, and is, as a consequence, irritable and discontented and a terror to her dressmaker and *corsetière*. Among some nations the fatness of the female is looked upon as an aid to beauty, and in the harems of Eastern potentates, before the Sultan visits certain members of his seraglio the dusky beauties are fattened up on dates, honey, and cakes ; but of late years I fear the victim of *embonpoint* is looked upon with pity and contempt by the male sex and by her slim and graceful associates.

It never seems to have occurred to anyone, until recent years, that there is another side to the picture, and that undue accumulation of fat means curtailment of most of the pleasures of life, as well as also its length. It becomes a disease, and a disease that leads to other diseases too numerous to mention.

What are the evils of over-stoutness in the male? In the first place, his ability to enjoy such pleasures as hunting, fishing, walking, golf, and all the different outdoor amusements, is most certainly curtailed, and, should the fatness be excessive, absolutely debarred.

As a rule, the evils of obesity begin to manifest themselves about middle age, and sudden death may often occur, due entirely to this cause, as after middle age the arteries begin to lose their elasticity, and this means danger.

With regard to the female, how few admire a fat woman ! Indeed, she is an object of pity. Of course, every female should be well covered with adipose tissue, to round off the angles and give the beauty of outline and figure that we so much admire ; but when this amount is exceeded a woman, long before years demand it, "becomes a dowdy." In youth, the fresh colour and the elasticity natural to that age prevent the

girl appearing unsightly, but after the age of thirty or forty, when a woman should be in her prime, in beauty of both face and figure, excess of fat means a hideous deformity to everybody but herself, and, indeed, very often to herself. Try to imagine the Venus de Medici, or the perfect figures of Praxiteles, or other ancient classic sculpture, represented by a fat woman; why, they would be the laughing-stock of every exhibition in which they were placed, and would illustrate more plainly than any words of mine the deformity that excess of adipose tissue means.

It has always struck me as a most extraordinary circumstance that women, who are very fond of dress, and who are naturally fond of showing themselves off to advantage, can ever allow themselves to become so obese as to be absolutely repulsive, a terror to the dressmaker, a discomfort to themselves, a laughing-stock to their friends and acquaintances, and an object of pity to every person of proper proportions. No amount of display of jewellery or of well-cut Parisian dresses will hide this unnecessary accumulation. And yet it is a condition so easily remedied and so capable of permanent relief in both sexes by proper dieting—and that, too, diet that will allow what luxuries any reasonable being may desire, and that will improve health and condition and activity, and increase length of life and the ability to indulge in every pleasure that makes life worth living. But how few realise this.

In these days the charlatan and the quack trade upon the vanity of fat human nature. One has only to look at the advertisements in any lady's paper to see the useless nostrums advertised to reduce fat, improve the complexion, to increase the luxuriousness of the hair, and to remedy all the defects that are really due to the mode of life that induces such conditions and to an accumulation in the system of waste products from over-eating, which leads to so many diseases of the skin, to pasty complexion, acne, and other obstacles to beauty.

As a rule, the tendency to increase in weight commences between the ages of forty and fifty in the male, and a few years earlier in the female, though it is by no means uncommon in the very young. Where the tendency in such cases is pronounced, the necessary means should be taken to prevent its attaining extreme proportions; that is, that in early life the child's diet should be altered so as to increase its growth and its physical and mental strength without increasing at the same time the tendency to over-fatness. Corpulency in the male may be an evil, and it is; but in the female it is even a far more disastrous state of affairs, for long before beauty should

cease to be an attraction the figure loses its elegance and grace, and the complexion lacks the peach-like bloom that should be the heritage of all those who take the necessary means not only to keep to a proper weight, but also to maintain perfect health.

More than this, the tendency to *embonpoint* prevents the sufferer from indulging in most of the pleasures and occupations that make life worth living, and it is a most serious matter not only to those who move in the humbler walks of life, and have to earn their livelihood by manual work, but also to those who move in the higher ranks of society and have to obey the dictates of fashion. The wiles of the quack and all the efforts of the fashionable dress-maker or *corsetière* are useless here. The fat is there, and will show itself, in spite of tight lacing and other agonising processes that may be resorted to. Indeed, tight lacing only adds to the existing danger and leads to many diseases that shorten life. It impedes the action of the heart and presses all the different organs out of shape and out of position, and it leads to many ailments, unmentionable here, that should debar any man from ever marrying a woman who is addicted to what one must call nothing else but a vice.

The female who tight laces impedes the action of the heart, and so cannot breathe freely, and therefore the blood is not properly oxygenated. Hence the face is generally puffy, the complexion becomes pasty, and the breath offensive beyond endurance. It is not too much to say that the obese person can never enjoy proper health, and after the obesity has arrived at a certain stage it becomes absolutely a disease. The heart and other organs get infiltrated with fat, and are therefore permanently weakened. Indeed, the heart of every over-fat person is weak, simply because it is called upon to do a great deal more work than it should have to do, and as it is confined within a limited space it naturally cannot expand as it should, and hence it has to work with greater frequency, and wears itself out long before it otherwise would. It is very seldom indeed that such people attain old age. When they do, it is because they are muscularly exceedingly strong. In a few cases they may live beyond the allotted span of the Psalmist, but this is the exception. As a rule they die before ripe middle age from ailments affecting the different vital organs, due to their impeded action from accumulated waste in the system of one form or another.

Observe how seldom one sees a thin, active person suffering from bronchitis, or becoming paralysed, or the victim of Bright's disease. Corpulent persons are always suffering from some ailment or another. They are afflicted with skin rashes, with constipation, with

flatulent dyspepsia, with gout (one of the commonest ailments associated with obesity), and indeed with many others leading to great discomfort or shortening of life.

Few people sympathise with the victim of overweight, as it is common knowledge that it is a condition attributable to "good" living and to eating a great deal more food and taking a great deal less exercise than is necessary to maintain health and condition, and therefore the victim deserves the trouble that he or she has brought on himself or herself.

Here, perhaps, it would be well to mention that those who have any tendency to gout, or who inherit the ailment, or who are rheumatic, should guard against putting on extra weight. The accumulation of waste in the system becomes such as to prevent its being automatically eliminated by the different excretory organs of the body in the case of those who live to eat and drink, instead of eating and drinking to live. The kidneys, lungs, and other organs are unable to carry off the refuse of food fast enough, so that eventually the cup runs over in the form of gout, or, if not in the form of acute gout, in the form of eczema, throat troubles, catarrh, and other indications of latent gout; rheumatic troubles, although more obscure and complicated, are really due mostly to the same cause—that is, food not adapted to the requirements of the system taken to excess.

Of course it goes without saying that every man and, I suppose, every woman considers him or herself absolutely capable of remedying their over-fatness either by quack medicines or amateur dieting, and it is very seldom that they do not make efforts to do this; but the result is about the same as if an unskilled person tries to clean his own watch or cut his own clothes—a mess is made of it. As a rule, people who do not try to treat themselves fly to the quack. The ordinary medical attendant generally refuses to advise the sufferer on the matter of obesity, however simple the case may be, simply from the fact that he does not take the trouble to master the subject. He may go so far as to tell him to avoid potato or not to eat so much of sweet puddings, but there it ends; he does not tell him what he *must* eat, and the quantities of one thing and another. This is the tale I am so often told by those who come to me after they have tried all the advertised remedies, and have in vain sought the advice of their medical attendant. It is remarkable how people will fly to the quack and try one quack after another, entrusting them with their lives, as if they had a hundred, or at least their health, while they would not trust the quack with the loan of a sixpence.

The victim of corpulency himself realises after a time that something must be done. He finds that he cannot take exercise without discomfort, he is unable to ride and hunt, or play tennis, or in any way compete with others, and he gradually finds himself precluded from one outdoor amusement after another, until nothing is left to him but driving and perhaps motoring.

Anyone who takes up a newspaper, and more particularly those newspapers that do not mind whether their advertisements are lying or not, so long as they are well paid for them (indeed, they make the quack pay for his advertisements about treble what they do *bona-fide* tradesmen), is sure to find prominent quack advertisements, and these advertisements generally offer to send the prescription free of charge. If sent, the victim will find it consists of ingredients that no chemist can furnish, as they are entirely imaginary or belong to mediæval times; indeed, names of drugs that have long been obsolete and which cannot be procured. Then, having got the victim well into his toils, he offers to supply the drugs himself, and here the evil begins.

As for the use of drugs in reducing weight, whether they are the compounds of quacks or are to be found in the English pharmacopœia, they never reduce weight unless it is through the medium of doing injury, weakening and impairing the digestive organs. Such drugs as acetic acid, thyroid tablets, and purgatives of different kinds, if they bring about a reduction in weight, do it absolutely at the expense of health. The number of people who come under observation whose digestive powers and whose health have been either temporarily or permanently ruined by one particular quack medicine is appalling, and still so artfully are these advertisements worded that one might well be led to believe that they are not only harmless but beneficial, and that it is necessary to do nothing else but take these concoctions to lose weight and to regain perfect health. Some of these medicine vendors do attempt to persuade their victims to avoid fattening foods, but as they do not know how to regulate the diet, they again do more harm than good, and weaken the individual by semi-starvation. Unfortunately, there is at present no law in England to prevent the quack doing all this. He may tell any number of falsehoods, and he may advertise any vile or useless concoction, but he does not come within the pale of the law. There are advertisements appearing in the journals of the present day that astound any person of ordinary sense that anyone outside a lunatic asylum can believe them. The worst of all are the American quacks. I have pointed this out for

years, and apparently to no purpose, for they appear to flourish more luxuriously than ever. I would not speak so plainly on this subject did I not see daily the evil effects of quackery, and I deplore the fact that the public prosecutor or some other public authority cannot take action. It says very little for the common sense of the English people that they can be misled by the quite palpably mendacious statements of American quacks, and it says very little for the medical profession as a body that they do not organise some system of preventing this. The quack not only injures and often destroys the life of his victim, but he robs of his dues the legitimate medical man who is properly qualified and educated to advise ; indeed, many millions of pounds are every year lost to the medical profession, who have studied disease, to go into the pockets of those who are absolutely ignorant and usually illiterate, and who are irresponsible for all the mischief they do.

As previously mentioned, most of those who suffer from excess of fat die during middle age from attacks of acute disease, from attacks of inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis or apoplexy, syncope, due to passion or violent exertion, and to numerous other causes that do not endanger thin people. A fat person lives on the brink of a volcano, he is never safe. An illness that to a thin person would seem a very slight affair, to a fat person may prove fatal. During recent years the complaint known as influenza has been exceedingly fatal among very fat persons, as with them it is generally complicated with bronchitis or pneumonia. In this case, the heart being called upon to do more work, for reasons previously mentioned, fails and death results.

Perhaps this is not a matter for wonder ; in the first place, the heart in such people is buried in fat, and is pressed upon by organs in the same condition, so that it never has proper room to work in. Again, it is called upon to do an abnormal amount of work ; debilitated by disease, and by being cramped in its action, it has to pump blood over a greater amount of tissue, and not being able to do this it naturally fails. How many hundreds of fat people have I not known during thirty-five years of professional life who have died suddenly, of whom it is not presumption to say that, had it not been for their excessive weight, weight that could have been reduced to the normal by a little attention to diet, they would now have been alive and well. It would be invidious to mention the many celebrities who have of recent years died as a direct or indirect result of over-fatness ; personally I could mention a good many.

Having shown so far the evils of over-stoutness, perhaps it would

be well to give the causes that are mostly responsible for its production. The first is naturally an ill-regulated dietary: excess of fattening food and insufficient of those foods that produce muscular and nervous energy. Giving way to inordinate appetite in eating and drinking. Indulgence in certain kinds of alcoholic stimulant-liquids containing starch and sugar, sweet wines, beer and stout. Insufficient exercise, thereby diminishing the amount of heat given off, to enable the food assimilated to be used up or burnt off. Once the over-fatness begins to get the upper hand, whilst exercise becomes more and more tedious, so the ability to take it decreases, and fat is thus the more quickly accumulated. There are exceptions to every rule, but as a rule the over-fat are heavy and unintellectual. That is, they become so as a result of their burden, although they may have started life equipped with high-class intellectual faculties and tireless energy. Idiots are commonly fat and flabby. It is well known that Julius Cæsar was apprehensive of thin men because, as he said, they thought too much, and hence were dangerous. No doubt he would have felt quite happy and safe had he had a few hundred Daniel Lamberts about him instead of thin men such as Cassius and Brutus. I should like to see a twenty-stone anarchist.

One might occupy hundreds of pages in showing the evils of obesity. Fat people are more liable to catarrh, to diarrhoea, and to all derangements of the kidneys, liver, and bowels, due to the congested state of their system. They are also more liable to giddiness, flushed face and skin troubles due to the irritation caused by waste in the system, such as uric acid, gout poison, usually due to the sluggish action of the organs that eliminate these products. They are subject to asthma, and more particularly to bronchial attacks; indeed, there is a form of congestive bronchitis depending upon an acid state of the blood and a system loaded with waste. Further, they are subject to pains in the knees and the soles of the feet, which are due to the fact that they are usually gouty and rheumatic, and the further fact that the weight presses upon the joints and on the arch of the foot and stretches the ligaments, and in this way causes intense pain. This is referred to the heel and to the ball of the great toe. There is no doubt that the corpulent person ages more quickly than one of normal proportions, on account of the loss of activity and muscular power that alone conduce to robust health. All this can be remedied by proper diet for a given time, dependent on the degree of obesity.

Unfortunately, a fat person is generally a *bon vivant*, and does not

like to have any of the pleasures of the table curtailed. He is willing to sacrifice a great many years of his life, and to put up with untold ailments, so long as he can gorge and guzzle to his heart's content, and it is certain that at the present day the tendency to luxurious living is much greater than it was fifty or sixty years ago. Everything is done to induce "Little Mary" to take more than nature requires, and the abominable French cookery that has been imported into our country within the last few years is accountable for a great deal of it, as well as for much harm in other ways. It is a well-known fact that the average Frenchman, more from a faulty diet than from any other cause, is not so robust or active as the Englishman, and the tendency of French cookery, or rather what goes in England by the name of French cookery, must be to deteriorate the Englishman and to bring him to the level of the Frenchman. Many years ago, when a great English contractor had to lay down a long line of railway in France, he employed a number of English and of French navvies. He found that the Frenchmen could do only half the work of the Englishmen, and being a shrewd man, he concluded it must be due to the difference in their food; so he then put the Frenchmen on the same diet as the Englishmen, with the result that they were able to do as much work as the Englishmen. I mention this merely to show how important a factor food is in the production of muscular power, and even the present feeding of the English soldier—imperfect as it is—will always make him more than a match for the French one.

Of course the rich and the luxurious endeavour to obviate the evils of their style of living by an annual visit to Homburg, Marienbad, or other health resort, and they would certainly succumb to some of the ailments above referred to, were it not for these visits; but the effect of drinking the waters of Marienbad is debilitating, and they are not particularly safe in the case of persons who have passed middle age, the heart being weakened during the process, while the good result is only ephemeral, as fat is soon again accumulated.

Having pointed out so many of the evils and dangers of over-fatness, we will now look a little at the brighter side of the subject, and show that the sufferer can be easily relieved of his unnecessary burden, and that perfect health and condition can be ensured by the simplest and most scientific means in the world, that is, by a properly regulated dietary for a time. There is no need for the victim to take one dose of medicine. All he requires is the food that gives strength and energy and that does not make fat. For a time, it is true, all fat-forming substances have to be cut out of the

daily menu. Fat-forming foods are for the supply of heat to the body, and they are of little use for any other purposes in the obese, for the system cannot utilise more than a certain amount of them with benefit. The rest becomes stored. When these foods are cut off, and the foods that produce energy muscular and nervous are taken, the fat stored up in the body is drawn upon to maintain its heat. Until this reserve or surplus is exhausted, there is no need for there to be any outside supply, just as a lamp that has been supplied with oil will continue to give out practically the same amount of light and heat until the oil is all consumed, and there is no need to keep the reservoir constantly filled to the top. The fact that a horse when out at grass is fat and lazy and unfit for hard work, but when he is brought into the stable and properly fed and exercised he quickly parts with fat and gets into good condition, illustrates the same idea. The horse is better in every way for the treatment, and it is so with the human animal; and those who make a study of obesity, and who understand the diet suited to different individuals—there *should be* plenty of them—can reduce a fat man or woman to proper proportions with unfailing certainty, and without any hardship or danger to the patient; in fact, the treatment very soon becomes a positive pleasure, as they feel so freshened and rejuvenated. The system associated with my name is now well known. It is, however, absolutely essential that for a time, according to the degree of obesity, the victim should be under control, so as to be kept from breaking rules either by not taking enough of one kind of food or taking too much of another kind. Of course, as remarked before, most people think they can diet themselves, and prefer doing so to placing themselves under the care of any physician they may have faith in. They either starve themselves, or so weaken themselves and upset their digestions by taking the wrong kind of food and not sufficient fluid, that no good at all accrues. The chances certainly are that they do much more harm than good, and, therefore, the wisest plan is to go to some English or foreign physician who takes an interest in dietetics and be guided by him. There is no hardship at all in reducing weight, except perhaps in those who absolutely live to eat and drink. Rich living must certainly be debarred for a time, and all alcoholic liquids containing sugar or starch must be cut off; but there is no reason why those who require stimulants should not have whisky and wines such as hocks and moselles, natural dry sherries, and even champagnes if they are absolutely free from sugar. There is a firm in London¹ who supply such wines, suitable for these purposes.

¹ The Dry Wine Co., 104 Great Portland St., London, W.

well known to those who may be called upon to advise in these matters. Indeed, there is no difficulty in anyone maintaining proper proportions by proper dieting, whoever the individual is, and whatever country he may reside in. The late Sir Andrew Clark took a very large amount of interest indeed in dietetic matters, the use of foods under different conditions of health and disease, and with the very greatest success. Indeed, from personal knowledge I know that he used to lay out dietaries for many patients in very distant parts and advised them very successfully without even seeing them, although, of course, even in the matter of regulating the diet of a patient, the physician is at a much better advantage when personally seeing him, where it is possible. There is, however, no question about it that in the matter of diet in such conditions as obesity, gout, rheumatism, and other ailments due to excess in food and improper food, very much benefit can be given even where the patient is unable to personally consult the physician under whose care he wishes to place himself. This may be done even at such long distances as India, Ceylon, South Africa, New Zealand, &c. This, of course, applies only to those ailments which are due to improper food and malnutrition only, and where it is not necessary to prescribe medicine of any kind to obtain the desired end.

To show what an extreme amount of misery may be induced by an excess of fat, and what great benefit may follow as a result of proper dieting, I may instance an extreme case. Of course, in the majority of cases of obesity there is an excess of 2, 3, 4, or 5 stone; but fourteen months ago a lady was brought to me by her medical attendant weighing 20 st. 7 lbs. She had been unable to lie down for many months. Indeed, she was in a dying state, absolutely being choked with fat. She was dropsical, owing to the weak action of her heart, and indeed a pitiable object to look at. In fourteen months she lost over 8½ stone. That is, she was then 20 st. 7 lbs., and she is now 11 st. 13 lbs. She is now fifty-nine years of age, and able to walk miles with enjoyment, and is, indeed, more active and able to enjoy life than she had been able to do for many years past. This is an extreme case, but it shows to what a deplorable state obesity may lead, and what corresponding benefits may be brought about by proper supervision and having the diet properly adjusted.

It would perhaps be useful to point out here that the diet to reduce weight should be supplemented by a certain amount of exercise, and that while the loss of weight is taking place the condition can be in every way improved and the heart strengthened. It would be perfectly easy to use my previous illustration of the

horse, for if he were not groomed and exercised when brought into the stable from grass, it is true that he would lose weight, but he would not get into condition for hard work without exercise, and be enabled to do hard work with enjoyment.

It is within the reach of everyone to take exercise of some form or another, and the best exercises are those that bring the greatest number of muscles into play ; such exercises as riding, brisk walking, bicycling, tennis, fencing, rowing, golfing, the use of the Sadow exercisers, &c., are all very beneficial, and the various gymnasiums are all more or less useful resorts for the purpose of physical development. It is not too much to say that no one can enjoy really robust health unless a fair amount of exercise in some form or another is taken. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that exercise alone is not sufficient to reduce weight. This is a matter of diet only ; but exercise may be considered a most useful adjunct for this purpose.

Here I should like to point out one popular fallacy with regard to reducing weight, and a fallacy that is often tried—and that is, going without or with very little fluid to drink. There are constitutions where this may be done without injury, but there are others in which it leads to very serious results, viz. in those whose system contains an excess of uric acid, and who are gouty or rheumatic. The reducing of the fluid does not help to reduce the weight, and fluid in the form of water in no sense tends to fatten. It is fluid in the form of beer, sweet wines, sweetened waters, such as lemonade, and of course milk, tea, cocoa, &c. containing sugar, that fattens. There are many cases that come under the notice of physicians of serious injury to health where people trying to treat themselves fall into this error, and, for the matter of that, as mentioned before, when the uninitiated attempt to diet themselves at all. Even medical men, who are supposed to be able to better judge their own condition than the ordinary individual, generally think it necessary to consult a professional brother, and if this argument against self-treatment applies to medical men, how much more so does it apply to the ordinary layman or woman ! Where the victim of over-stoutness is also a sufferer from gout and rheumatism, he should take practically unlimited fluid of a harmless kind. It is commonly known that those who suffer from gout and rheumatism among the luxurious classes are in the habit of resorting once a year to those Continental health resorts such as Homburg and Carlsbad in Germany. But, as a matter of fact, there is no actual need for them to go to Germany. They

can drink water equally good or the same in England, and if they could only be brought to adhere to temperate habits, meagre diet, and plenty of outdoor exercise for a time, as they are obliged to do at Homburg, Carlsbad, &c. similar results would accrue. A few years ago it became necessary for me to go fully into this matter of suitable waters for the gouty and rheumatic, and I therefore made a long pilgrimage among the Taunus mountains and neighbourhood in Germany. Water called Sparkling Cambrunnen¹ coming from that district is the best all-round beverage for the purpose. These waters are very pleasant, pure, and harmless, though perhaps the St. Roizel is equally good and equally pleasant to the taste and is ant-acid and harmless in whatever quantity taken. These waters dissolve the uric acid out of the system, and are therefore of great utility in the case of the obese, as even though free from any trace of gout in its manifest form, as he may be, the over-fat person is almost invariably overcharged with uric acid and other waste products. These waters are exceedingly palatable, and by correcting acidity tend to keep down weight.

Many years ago Professor Schweninger, a great authority in Germany on obesity, advised Prince Bismarck and other well-known personages for the reduction of weight, and his system was to cut off practically all fluid, and this was found to be the most painful part of the cure. This is only necessary in Germany, owing to the fact that the German is so habituated to drinking a thin beer. Professor Schweninger knew that, if he allowed any fluid at all, they would drink this thin beer and take too much of it for the success of his régime—such being the weakness of human nature. Therefore he was obliged to cut it off entirely in order to get anything like a good result. There have been several systems of attempting to reduce weight in Germany, such as Oertel's, which, however, simply amounted to a too much restricted diet ; and even in England there was an undertaker (Banting) who made a name for reducing fat by a system that could not be properly termed a system, as it was simply a form of starving the patient. Under a proper scientific system of reducing weight, sufficient, indeed abundant, food to satisfy appetite should be given, and it is on the apportioning of one food with another, and also adapting it to the requirements of the individual, that certain success depends. Of course human nature is weak and needs controlling in such matters, otherwise so many little rules and points are broken through that no appreciable good is done ; but where such rules as I have suggested are carried out, a reduction to normal

¹ This can be procured from the Cambrunnen Co., 104 Great Portland St., W.

weight is certain and permanent and equally sure. As a result, there is an all-round and great improvement in comfort, health, strength, and general condition, with a certainty of longer life.

I am a firm believer in medicines in the cure of disease, but in the case of diseases that are due to errors in eating and drinking, medicines at the best are but palliatives, and the only true cure is correction of the diet. Also, there is no question about it that the knowledge of medicines and the action of drugs as a science is not as far advanced as it should be, nor anything like as far advanced as the science of surgery. Possibly some day another Isaac Newton will arise, and the practice of medicine may become all and even more than that which surgery has become. Unfortunately, such a man has not yet arisen, but at all events there is plenty of knowledge to hand in respect to the action of foods, both as regards the healthy and the diseased, and it is important for the well-being of the community that more interest should be taken generally in the matter, and especially among medical men.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

TOBACCO AND DRAMA.

TOBACCO and the English drama sprang up side by side, and there are few things that, at this day, exert so powerful an influence on the hearts and the minds of men. Both sprang from stocks modest and insignificant enough. To trace the reception of the "divine weed" by the Elizabethan dramatists and writers of that brilliant but ill-starred school is curious and interesting.

With the great religious upheavals which shook men to the soul in their day and generation the Elizabethan dramatists concern themselves but little. A church they describe from without, a bawdy-house from within; but in the pages of Marlowe, Nashe, Greene, Dekker, Middleton, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher the liberties of London and Westminster throb and glow again. Shakespeare is less local. So closely and keenly have they observed the growth and development of this strange and novel innovation that they emphasise and accentuate every phase of its progress.

Tobacco was seen in these islands for the first time about two years before the Armada, and almost immediately the satirists aim their swift and incisive shafts at it. Their attitude towards it, though, is somewhat equivocal; they appear at a loss to know whether to praise or condemn—and to make certain they do both in turn. In one place tobacco is satirised in terms scathing and unmeasured; in another it is pronounced a godsend and panacea for the ills of life. One of the very first uses which English blank verse serves is to pipe the praises of tobacco. In Marlowe's dramas there is no allusion to tobacco: they were probably written before its advent; but the excerpt which follows from Marlowe's epigrams is unmistakable in its tone and temper:

Homer of Moly and Nepenthe sings;
 Moly, the gods' most sovereign herb divine,
 Nepenthe, Helen's drink, which gladness brings,
 Heart's grief expels, and doth the wit refine.
 But this our age another world hath found,
 From whence an herb of heavenly power is brought;
 Moly is not so sovereign for a wound,
 Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders wrought.
 It is tobacco, whose sweet subtle fume
 The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,

By drawing down and drying up the rheum,
 The mother and the nurse of each disease ;
 It is tobacco, which doth cold expel,
 And clears the obstructions of the arteries,
 And surfeits threatening death digesteth well,
 Decocting all the stomach's crudities.
 It is tobacco, which hath power to clarify
 The cloudy mists before dim eyes appearing ;
 It is tobacco, which hath power to rarify
 The thick gross humour which doth stop the hearing ;
 The wasting hectic, and the quartane fever,
 Which doth of physic make a mockery.
 The gout it cures, and helps ill breaths forever,
 Whether the cause in teeth or stomach be ;
 And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,
 Yet that vile medicine it doth far excel,
 Which by Sir Thomas More hath been propounded,
 For this is thought a gentlemanlike smell.
 O, that I were one of those mountebanks
 Which praise their oils and powders which they sell ;
 My customers would give me coin with thanks ;
 I for this ware, forsooth, a tale would tell.

Shakespeare is silent on the subject ; a somewhat careful search has failed to discover as much as a single line on tobacco—a fact not without significance, and one that, perhaps, suggests for his plays an earlier date than is generally supposed, for the theme possesses an irresistible fascination for his predecessors and fellow-craftsmen. Hotspur's dandy, it will be remembered, does indulge in the dissipation of a pinch of snuff :

He was perfumed like a milliner,
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again :
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff.

But aromatic powders were used as snuff long before the introduction of tobacco.

Among the first writers to mention tobacco is the notorious Gabriel Harvey. In "A New Letter of Notable Contents," September 16, 1593, we have : "No tobacco or panacea so mightily virtuous as that physique." And again : "Howbeit some lookers-on, that fear not greatly the flame, cannot but marvell at the smoake ; and had rather see them breathing-out the fume of divine tobacco, than of furious rage."¹ In "The Terrors of the Night," 1594, Tom Nashe, Harvey's redoubtable antagonist,

¹ *Pierce's Supererogation*, same year, Harvey.

speaks of "faces far blacker than anie ball of tobacco." And in "Have with you to Saffron Walden" he mentions a "tickling pipe of tobacco taken by the King of Spain and He of Portugal." In "The Wonderfull Yeare," 1603, Dekker alludes to the stinking tobacco-breath of a Sattingull. A random shot served in 1603; but 1609 finds him taking surer aim. In "A Gul's Horn-Booke," published in that year, Dekker advises the gallants "who lounge in St. Powle's to stroll into the sempsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the book-sellers, where if you cannot reade, exercise your smoake, and inquire who has writ against this divine weede." Then he says, "You must observe to know in what state tobacco is in towne better than the merchants, and to discourse of the apothecaries where it is to be sold." And he goes on, with the remorseless realism of a Teniers or a De Hooch: "Before the meale come smoaking to the board, our gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, the ladell for the cold snuffe into the nostrill, the tongs and priming-iron: all which artillery may be of gold or silver (if he can reach to the price of it), it will bee a reasonable, useful pawne at all times, when the current of his money falles out to run low." In "How a Gallant should behave himself in a Playhouse" our satirist facetiously observes: "Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stool as well to the farmer's sonne as to your Templar; that your stinkard has the selfsame libertie to be there in his tobacco fumes, which your sweete courtier hath." Dekker is somewhat severe on the "Johnnies" of his day. In "How a Gallant is to hehave himself passing through the Citie, At All Hours of the Night, and How to pass by any Watch," he says: "After the sound of pottle-pots is out of your eares, and that the spirit of Wine and tobacco walkes in your braine, the taverne door being shut upon your backe, cast about to passe through the widest streets in the Citie . . . and blow yourself into the tobacco-ordinary, where you are likewise to spend your judgment (like a quack-salver) upon that mystic wonder, to be able to discourse whether your cane or your Pudding be sweetest, and which pipe has the best boare, and which burns black, and which breaks in the burning." The "mystic wonder" is insinuating itself more and more into the life and the literature of the nation. In "Lanthorne and Candle-light," by the same author, we read: "First are scoutes sent to discover his lodgings: that known, some lie in ambush to note what appotecaries shop hee resorts too every morning or in what tobacco-shop in Fleet-Street he takes a pipe of smoake in the afternoone."

We have a quaint and curious instance of the charm of tobacco in Dekker's "Jests to make you merrie": "Two friends having drunke much tobacco as they sate together in a chamber (one of which was in love with one of the sixpenny suburb-sinnetts that lay in the Spittle in Shoreditch) and they both having spet much on the ground, one of them suddenly started up, and with the end of a wand stood rakeing up and downe in the spittle that lay before them : the other wondring at it; askt what he meant by doing so? Marry, quoth his friend, I am trying if I can finde what villanie thy damn'd punk (whom thou dotest upon) is committing in the Spittle." The following is a striking illustration of Dekker's fidelity to nature: "A pipe of kindled tobacco being offered to one that was noted to be a greedy taker of it, was by him refused, and being demanded why hee that loved it so well should now leave it, hee answered, for thee bad properties that he found in it : for, saies hee, tobacco makes any man a theefe (and upon that hangs danger), a good fellow (and that requires cost), and a niggard (the name of which is hateful). It makes him a theefe, for hee will steal it from his father ; a good fellow, for hee will give the smoake to a beggar ; a niggard, for hee will not part with his box to an Emperour." Dekker here crystallises the traits most characteristic of the inveterate smoker, and in two or three strokes deftly and firmly limns in the effects most extraordinary and unique produced on social life by the introduction of tobacco. And how early they manifest themselves ! and yet they are as true to life in our own day as they were in his. Strange is the immutability of human nature ! Most of the preceding excerpts are culled from a series of pamphlets by Nashe, Dekker, and Harvey, some of them not exceeding thirty or forty pages, but they form a set of vignettes invaluable to the antiquary and the student of the manners and customs of the period covered by them. Dekker revels in tobacco ; his pages teem with allusions to it, passages, many of them, palpitating with life.

"*Farnese*. Oh, olde touch lad, this yonker is right Trinidado, pure leaf tobacco, for indeed hee's nothing : puffe reeke ; and would be tried (not by God and his countrie), but by fire, the verie soule of his substance, and needes would convert into smoake.

.
Urcenze. What's their qualities?

Farnese. None good : these are the best ; to make good faces, to take tobacco well, to spit well, to laugh like a waiting gentlewoman, to lie well, to blush for nothing, to look big upon little

fellowes, to scoffe with a grace, though they have a very filthie grace in scoffing, and, for a neede to ride prettie and well.”¹

The women-folk never have taken kindly to tobacco, and in the old writers give vent to their disgust with no uncertain sound, to adopt the stock phrase of the political leader-writer.

“*Hodge*. Mistress, will you drink a pipe of tobacco ?

Margaret. Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy ! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slaving baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it ! God bless us, men look not like men that use them.”²

In Dekker we have : “Care is afraid sure of a gilt rapier, the scent of musk is her prison, tobacco chokes her, rich attire presseth her to death.” And again : “If that lean tawny-faced tobacconist Death, that turns all into smoke, must turn me so quickly into ashes, yet I will not mourn in ashes, but in music, hey, old lad, be merry.

Andelocia. Shadow, what have I lost to-day at dice ?

Shad. More than you will win again in a month.

Andel. Why, sir, how much comes it to ?

Shad. It comes to nothing, sir, for you have lost your wits ; and when a man's wits are lost, the man is like twenty pounds' worth of tobacco, which mounts into th' air, and proves nothing but one thing.

Andel. And what thing is that, you ass ?

Shad. Marry, sir, that he is an ass that melts so much money in smoke.”³

Not a few of the allusions to tobacco are tabooed by modern taste. Dekker and his school call a spade a spade—when they do not call it a shovel.

Marston's plays make it clear that tobacco was early affected by the court :

“*Castilio*. Faith, sir, I have the richest tobacco in the court for you ; I would be glad to make you satisfaction if I have wronged you. I would not the sun should set upon your anger ; give me your hand.”—“Antonio and Mellida.”

“*Passarello* (the fool). Faith, I utter small fragments, as your knight courts your city widow with jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush-coloured beard, and taking tobacco : this is all the mirror of their compliments. Nay, I shall talk when my tongue is a-going once ; 'tis like a citizen on horseback, evermore in a false gallop.”—“The Malcontent.”

¹ *The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill.*

² *The Shoemaker's Holiday.*

³ *Old Fortunatus.*

The dates of these plays range from about 1600. The date of "The Fawn" is 1606, and from it we discover that by this time the habit of smoking has taken firm root in high places :

"*Hercules*. Why, 'tis a most well-in-fashion affection, Donna Garbetza. Your knight, Sir Amorous, is a man of a most unfortunate back, spits while he has an ill breath ; at three, after dinner, goes to the bath, takes the diet, nay, which is more, takes tobacco ; therefore, with great authority, you may cuckold him."

In "What you will" the same author says or sings :

Music, tobacco, sack and sleep,
The tide of sorrow backward keep,

and proposes the toast of—"Health, crowns, sack, tobacco, and stockings uncracked above the knee" ; while in "The Mountebank's Masque" one of Marston's characters avows that "the Devil cannot take tobacco through his nose ; for St. Dunstan hath seared that up with his tongs." The ladies of the Court show the antipathy of their less favoured sisters to the "divine weed" :

"*Rosaline*. Matzagente ! now by my pleasure's hope,
He is made like a tilting-staff ; and looks
For all the world like an o'er-roasted pig :
A great tobacco-taker too, that's flat ;
For his eyes look as if they had been hung
In the smoke of his nose.

Rosaline. Faith, kind uncle, when men abandon jealousy, forsake taking of tobacco, and cease to wear the beards so rudely long. O, to have a husband with a mouth continually smoking, with a bush of furze on the ridge of his chin, ready still to flop into his foaming chaps, ah, 'tis more than most tolerable."—"Antonio and Mellida."

There were no cigarettes in those days, and a clay pipe would hardly grace the mouth of a lady at Court ; nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the "gentler sex" indulged in a surreptitious pipe of tobacco, for in this very play Balurdo says: "In sooth, madam, I have taken a murr, which makes my nose run most pathetically and unvulgarily. Have you any tobacco ?"

Tobacco did not fail to exercise the nimble wit of Middleton.

"Your tobacco is your only smoker away of Rheum and other rheumatic diseases.

"I will pay thee by twopence a week, which I will rake out of the hot embers of tobacco ashes."—"Blurt, Master-Constable."

"Slj, now I'm quite altered! blown into light colours; let out oaths by the minute; sit up late till it be early; drink drunk till I am sober; sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco-shop! here's a transformation." From "A Mad World, My Masters" come the above dashing lines.

"*Vap.* I can stay no longer, indeed, sir: who pays me for my tobacco?"

Chough. How? pay for tobacco? away ye sooty-mouthed piper, you rusty piece of martlemass bacon, away, away!

Trim. When thou art dead, mayest thou have no other sheets to be buried in but mouldy tobacco leaves.

Chough. And no strawings to stick thy carcass but the bitter stalks!

Trim. Thy mourners all greasy tapsters!

Chough. With foul tobacco-pipes in their hats, instead of rotten rosemary."—"A Fair Quarrel."

"Our knavery is for all the world like a shifty bankrupt; it breaks in one place and sets up in another: he tries all trades from a goldsmith to a tobacco-seller."—"No Wit, No Help like a Woman's."

The following passage attests the antiquity of the "church-warden": "Now their privy whisperings and villanous plots began to be drawn to a conclusion; when presently they called our smoky landlord in the midst of his draught, who, in a valiant humour dashed his tobacco-pipe into the chimney-corner: whereat I started; and beckoning his marmoset to me, asked him if those long, white things did cost no money? to which the slave replied very proudly, Money! yes, sirrah, but I tell thee, my master scorns to have a thing come twice to his mouth."—"Father Hubbard's Tales" (Middleton).

It will be observed that upon closer acquaintance with tobacco the dramatists share none of Marlowe's mystical reverence for it. Take for example: "This punctuality of reputation is no better than a bewitching sorcery, that enchants the spirits of young men, like the smoke of fashion, that witch tobacco, which hath quite blown away the smoke of hospitality, and turned the chimneys of their forefathers into the noses of their children. And by all computation (if computation may be kept for folly) I think the vapour of the one, and the vain glory of the other, came into England much upon a voyage, and has kept as close together as the report follows the powder."—"The Peacemaker."

Middleton's indictment of "that witch tobacco" is not flattering ; but in spite of this, and the withering frown which comes next, the bewitching weed flourishes apace.

"Surely smoke becomes a kitchen, far better than a dining-chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen oftentimes in the inward parts of men ; soiling and infecting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco-takers, that after their death were opened."—"Counterblast to Tobacco" (from the Royal pen of King James).

The ladies, however, are not yet convinced of the charm of tobacco :

"*Wife*. Fie, this stinking tobacco kills me ! would there were none in England ! Now I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinky tobacco do you ? nothing, I warrant you : make chimneys o' your faces."—"The Knight of the Burning Pestle" (Beaumont and Fletcher).

The references to tobacco in the plays of Jonson challenge attention.

"*Bobadil*. Body o' me ! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was sevensnight. 'Tis your right Trinidado : did you never take any, Master Stephen ?

Step. No, truly, Sir ; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only ; therefore, it cannot be but 'tis most divine.' Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind ; so, it makes an antidote, that had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound, your balsamum and your St. John's wort are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado, your Nicotian is good too ; I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind ; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much, by Hercules I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man."

Bobadil's laudation of the "precious weed," like Marlowe's, is perhaps somewhat premature. "Every Man in his Humour," having

been performed in 1598, is comparatively an early play. But even thus early it was known that tobacco had the effect of assuaging the pangs of hunger : "We will have a bunch of raddish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach."

As the English drama expands its scope and develops its strength, tobacco plays a more and more important part in the social life of the nation. Jonson's literary career is a long one, stretching well into the Jacobean period. In his day the drama attained its highest pitch of perfection. His plays are singularly happy in reflecting life as he saw it, and they clearly show how remarkably rapid the habit of smoking has spread and taken root. In the early days of the drama a stray allusion to tobacco, at wide and irregular intervals, is all that presents itself. In Jonson's plays long and important scenes are occupied with the subject.

Cob. Od's me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco ! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers ; there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight ; one of them, they say, will never scape it ; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco-pipe : why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as will use it ; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

Cob. Nay, an he had not lien in my house 'twould never have grieved me, but being my guest, one that, I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing ; pawned my neckerchief for clean bands for him ; sold almost all her platters to buy him tobacco ; and he to turn monster of ingratitude and strike his lawful host ! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for it : here comes Justice Clement.

Jus. Clement. Bobadil ! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah ? how began the quarrel between you, ha ? Speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by them as they were taking on't ; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha ! you speak against tobacco ! Formal, his name ?

Form. What's your name, sirrah ?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, Justice Clement, says you shall go to jail.

Cob. I beseech your worship, dear Master Justice !

Clem. 'Sprecious ! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done ; away with him.

Cob. (To Knowell). O good Master Justice ! sweet old gentleman !

Know. Sweet Oliver, would I could do thee any good !—Justice Clement, let me entreat you, sir.

Clem. What ! a threadbare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life ! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers ! Roger, away with him ! Od's precious—I say, go to !"—“Every Man in his Humour.”

An herb so generally received in “the bowers of sweet ladies” ! Have the ladies been dissembling ? In spite of their denunciations of tobacco, we have it on the authority of a Justice of the Peace that it has at last insinuated itself into the boudoir !

From “Every Man out of his Humour” comes the quaint picture which follows :

“*Carlo Buffone.* If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman of the first, second, or third head, more or less, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that, to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are, is affected to entertain the most gentlemanlike use of tobacco ; as first, to give it the most exquisite perfume ; then to know the most delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it ; as also the rare corollary and practice of Cuban evolution, euripus, and whiff, which he shall receive or take in here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther if it please him, but by a note of his hand to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat ; and the most sweet attendance, with tobacco and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministered. *Stet, quæso, candide lector.*”

In “The Queen’s Arcadia” Daniel supplies an illustration of the whiff :

This herb in powder made, and fired, he sucks
 Out of a little hollow instrument
 Of calcinated clay, the smoke thereof :
 Which either he conveys out of his nose,
 Or down into his stomach with a whiff—

a pernicious practice, now happily relegated to small boys.

So great was the hold tobacco had on the popular imagination that people sought to extract Dutch courage from the pipe as they do in our own day from drink.

"*Fastidious.* Boy, get me some tobacco. . . . But is my tobacco ready, boy?

Cinedo. Ay, sir.

Fast. Give me; my mistress is upon coming, you shall see her presently, sir. (*Puffs.*) You'll say you never accosted a more piercing wit. This tobacco is not dried, boy, or else the pipe is defective."

The dialogue moves briskly along, when Fastidious espies his mistress coming. Doubtful as to his power to face the ordeal of her presence, he exclaims :

"My good genius embolden me; boy, the pipe, quickly!"

[*The lady enters.*

Fast. A second good morrow to my fair mistress.

Saviolina. Fair servant, I'll thank you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answer? is't not admirable?

Macilente. I were a simple courtier if I could not admire trifles, sir.

Fast. (*Talks and takes tobacco between the breaks.*) Troth, sweet lady, I shall—(*puffs*)—be prepared to give you thanks, and—study more officious and obsequious regards—to your fair beauties. Mend the pipe, boy.

Maci. I never knew tobacco taken as a parenthesis before.

Fast. 'Fore God, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love.

Sav. Ay, you need not tell me that, sir; I do think you do prize a rush before my love.

Maci. Is this the wonder of nations?

Fast. O, by this air, pardon me. I said *for* your love, by this light; but it is the accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to—— (*Takes down the viol and plays.*) Mass, your viol's new strung, methinks.

Maci. Ingenuity! I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably if he had said wit for ingenuity, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soul of music, lady—*hum, hum.*

Sav. Would we might hear it once.

Fast. I do more adore and admire your—*hum, hum*—pre-

dominant perfections than—*hum, hum*—ever I shall have power and faculty to express—*hum*.

Sav. Upon the viol de gamba, you mean?

Fast. It is miserably out of tune, by this hand.

Sav. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Maci. It makes good harmony with her wit.

Fast. Sweet lady, tune it. (*Saviolina tunes the viol.*) Boy, some tobacco.

Maci. Tobacco again! he does court his mistress with very exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior Macilente, you take none, sir.

Maci. No, unless I had a mistress, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tobacco.

Fast. Like you her wit? (*Talks and takes tobacco between again.*)

Maci. Her ingenuity is excellent, sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there—Oh, she tickles it so, that—she makes it laugh most divinely: I'll tell you a good jest now, and yourself shall say it is a good one: I have wished myself to be that instrument, I think, a thousand times, and not so few, by heaven.

Maci. Not unlike, sir; but how? to be cased up and hung by on the wall?

Fast. O, no, sir, to be in use, I assure you; as your judicious eye may testify.

Sav. Here, servant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet lady. In good faith, here's most divine tobacco!

Sav. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

Fast. Good! nay, dear lady, stay: by this sweet smoke, I think your wit be all fire.

Maci. And his the salamander belongs to it.

Sav. Is your tobacco perfumed, servant, that you swear by the sweet smoke?

Fast. Still more excellent! Before heaven and these bright lights, I think you are made of ingenuity, I—

Maci. True, as your discourse is, O, abominable.

Fast. Will your ladyship take any?

Sav. O, peace, I pray you; I love not the breath of a woodcock's head.

Fast. Meaning my head, lady?

Sav. Not altogether so, sir; but as it were fatal to their follies that think to grace themselves with taking tobacco, when they want

better entertainment, you see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.

Fast. O, admirable simile !

Sav. 'Tis best leaving of you in admiration, sir. [Exit.

Carlo. O, porpoise ! hang him, no : he's a leiger at Horn's ordinary yonder ; his villainous Ganymede and he have been droning a tobacco-pipe there ever since yesterday afternoon.

Puntarvolo. Who ? Signior Tripartite, that would give my dog the whiffe ?

Car. Ay, he, they have hired a chamber, and all private, to practise in for the making of the patoun, the receipt reciprocal, and a number of other mysteries not yet extant. I brought some dozen or twenty gallants this morning to view them, as you'd a piece of perspective, in at a by-hole ; and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, holding his snout up like a sow under an apple-tree, while the other opened his nostrils with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery. They had spit some three or four score ounces between 'em afore we came away.

Punt. How ! spit three or four score ounces ?

Car. Ay, and preserved it in porrengers, as a barber does his blood when he opens a vein."—"Every Man out of his Humour."

There were three sorts of tobacco—leaf, pudding, and cane ; the pudding tobacco seems to have been most in favour.

"Now, sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors, that have come in having paid my money at the door : I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin. (*At the breaks he takes his tobacco.*) By this light I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally tits play here. They do act like so many wrens or pismires—not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all. And then their music is abominable—able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten pillories, and their ditties—most lamentable things like the pitiful fellows that make them—poets, by this vapour, an 'twere not for tobacco—I think—the very stench of 'em would poison me. I should not dare to come in at their gates.

"He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like : never kneels but to pledge healths, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding tobacco."
"Cynthia's Revels" (Jonson).

The method of "improving" tobacco dates from a very early period of its history.

Face.

Doctor, do you hear!

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow ;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with slack, lees, or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadell and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts ;
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, opened,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of Juniper :
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

The Alchemist.

In the range and variety of their vocabulary, choice of epithets, happy and exact phraseology, the Elizabethan dramatists stand unsurpassed ; but with all their wealth of words and witty conceits it was many a long year before they could hit upon the precise words that would correctly and satisfactorily describe the act of taking a pipe of tobacco. In this respect they are not only inconsistent with each other, they are inconsistent with themselves. Dekker says : "He takes a pipe of smoke in the afternoone," "two friends having drunke much tobacco," and "exercise your smoake." In Middleton's "Roaring Girl" we have

Myself with other gentlemen sitting by
In your shop tasting smoke !

"*Truewit.* A wench to please a man comes not dropping down from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe."—"The Silent Woman" (Jonson). "Droning a tobacco-pipe" is much affected by Jonson. "Drinking tobacco" is a common expression.

"Would it not be a good fit of mirth to make a piece of English clothe of him, and to stretch him on the tenters, till the threads of his own natural humour crack, by making him drink healths in tobacco, dance, sing bawdy songs, or to run any bias according as we think good to cast him?"—"The Honest Whore" (Dekker).

The success of the "herb of heavenly power" has been truly phenomenal ; the exalted and unique position it enjoys in the social life of the world is foreshadowed in the prophetic lines of Marlowe. In an age of "tobacco trusts" and "tobacco wars," with "startling developments," it is not easy to realise adequately the humble and obscure origin of tobacco.

In former times, tobacco was seldom or never used out of doors ; thus it is that certain practices which threaten to assume a serious aspect in our day were unknown to the old dramatists. The theatre, strange to say, seems to have been a favourite resort of the smoker. Ben Jonson assures us that the privilege of enjoying a comfortable smoke was sufficient temptation for one to sit out the most wretched and execrable play.

A. M. STEVENS.

THE HISTORIC OUTCRY AGAINST THE BLUE-STOCKING.

THERE have been times when it was not only permitted, but fashionable, for a woman to aspire to learning ; and again there have been times when there was nothing more *à la mode* than female ignorance. For the history of the educational movement among the sex is by no means a record of unbroken progress. The advance of one day has been followed by the retrogression of the morrow, and while in the sixteenth century for a woman to be “fair and *learned* and good” was accounted great praise, the gay world of Queen Anne admired silliness among girls hardly less than beauty.

As long as Queen Elizabeth lived to set a goodly example of the effect of study on a strong and receptive mind, Court ladies read Plato and Aristotle to their heart’s content. But a reaction followed upon the accession of the British Solomon, who set his face against female scholarship. The subjects of girls’ education were limited to the “virtues” or accomplishments ; and in my lady’s chamber the virginal and embroidery frame gradually came to occupy the place once filled by the volumes containing the poetry and philosophy of the ancient world. On the whole, the seventeenth century, with its manners alternating between Puritan austerity and Restoration licence, was an unfavourable time for women’s intellectual progress. For while the Puritan very properly insisted that a woman should cultivate both the theological and household virtues, he forbore to take the mind into consideration ; and the “young bloods” of Charles II.’s Court held both learning and virtue in light esteem, and required merely that she should cultivate the arts of fascination and charm him with her airs and graces.

And yet in this otherwise barren century two notable protests were raised against a system which gave woman no resource save trivial follies wherewith to fill the empty hours of her life. The work of Mrs. Makin, entitled “An Essay to Revive the Ancient Education of Gentlewomen in Religion, Manners, Arts, and

Tongues: With an Answer to the Objections against this way of Education," published in 1673, though written not without some idea of self-advertisement, deserves a better fate than complete oblivion. In this glorified prospectus of the good lady's own school, "lately erected for Gentlewomen, at Tottenham High Cross, within four miles of London, on the road to Ware," it may be necessary to take *cum grano* the account of the classical achievements of Mrs. Makin's pupils in the past. On hearing that the Dowager Countess of Huntingdon "understood Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Spanish," and excelled in Divinity, we are filled with admiration; but with the best will in the world we cannot help feeling slightly incredulous on receiving the information that Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., "at nine years old could read, write, and in some measure understand Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Italian." This little Princess, it may be remarked in passing, died young. Let us hope that the qualifying phrase "in some measure," like the proverbial "if," contains much virtue.

Mrs. Makin's little book nevertheless reveals an honest endeavour to improve what may be styled by courtesy the *education* of girls in her day. In her scientific teaching this schoolmistress showed herself a modern of the moderns, and in her plans we may see the beginning of our latter-day educational method of "object lessons." "Repositories," she says, "also for Visibles shall be prepared, by which from beholding the things gentlewomen may learn the Names, Natures, Values, and use of *Herbs, Shrubs, Trees, Mineral-pieces, Metals, and Stones.*" Nor was the study of domestic economy forgotten in this model educational establishment, for the pupils who please, we read, "may learn *Preserving, Pastry, and Cookery.*" It was natural that a teacher of such varied linguistic attainments—Mrs. Makin possessed a competent knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish—should lay stress on the value of a training in ancient and modern tongues. Nevertheless, wise in her generation, she showed herself tender to the feelings of parents who held more conventional views on the limitations of female studies. "Those," she says, "that think one language enough for a Woman, may forbear the Language, and learn only *Experimental Philosophy.*" It is not suggested what alternative subject should replace this latter branch of learning if it were objected that "experimental philosophy" was as little suited to the scope of the female powers as the study of French or Latin.

Mrs. Makin's fee—not so modest a sum as it sounds to our ears, if we remember the change in the value of money between the seventeenth century and our own day—was £20 per annum. As she belonged to a sceptical age—was not Hobbes one of the favourite authors under Charles II.?—she did well to assure the public that they could have ample confirmation of the validity of her assertions. “Those that think these Things Improbable or Impracticable,” she concludes, “may have further account every *Tuesday*, at Mr. Mason's Coffee-house, in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange ; and *Thursdays*, at the ‘Bolt and Tun,’ in Fleet Street, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon, by some person whom Mrs. Makin shall appoint.”

A more original but—at least, so it was accounted in those days—a less practical remedy for the prevailing frivolity of contemporary womankind was advocated some twenty-one years later by Mary Astell, that almost forgotten champion of what are now usually known as “Woman's Rights.” In her “*Serious Proposal to Ladies by a Lover of the Sex*,” this writer urged the foundation of a “monastery,” conducted on Church of England principles, whither ladies of an intellectual turn of mind could voluntarily and temporarily retire for purposes of study, charitable work, and devotion. The scheme was of course greeted with laughter by the leading wits—with the honourable exception of Defoe—and with terror by the Protestant party, who saw in the unfortunate and quite inapplicable term “monastery” an attempt to insert in the English Church the thin end of the wedge of Rome. Some great lady, either Princess Anne or Lady Elizabeth Hastings, lent a willing ear to the project, and offered £10,000 towards the funds necessary for its realisation ; but Burnet, who had a horror of all things reputed Popish, expostulated so effectually that she withdrew her promised aid.

The modern reader, accustomed as he is to hear of women's labours both in the world of scholarship and philanthropy, will find nothing outrageous in Mary Astell's “*Proposal*,” a pamphlet which bears evidence not only of sound sense, but of deep religious feeling, and is in every way a most remarkable production for a young woman of twenty-six. Her ideas, however, had this unpardonable defect, they were uttered some two hundred years before the time was ripe. It was a gross age, and the spotless life the authoress led did not avail to check the slanders circulated by the wits. The part played by Swift and Steele in the persecution of this blameless woman, the devices they employed to raise a laugh at the cost of her reputation, can hardly have thrown such discredit on Mrs. Astell's

fame as they do nowadays on that of their writers. Yet no doubt among the ignorant and unthinking the thirty-second and sixty-third numbers of the "Tatler" did her much hurt.

The sly suggestion that the notorious Mrs. Manley was to be the head of the so-called monastery is as unfair as it is ingenious, for Mrs. Manley had a reputation so unenviable that the mere mention of her name in connection with any project was sufficient to warn off all respectable persons. What wonder if between the bishop and the wits Mary Astell's hopes suffered wreck? Now when, after the lapse of two hundred years, her projects have been realised with a success that must have exceeded her wildest dreams, it is curious that no practical attempt has been made to perpetuate her memory in this connection. "When the forts of folly fall," the incoming army should mark the place where they found "a body by the wall" with a stone. It would show an appreciation of the historic continuity of the movement for women's education if the next off-shoot of Newnham, Westfield, or Somerville were named the "Mary Astell" Hall.

Under William III., dramatic authoresses were so unpopular that one of them was driven to disguise her sex by an allusion in the prologue to the piece she had written; and the public was only too willing to jeer at women who followed the playwright's art, or who professed to a knowledge of the classics. Mrs. Manley's "Royal Mischief," a drama too plain-spoken and full of bloodshed even for the taste of a late-seventeenth-century audience, and not above reproach with regard to the minor detail of grammar, suggested to a certain W. M. a squib after the manner of Buckingham's "Rehearsal." The title, "The Female Wits, or the Triumvirate of Poets at Rehearsal," is open to some exception, though, as has been pointed out, the women indicated were probably not sufficiently versed in Latin to quiz their opponents for calling them a "triumvirate." Theatre-goers, however, pay little heed to questions of etymology, and the piece was acted six nights, to the diversion of the town and the discomfiture of three authoresses, Mrs. Pix, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Trotter, whose characteristic features were mimicked by the actresses, and whose lines were parodied by the writer of the play. The "Female Wits" furnishes us with an instance when chivalry has found itself worsted in a conflict with the sense of humour. Women who lived by their pens were considered fair game for taunts; and probably the spectators of the play shared the sentiments of one of its characters, who when he is beset by two of the "triumvirate" cries:

"Ounds! what, am I fallen into the hands of two female poets?"

There's nothing under the sun but two bailiffs I'd have gone so far to have avoided."

Some fifty years after, however, we note, at least in certain quarters, a disposition to regard the foibles of learned womankind with greater toleration. Never had London been so alive with famous members of the sex as it was in the latter part of the eighteenth century; never since the days when Queen Elizabeth read "more Greek every day" than many prebendaries did "Latin in a whole week," had so many been bold enough to confess to some knowledge of that almost exclusively masculine branch of learning, the tongues of the ancients. Moreover, these women took an honoured place in the society of the day; indeed, Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Hannah More appear to have been on friendly terms with the whole bench of bishops, and could number Queen Charlotte among their patrons. This circumstance had an undoubted effect on public opinion. The fact that a woman might write for the booksellers, or confess even to a bowing acquaintance with Latin and Greek, without becoming thereby an object of disgust to persons of quality, somewhat lessened the abhorrence in which feminine learning had hitherto been held. Not that people entirely ceased to scoff. Prejudice dies hard; and for years to come a knowledge of the classics was in many circles a sore hindrance to a young woman's social success. The writing of a book could be in comparison easily forgiven; so that Miss Burney, authoress of "Evelina," considered the reproach of knowing Latin would be too grievous to be borne, and refused the instruction offered her by no less a personage than Dr. Johnson. "I never seek to disguise," she declared, while discussing the question of feminine scholarship, "that I think it has no recommendation of sufficient value to compensate its evil excitement of envy and satire." It is curious that the woman who had the audacity to write the best novel of her generation should shrink from the imputation of having mastered the rules of Latin syntax.

Mrs. Chapone, whose "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," published in 1773, formed a guide not only to the Princess Royal but to all serious young ladies of that generation, approaches this thorny subject with equal circumspection. "As to the learned languages," she says, addressing the niece for whose direction the book was originally written, "though I respect the abilities and application of those ladies who have attained them, and who make a modest and proper use of them, yet I would by no means advise you—or any other woman who is not strongly impelled by a particular genius—to engage in such studies. . . . The danger of pedantry and

presumption in a woman—of her exciting envy in one sex and jealousy in another—of her exchanging the graces of imagination for the severity and preciseness of a scholar, would be, I own, sufficient to frighten me from the ambition of seeing my girl remarkable for learning. Such objections,” the worthy lady concludes, “are perhaps still stronger with regard to the abstruse sciences”—a domain into which scarcely a woman of that day had been sufficiently rash to enter.

The envy and jealousy which Miss Burney and Mrs. Chapone appeared to dread seem to us a less potent factor in masculine dislike to feminine studies than the neglect of household affairs which these might involve. Johnson, with his usual common-sense, put the whole matter in a nutshell when he declared, “A man in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner on his table than when his wife talks Greek.” But the great Cham knew from a shining example that a learned woman may look well to the ways of her house. “My old friend, Mrs. Carter,” he added, “could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem.” Johnson did not exaggerate the attainments of this marvellous lady, the first female scholar worthy the name since the days of the Renaissance. Elizabeth Carter had that steady character and strong will which enable their possessor to go through life, following no will-o'-the-wisp of the imagination, but performing each day the allotted task. Born in 1717, this daughter of the Perpetual Curate of Deal, in spite of some mental slowness, mastered not only Latin and Greek, but Hebrew, French, Spanish, Italian, German (the last a very rare acquirement), Portuguese, and Arabic. The chief event of her long and blameless life was the publication of a translation of Epictetus in 1758, a venture which realised for the authoress the sum of nearly £1,000.

The lady who played the part of fairy godmother in enabling certain learned, but very human, Cinderellas to enter London society was the famous Mrs. Montagu. Truth compels us to admit that some doubt exists as to the extent of the classical attainments of this female Mæcenæ of the eighteenth century. She was, however, not unwilling to pose as a learned woman. It is on record that she declared Gibbon's “Decline and Fall” “in so far good as it gave in an elegant manner the substance of the bad writers” of the Middle Ages which Lord Lyttelton had advised her to read. “Sir,” said Johnson, to whom this was repeated, “she has not read them: she shows none of this impetuosity to me: she does not know Greek, and, I fancy, knows little Latin; she is willing you should think she

knows them ; but she does not say she does." And it is conceivable that the Doctor was quite right.

But, like the Great Lexicographer himself, Mrs. Montagu was something of more account than a scholar, she was a personality ; and the tales of her little affectations, keenly relished as they were in the clubs and haunts of literary men, did not prevent her from becoming a power in the land. About the year 1750 we begin to find the most distinguished wits of the day foregathering at evening parties in her splendid house in Hill Street, where she held a sort of salon recalling the glories of the "Hôtel de Rambouillet" and the heyday of the "Précieuses" under Louis XIV. At these receptions card-playing, the common social form of entertainment which so effectually checks conversation, was forbidden, and good talk was the order of the day. "I never invite idiots to my house," Mrs. Montagu rather superfluously told Garrick ; but all who had brains were made welcome by the blue-stockings, and there was no lack of *beaux esprits* when the company included Horace Walpole, Mrs. Carter, Burke, Reynolds, Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Chapone, Fanny Burney, and Hannah More. Nor should we omit Mr. Stillingfleet, whose azure hose suggested, it is said, the nickname by which the coterie was ever afterwards known. Many of the characteristics of contemporary women of letters, not only the lasting quality of their friendship, but also their sociability—or, to use a famous word, "clubbability"—were mainly due to the opportunities for mutual intercourse and intercourse with the world at large afforded by gatherings under Mrs. Montagu's hospitable roof.

While Mrs. Montagu was planning the means whereby she might induce London society to look on feminine learning with more favourable eyes, Sarah Fielding, sister to Henry of greater fame, exposed in her novel "David Simple" the strictly utilitarian views which prevailed among middle-class parents on the subject of their daughters' education. One of the distressed damsels who is encountered by that colourless young paladin, Miss Fielding's hero, is a fine lady's companion, named Cynthia, who, in obligingly relating her adventures for Mr. Simple's benefit, furnishes us with a picture of eighteenth-century Philistinism that is unsurpassed. Cynthia, we learn, had the misfortune to be fond of reading ; but while her dull brother had to be whipt and cajoled into learning his lessons, the parents were wont to take even the simplest story away from their daughter. "For Miss," they said to her, "must not inquire too far into things, it would turn her brain ; she had better mind her needlework, and such things as were useful for women ; reading and poring on books would never get me a husband."

An acquaintance with another girl of similar tastes is discouraged because Cynthia's mother, she declares, is frightened out of her wits "to think what would become of us if we were much together. I verily believe she thought we should draw *circles* and turn *conjurers*." It is melancholy to think of the terror which a young woman of studious habits must have inspired in hearts of irreproachable parents when her reading was somehow or other confounded with practices near akin to those of the black art !

We are pleased to find that Miss Burney, when woman of the bedchamber to Queen Charlotte, found at Court an atmosphere far more favourable to woman's intellectual progress than was discovered in middle-class households by Sarah Fielding. In one of her sentimental talks with Colonel Digby, Frances brought these questions on the *tapis* with a most gratifying result. "Mr. Fairly," she says, "spoke with very uncommon liberality on the female powers and intellects, and protested he had never, in his commerce with the world, been able to discern any other inferiority in their parts than what resulted from their pursuits ; and yet, with all this, he doubted much whether he had ever seen any woman who might not have been rather better without than with the learned languages, one only excepted." This exception proved to be the Colonel's mother, "who," he said, "neglected nothing else, while she cultivated Latin, and who . . . would have known it very superiorly, but that her brother disliked her studying, and one day burnt all her books." The amiable condescension of this obscure equerry in speaking "with very uncommon liberality on the female powers" to an authoress of European reputation cannot fail to be noted by a grateful sex.

Like her younger and much reviled contemporary, Mary Wollstonecraft, Hannah More did battle in the cause of women's education. The authoress of "*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*," who won considerable fame and fortune by interpreting the literary needs of the moderately intellectual and highly serious portion of her generation, possessed, in addition to the gift of sermonising always associated with her name, a very pretty gift of satire, which she was able to use in her sex's quarrel, with no violation of decorum, and with perhaps more immediate effect than a thinker of more advanced views might have been able to command.

Miss More appears to have been a scholar of very moderate attainments, for though her father, with even more uncommon liberality than Colonel Digby showed, gave her instruction in Latin and elementary mathematics, he early became frightened

at her progress, and refused to continue the mathematical studies, shrinking perhaps, as a priest would shrink from sacrilege, from initiating a mere female into these high mysteries. Miss More found that what knowledge she possessed worked her no perceptible hurt, and in later middle life she tried to convince the members of the Evangelical school to which she belonged that a good and pious housewife is not of necessity quite illiterate, and that on the other hand incompetency in the domestic sphere may be due to other causes than an acquaintance with classical authors.

In his once so famous search of a partner to share his connubial felicity, Miss More's hero, Cœlebs, chances to dine with a widower whose daughters are the managers of his household. The guest observes the inelegance of the table appointments, and discovers that many of the dishes were "out of season, ill chosen, and ill dressed." "While I was puzzling my head for a solution, I recollected that I had recently read a paper in a periodical to the effect that nothing tended to make ladies so careless and inefficient in the menage as the study of the dead languages. I jumped," he says, "to the conclusion, and was in an instant persuaded that my young hostesses must not only be perfect mistresses of Latin, but the *tout ensemble* was so ill arranged as to induce me to give them credit for Greek also.

"Finding therefore that my appetite was baulked, . . . I was resolved to derive intellectual comfort from this too classical repast. Turning suddenly to the eldest lady, I asked her at once if she did not think Virgil the finest poet in the world. She blushed, and thus confirmed me in the opinion that her modesty was equal to her erudition. I repeated the question with a little circumlocution. She stared and said she had never heard of the person I mentioned, but that she had read 'Tears of Sensibility,' and 'Rosa Matilda,' and 'Sympathy of Souls,' and 'Too Civil by Half,' and 'The Sorrows of Werther,' and 'The Stranger,' and 'The Orphans of Snowdon.'

"'Yes, sir,' joined in the younger sister, who did not rise to so high a pitch of literature, 'and we have read "Perfidy Punished," and "Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy," and "The Fortunate Footman," and "The Illustrious Chambermaid." . . . I arose from the table with a conviction that it is very possible for a woman to be totally ignorant of the ordinary but indispensable duties of common life without knowing one word of Latin; and that her being a bad companion is no infallible proof of her being a good economist."

But not all young ladies in the year of grace 1809 were so unpractical and frivolous as this extract implies. Cœlebs is fortu-

nate enough to encounter Miss Stanley, who is a model of female excellence, though she reads Latin—of course, in secret—with her father every morning. Nor do we find that this unnatural employment had blunted the young lady's fine sense of modesty ; for on the matter being made known by an *enfant terrible* to her lover, in a charming confusion she puts the sugar into the cream pot, and the tea into the sugar basin, and slips from the room.

Great is the might of a book that runs through many editions, and as ten of "Cœlebs" were exhausted and an eleventh appeared in nine months, we may presume that it was not written in vain. Much water has run under the bridges since Miss More so successfully championed the cause of the blue-stockings in the face of a hostile and sarcastic society. Mightier combatants than the Evangelical authoress have of late arisen, and the movement for the more complete and thorough intellectual training of women has gathered great and unexpected strength. Under Victoria, as under Elizabeth, it came to be recognised that for a woman to ask to be allowed to read and think was not in itself an unreasonable or unbecoming request. It may be that the twentieth, like the seventeenth, century may witness some reaction which may hinder for a time the intellectual progress of the sex ; but it is unlikely that they will encounter any very formidable check. When a tree has put forth deep roots and strong branches, though untimely frosts may come and nip off many blossoms, they seldom destroy all promise of fruit.

M. DORMER HARRIS.

A PLEA FOR COWPER.

IN the case of a writer whose works have been long out of copyright it is always a matter of difficulty to estimate the exact amount of present popularity which he enjoys. Nor is the task made less difficult when the author is a poet who has taken standard rank, and whose works are therefore, presumably, on the shelves of even the humblest of libraries. And, further, when the unexceptionable nature of the poet's matter has led kindly relatives and educational institutions to favour it as a discreet gift-book for the youthful, all question of determining his present influence by a rough calculation based on publishers' sales becomes impossible. It is only with those whose literary attainments are insignificant that to be bought is surely to be read. But if we may take as a criterion of vitality the frequency or otherwise, in general current literature, of quotations from or references to an author, then we may say, emphatically, that to-day William Cowper is not read at all. Some extracts from his poems do, it is true, linger in books of recitations and dictionaries of quotations, and, culled from those lurking-places, one may still occasionally hear from the lips of an amateur elocutionist samples of his muse ; but this is surely altogether too exiguous an immortality for the man who admittedly did more than any other to uphold the dignity of English verse in the later decades of the eighteenth century. Whatever recrudescence of interest in his name may have taken place on the centenary of his death in 1900, it is not too much to say that it was almost entirely concerned with him as a man, and not as a poet. How many of those who visit his house at Olney, and who reverently gaze at the simple relics of the poet there, have conscientiously gone through the six books of "The Task"? If an examination-paper on his writings were put before the pilgrims, in how many cases would it reveal anything but a blank, relieved, it may be, occasionally by dim school-day reminiscences of the rather wooden lines on the "Loss of the *Royal George*," and the fiery ode of "Boadicea"? And although it may be taken for granted that the few will feel constrained by the influence of actuality to enlarge

their acquaintance with the work of the man whose personality has given, for all time, a sentimental interest to the little Buckinghamshire village, the many will as certainly remain content with having sat in his arbour or handled his quills.

To many, no doubt, the well-known story of Cowper's mental malady has served as a reason for not giving him the attention he deserves. That a man so afflicted should deal with themes of grotesque or repulsive aspect, or should express himself in terms vague or fantastic, may well be the feeling of the popular mind. Nothing, however, is, of course, farther from the fact. Of all the poets of eminence in our tongue, few have chosen subjects of more natural and solid interest; none has written with such consistent clearness and with such an entire absence of intricacy or finesse. You shall not find an obscure idea or a loosely constructed sentence in the whole of his works. And although from the proverbial difficulty of proving a negative many pages might be written to substantiate such a claim, in vain, yet a couple of examples, taken practically at random, may serve the purpose. In the opening passage of the poem on "Retirement" note how easily, within the first dozen lines, he places the reader *en rapport* with the subject:

Hackney'd in business, wearied at that oar,
Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more,
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego;
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And, having lived a trifler, die a man;

or, to turn to a very different theme, the attractive simplicity with which he apostrophises the venerable tree in "Yardley Oak":

Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil,

Design'd thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

Possibly a little reflection would show that in this perspicacity of treatment there is nothing strange. Certainly, it is a generally admitted fact that an almost ultra-sanity is often characteristic of the work done in their lucid intervals by those who have intermittently suffered from mental aberration. In Cowper's case this seems to have been exemplified in an extraordinary degree. When the terrible clouds of darkness and despair had cleared away, the ordered purpose, the wide comprehension, and the logical alertness inherent in his mentality held full sway. He reveals himself to us as the lovable and tender-hearted, if somewhat serious, poet in his study, and he spares us, for the most part, the outpourings of the sick-man's chamber.

Cowper is pre-eminently the writer for a weary man. To be weary is generally to be captious. To the man engaged in commerce or affairs, ruffled and exhausted by the efforts of the day, and seeking relief in poetry, Keats may be too languorous, Wordsworth too solemnly aloof, Byron too aggressive, and Browning—but Browning is never the tired man's poet. Let him, therefore, turn to Cowper. He will be singularly unfortunate if he cannot find something which shall interest, without too greatly stimulating, a jaded brain. Necessarily differing as tastes do in such circumstances, it is yet hardly conceivable that such lines as the following, with the humorously pathetic sketch of Cowper's plight when engaged with a wrangler, can fail to please :

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,—
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength,
Divert the champions, prodigal of breath,
And put the peaceably disposed to death.
Oh, thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern ;
Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong ;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Not that all freedom of dissent I blame ;
 No—there I grant the privilege I claim. . . .
 The mark at which my juster aim I take
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake ;
 Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
 Knots and impediments make something hitch ;
 Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
 Your thread of argument is snapped again ;
 The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
 Will judge himself deceived – and prove it too.
 Vociferated logic kills me quite,—
 A noisy man is always in the right ;
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And when I hope his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly, “ To be sure, no doubt ! ”

The power to soothe which, somehow, lurks in the unforced roll of this and similar passages will quickly make itself apparent. Lacking the extreme polish of Pope, but exhibiting an almost equal grace and flow, he charms the reader without dazzling him. And in the palpable sincerity of all his more ambitious pieces Cowper easily transcends all other eighteenth-century poets. This of itself is no small gain to those seeking reposeful reading. It may not always be easy to agree with him, but the absolute, almost childlike, singleness of mind with which the poet wrote goes far to disarm the hostility which a variance of opinion between author and reader is apt to arouse. A still greater gain lies in the unvarying completeness of his work. Whatever subject he treats or whatever simile he employs is carried out naturally and harmoniously to its end. His verse may, indeed, be likened, not unjustly, to his own slow, winding Ouse. Every page bears the impress of mature thought and leisurely writing, with the inevitable result that he never asks the reader to collaborate with him. The feeling that one's author is grappling with a subject difficult of precise rendering, coupled with the fear that after all one may miss his point, is undoubtedly one of the reasons that deter an age which demands all manner of short cuts, with leaded headlines by way of finger-posts in its literary journeyings, from reading any poetry at all. But Cowper never appears to be grappling with anything. Indeed, if it were not for his admission that he had experienced “poetic pains,” it would be easy to imagine that the felicitous expression of his thoughts was altogether effortless. Naturally such a very plain black-and-white method has the defects of its qualities. The delicate shading, the lofty imagery, the subtle suggestion which we look for in the higher walks of poesy, are almost

entirely absent. But it is exactly this limitation of his genius that so eminently marks him out as the author for the man who wishes to read good verse and who is not overmuch in love with the poetical. When such a one has been wrestling, perhaps, with the somewhat tangled glories of "Sordello," and has come to regard all poets as incomprehensible creatures, he may take up the essay on "Retirement" and feel that at last he has cornered a poet whom it needs no mental gymnastics to understand. And if on first skimming the pages he chances on such a neat description of a citizen's idea of rusticity in King George's days as :

Suburban villas, highway side retreats,
That dread the encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes neatly sashed, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.

There prisoned in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
The man of business and his friends compressed,
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest ;
But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen
From every window, and the fields are green ;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more ?

he will probably decide to turn back to the first page and read the poem through. Still burdened, it may be, with the idea that Cowper always wrote ponderously, he will come upon the terse dig at the etymologists which tells

. . . . of learned philologists who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark,

and he will allow that if the bulk of the essay is serious, it is at least enlivened by some remarkably happy side-thrusts.

It is a point worthy of more than passing notice that although the greater part of Cowper's life was passed amid rural scenes, he is, perhaps, the most strikingly convincing when he is delineating, and of course castigating, the peculiarities and foibles of the fashionables and the "cits." of the period. This seeming superiority in his treatment of the artificial products of the town over that of his own beloved country is, no doubt, partly due to the fact that while other and later bards have charmed us with a more subtle and spiritual interpretation of Nature,

it was not possible, in the very nature of the case, that any succeeding artist should challenge him in the setting forth of those ephemeral types which have long since become but a matter of social history. Let us contrast two passages. Here is his description of a sanctimonious female of his time :

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
 She might be young, some forty years ago,
 Her elbows pinioned close upon her hips,
 Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
 Her eyebrows arched, her eyes both gone astray
 To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
 With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
 The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
 And sails with lappet head and mincing airs
 Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers.
 To thrift and parsimony much inclined,
 She yet allows herself that boy behind ;
 The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
 With slipshod heels and dewdrop at his nose,
 His predecessor's coat advanced to wear,
 Which future pages are yet doom'd to share,
 Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
 And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.
 She, half an angel in her own account,
 Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
 Though not a grace appears on strictest search,
 But that she fasts, and, *item*, goes to church.

And now to take one of the numerous scenic pictures from "The Task":

Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
 The distant plough, slow moving, and beside
 His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
 The sturdy swain diminished to a boy.
 Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
 Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course,
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
 Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
 Displaying on its varied side the grace
 Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
 Just undulates upon the listening ear ;
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.

This is the accuracy of the careful observer rather than the intuition of the poet. We might, indeed, expect very much the same thing, given a facility of rhythmic expression, from a gifted reporter. But this is almost universally the spirit in which Cowper approached the objects of nature, and therefore, acceptable enough although the pictures be, it is in vain that we look in them for those touches by means of which his immediate and greater successor made us feel, in the words of Matthew Arnold :

The freshness of the early world.

It must be confessed that Cowper was a terrible preacher. At times it seems as though nothing would stop him. A change of topic but suggests a change of text. Possibly, as compared with our own day, the reading public of his was more generous in its estimation of the proper length of a sermon, and more tolerant of sombre theological views expressed in metre. Be this as it may, there is at least an easy escape. For the poet always contrives to give fair warning. With the mind's eye the reader may see him donning the surplice, and mounting, with heavy tread, the pulpit steps ; when the text is given out he will, perhaps, consider it is time to turn the page. There is, of course, the danger that something of interest may be missed. The second book of "The Task," for example, notwithstanding its finely expressed exordium, is almost entirely given over to jeremiads directed against the artificiality and corruption of the clergy of the time, and makes lugubrious reading enough. Yet to pass it over entirely would be to miss the caustic portrait of the foppish parson—a description which well exemplifies that underlying strain of humour in the poet which even seriousness of purpose and gravity of subject could not wholly smother.

Sometimes, however, the humour of the situation is of the unconscious order, and lies rather with the reader. An instance occurs in the peroration to "The Progress of Error." With a literary obtuseness surely seldom equalled, the poet declares, "I am no preacher," after a didactic effort of length and insistence sufficient to supply the pith of half a dozen sermons !

It has been laid to Cowper's charge that much of the best that he wrote had himself for the subject. Taken in its generally accepted sense, this is hardly accurate. That all of his most sympathetic, as well as much of his most powerful, work was suggested by personal experiences is clear. But this is scarcely the same thing as taking himself for his subject. And in the use that he makes of such experiences he seems to remove himself far from the

category of those poets who have written much from the egotistical standpoint. There is no doubt, for instance, that his own dreadful affliction was the foundation of the exquisitely sympathetic description of Melancholy beginning

Lips busy, and eyes fixed, foot falling slow ;

and yet it contains no line from which one might gather that the author was revealing his own woes to the world ; unless, indeed, the accurate delineation and the intense feeling displayed might give the clue. When, however, he does write from a frankly autobiographical standpoint, how entirely he can captivate the sympathetic attention of his audience, readers of the familiar lines "On Receipt of my Mother's Picture" (with its wonderful anticipation of the Wordsworthian method of treating commonplace objects) well know. To admit that one has stood, in imagination, beside the bereaved little poet at that nursery window, and watched with him the slowly disappearing cortège, is not to lay one's self open to the charge of sentimentalism. The lines are so human, the grief is so real, and the pathos so simple, that we are rather inclined to marvel, until we remember the delicate sensibilities by which Cowper was alternately distressed and inspired, that so artificial an age should have produced them.

Cowper hated affectation at a time when it was almost a fashionable disease ; and indifferentism was nearly as abhorrent to him. This is another recommendation to a weary-minded reader, who is naturally in a state of war against all conceits ; and it also proves a source of indirect interest as one's acquaintance with his author increases. Because the inevitable disadvantage of an uncompromising style is that it leaves its adopter no facile means of retreat when his opinions undergo a change. This is amusingly shown in Cowper's attitude towards tobacco. In the poem on "Conversation," an essay that makes remarkably good after-dinner reading, he tilts, in his usual emphatic manner, at the use of the pipe, with its "solemn interposing puff." He proves to his own satisfaction that it is a pernicious practice. He leaves himself no loophole for a quibbling retreat. But when the passage of years had brought a more philosophic mind, and the poet himself had become a smoker, remorse touched him. He must make the *amende honorable*. So, some ten years later, in a very pleasant rhyming letter to the Rev. William Bull, we find him apostrophising the virtues of the "Nymph of transatlantic fame," and imploring her forgiveness of his former

"satiric wipe." As the practice appears to have had beneficent results in his case, we must conclude that the poet got full absolution.

There is one section of the public with whom it would seem that Cowper should be exceptionally popular. It is another proof, if it were needed, of the oblivion into which he has fallen that the large and increasing body of people with whom kindness to animals is something more than a mere pious expression should not have discovered him. They hunt for apt quotations with which to decorate their humane literature, and for clinching rhymes with which to arrest the indifferent eye, but they generally seem to stop at Coleridge. The gentle humanitarian of Olney is overlooked. And yet it is difficult to call to mind any poet of standing who can compare with him as a champion of the rights of animals. He is very much in earnest, even for a man who is never anything else. He introduces the subject in detail into his longest and greatest work, he argues the question, he weighs the pros and cons, and he concludes with the most passionate and emphatic appeal for justice and mercy for the inferior creation to be found in English verse. Surely, if the brute creation could be suddenly endowed with the capacity for understanding the zeal with which he pleaded their cause, they at least, whatever modern readers might do, would clamour for a revival of interest in his works, and would spare no effort to keep his memory green.

But, however laudable the principles of a poet may be, it is not for these alone, or even chiefly, that he will obtain a hearing. Mr. Augustine Birrell has somewhere hinted that the man who would read poetry for its ethical and theological teachings may "go hang"; and probably he has the majority with him. Their numbers need not be diminished for Cowper. When all that can be considered as aggressively didactical in him has been eliminated, there still remains a well-assorted mass of pleasant reading. When the most ardent advocate of the school that insists on regarding true poetry as a vehicle of pleasure rather than of instruction has deleted every line that offends its canons, we still have those humorous sallies, those precise and affectionate observations of Nature, and those intimate portrayals of domestic life, for which even a realistic generation will hardly deny a supreme place. And there still remain, perhaps more certainly capable of repaying attentive perusal than aught else that Cowper wrote, those inimitable delineations of contemporary types, so truly Hogarthian in their pungency, which stand out

boldly from their trim verbal setting, little intimate pictures on the mind's placid retina, touched by the mellow twilight of receding time.

Even the most conscientious follower of Mr. Birrell's dictum will hardly consign the reader who revels in such passages as these to metaphorical hanging.

T. E. CAVIT.

COUNT FERNAN'S LOVE SONG.

AWAY ! away ! the dawn is gray ;
 For love and life we ride—
 Don Garcia's keep is far away—
 My Sancha by my side.
 They wove a web of force and guile,
 They threw me in their dungeon vile :
 But fair Ladye
 She set me free,
 And I have won my bride.

Aha ! the false Priest wound his horn ;
 My own brave troop replied :
 Now southward in the golden morn
 To fair Castile we ride.
 My Ladye Love I with me bring,
 And be he Count, or be he King,
 Sure never knight,
 For his delight,
 Had e'er so brave a bride.

Now, sweet Infanta, lift thine head,
 Nor cast a look behind ;
 Castile's proud pennon o'er thy head
 Is waving in the wind,
 And not a knight that follows me
 But he would gladly die for thee.
 Soon through Castile
 The bells shall peal,
 And wedding wreaths be twined.

ISA J. POSTGATE.

TABLE TALK.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD.

TO more than one different thinker has been assigned an utterance to the effect that when all the world is occupied concerning a new book he (the thinker in question) reads an old one. Such a proceeding commends itself to minds that are meditative rather than active, and holds out consequently some attractions to myself. To the general public the new most directly appeals, and with such "a live dog is better than a dead lion." In almost all things this holds true. The great musicians of the palmiest days, Mozart and Beethoven, are neglected in favour of Strauss or, it may be, Sullivan. It is, perhaps necessarily, the few that worship at the shrines of Titian and Velasquez. Scott is neglected for Stevenson, and Milton and Keats for Rudyard Kipling. Only in the case of the very greatest is there any semblance of worship at altars the fires on which are all but extinct. Shakespeare still maintains a supremacy so great and so uncontested that detraction finds no means of disparagement other than that of assigning to his contemporaries and inferiors work of which he alone is capable; societies for the cultivation of the *Divine Comedy* prevail wherever culture has spread, and a chill and inoperative recognition is accorded to the great masters of Greek drama and song.

PROSE FICTION OF YESTERDAY.

IN the case of prose fiction I am not quite sure how far the rule is wise of sacrificing the new to the old. In the periods of lethargy and depression that succeed recurrent attacks of influenza, I am in the habit of turning to works of fiction with which my own shelves are not superabundantly garnished. I have before commended to my readers a re-perusal of the spirited sea novels, full of breeze and sunshine, of Clark Russell, and the magnificent mixture of romance and realism of my former friend Charles Reade. Recently I went farther afield, and re-read three books which enjoyed in the earlier portion of the last century a high reputation. In no instance was the result wholly a success; and in two, if not all three, cases failure seemed largely attributable to a persistent strain after cleverness on the part of the author. Least entertaining of the three was *My Cousin Nicholas* by Barham. Some of the wit which made the *Ingoldsby Legends* of the same humorist immortal was not entirely wanting, but the perusal was in the main tedious and was ultimately

abandoned. *Anastasius ; or, Memoirs of a Greek*, by Thomas Hope, the famous collector of Deepdene, brought its author brilliant reputation. It is, indeed, a remarkable novel, almost belonging to the Picaresque school, and gives a surprisingly animated picture of life in Turkey, Egypt, and the East generally. It should, moreover, be studied with attention, significant aspects of Oriental existence being apt to pass unperceived by the casual reader. Long passages of reflection and comment prove tedious, the narration is inconsecutive, and we are throughout more impressed with the writer's cleverness than with his merits as a story-teller. Last comes *Tom Cringle's Log*, by Michael Scott, which first appeared in *Blackwood*. As a series of pictures of life and adventure in the West Indies this retains its claims on immortality ; as a novel it is of little account, and its love interest is absolutely *nil*. On the whole, then, the novelist of yesterday is inferior to his rival of to-day.

ALLEGED DECAY OF INTEREST IN POETRY.

CONSTANT complaints are uttered by our modern poets or versifiers against the loss of all taste for the highest poetry. As a species of representative of Parnassus the Laureate first raised the voice of lamentation. Others have echoed the protest or the wail, the most considerable among them being Mr. John Davidson. I will concede that the highest poetry makes no appeal to the masses. It never has done so, and it never will. The poetical aspects of Shakespeare's plays were unperceived by the majority of his contemporaries, and no line of adequate eulogy was awarded by those who were not generally sparing of recognition. Milton's praise of Shakespeare, warm as in some respects it seems, is really unworthy ; while the estimate of Pepys may be taken to represent that of the average man of Milton's generation. Pepys owns to having once thought somewhat of *Othello* ; but adds that having read *The Adventures of Five Hours*, an adaptation from Calderon by Sir Samuel Tuke, he finds *Othello* "seems but a mean thing." Pepys sees little to admire in Shakespeare, and finds the presentation of *Twelfth Night*, which he witnesses, a burden to him ; while *Midsummer Night's Dream* he pronounces the most insipid and ridiculous play he ever saw. Milton won the recognition of Wotton and Marvell, and in later days of Addison and Warton. Wordsworth and Coleridge were decried, Shelley was treated as personally infamous, Byron was hounded out of England, and Keats was the subject of attack by Scottish reviewers, of which it is hard to say whether the rancour or the imbecility was the more flagrant. Mr. Swinburne even had

a reception by which a man less conscious of his mission might well have been cowed. So far as regards the jeremiads of the Laureate and others who accept his views I can only say, before you complain that there is no public for the highest poetry, try it with some. It is not the decay of poetic taste over which I lament, but that of poetry. For first-class work we have to turn to Mr. Swinburne, who is now the only great poet in any country. Quite recently a *Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations*¹ (English) has been compiled by a lady. Fine passages are given from such recognised poets as Tennyson, Swinburne, Rossetti, William Morris, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and others, including one or two more still living. The mass of contemporary verse maintains, however, one dead level of commonplace, and numerous extracts are supplied from men compared with whom Pye seems intelligent and Martin Farquhar Tupper inspired. A few producers of poetry linger among us, but they are mostly veterans.

A MODERN POET ON HIS PREDECESSORS.

ALONE among the bewailers of public indifference to poetry on whose lucubrations I have stumbled Mr. John Davidson has something worth hearing to say. Paradoxical as are his utterances, they repay attention. In a communication to the *Academy and Literature* he says of Tennyson, with some truth, that the popular appeal in his works was not poetical, but lay rather in "the good bourgeois morality of the *May Queen*, *Locksley Hall*, *Enoch Arden*, that came right home to the bosoms of the middle classes." He might have included *Idylls of the King*; and though I should have rather regretted the utterance, I should neither have complained nor dissented. So far as the public is concerned, what is urged is true enough. But there is another Tennyson, as indisputable a poet as Virgil, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Swinburne, or Musset. It is, I think, altogether unjust and inaccurate to say that Robert Burns, whom Mr. Davidson calls "the great immoralist of Scotland," "is worshipped only in public-houses and drinking clubs." Burns' language offers a sad obstacle to English readers, and the Anacreontic or Rabelaisian nature of much of his work shocks others beside Mrs. Grundy. His constant employment of diminutives does away with those difficulties of rime which act as a spur to the ingenious and the fervid; but Burns is unmistakably a poet, an almost unequalled lyrist.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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